THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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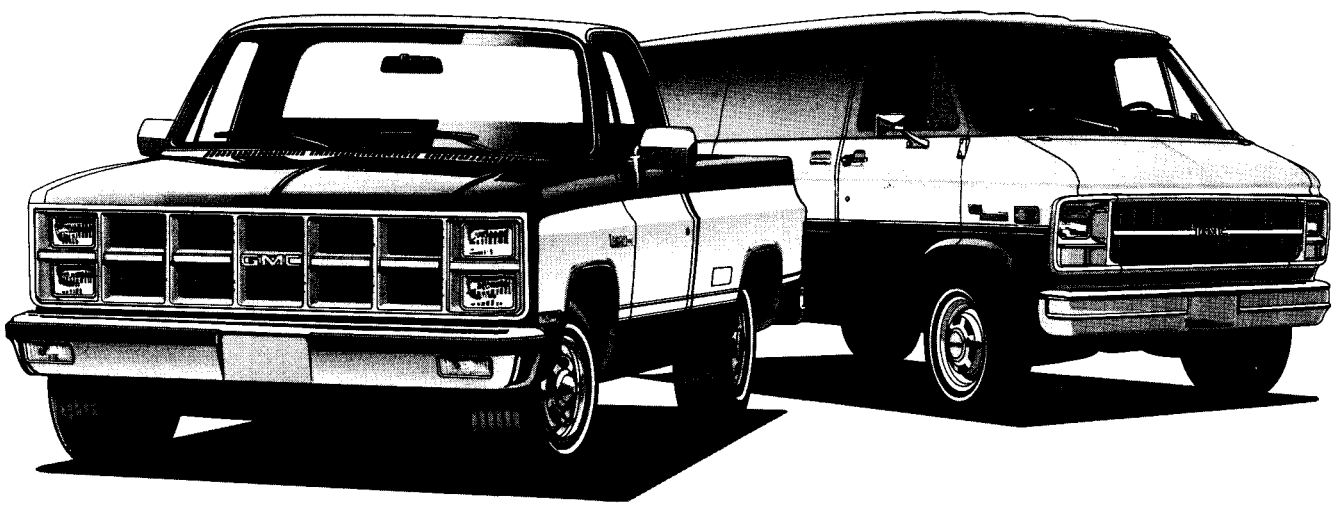

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The Faith Behind the Fire
When Barbara Mandrell's career gets her down, she turns to the Lord for strength. **50**

Out-Maneuvering Heimlich
As Woody Allen reveals, early cures for dinner-table choking were a bit hard to swallow. **12**

Golf-Tournament Legacy
Nate Crosby has followed the links to success and kept Bing's tournament alive. **60**

Grapes in the Garden
Crowded for space? Plant the grapevines in your garden—the vegetables won't mind. **74**

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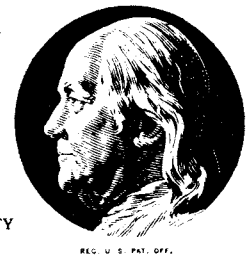

TABLE OF CONTENTS, APRIL, 1982
Vol. 254, No.3

FICTION

Comeuppance ..... *Ben Ames Williams* 56
The Child Who Was Thrown Away ..... *Stewart Toland* 78

FEATURES

A Giant Step for Mankind ..... *Woody Allen* 12
How He Said No to Drugs ..... *Russ Pulliam* 16
The Good News in Gospel Music ..... *Russell Chandler* 18
The Irrepressible Spoofer Strikes Again ..... *Eleanor Cousins* 26
Focus on the Family (Dr. James Dobson) ..... *Charles W. Phillips* 34
Table Manners for Teens ..... *Walter Hoving* 38
We Have No Right to Happiness ..... *C.S. Lewis* 42
Barbara Mandrell's Fire and Faith ..... *Holly Miller* 50
And Ben Begat the Post ..... *Frederic A. Birmingham* 54
Knit 2, Purl 1, Hubby 0 ..... *Maynard Good Stoddard* 62
Verdict on the Shroud ..... *Kenneth E. Stevenson and Gary R. Habermas* 64
Ben Franklin Has It Out with His Gout 68
Billy Graham on Volunteerism ..... *S. Rickly Christian* 70
Babies for Infertile Couples—Part II. . .For Males ... *Sherman J. Silber, M.D.* 72
Plant a Vineyard in Your Vegetable Garden 74

DEPARTMENTS

Keeping Posted 4
Letters 6
Adventures of the Mind: Healing and Belief ..... *Norman Cousins* 30
Sports: Nathaniel Crosby: Grown Up and Going His Way ..... *Jay Stuller* 60
Post Scripts 82
Photo Contest 86
Antique Shoppe 94
Post People 101
Food: Health Food Contest Winners 102
Travel: Victoria—The Delightful Paradox ..... *Susan Vreeland* 106
Where in the World? 110
Medical Mailbox ..... *Cory SerVaas, M.D.* 122

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The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semifiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

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"Do you believe it? Five whole miles! Yes, you really started something, Walter? Oh, he didn't make it quite that far but he's coming along. What? Well I've lost 15 and Walter...I don't know, for some reason it seems to take him longer."
Share the feeling with someone who always knows just how you feel. Reach out.
Bell System

Reach out and touch someone.

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Keeping Posted

It's official.

The *Post* claims Ronald Reagan as one of OUR BOYS.

OUR BOYS is an alumni club consisting of those who came under the sway of the *Post* in their boyhood, making like Horatio Alger and carrying the legendary *Post* bags, or taking their place in the pecking order in thousands of American homes awaiting their turn after the weekly arrival of the *Post* on the doorstep. This august group probably includes half of the Congress and now it boasts the White House as well.

The President recalled how, as a youth growing up in Illinois, he chuckled over the stories of irrepressible salesman Alexander Botts, who wrote hilarious letters to the Earthworm Tractor Company (recognizable by all Illinois readers as none other than their own Caterpillar Tractor Company in Peoria).

Cory SerVaas, editor and publisher of the *Post*, and Beurt SerVaas, president of the Indianapolis City Council, extended an invitation to him to visit the Benjamin Franklin *SatEvePost* Museum in Indianapolis. It is here that students, scholars, homecoming OUR BOYS, and all other *Post*philes can revel in archives filled with old copies of the *Post* and its predecessor, Benjamin Franklin's early *Pennsylvania Gazettes*, dating back to 1729.

The President recalled with obvious pleasure that he had been portrayed once before by a *Post* artist—none other than Norman Rockwell himself. The President was delighted to learn that many original *Post* covers are on display in the museum including several well-remembered, old favorite Rockwells.

Michael Evans/White House Photographer

His reaction to the article in the March *Post* on Nancy Reagan's Foster Grandparent Program was gratifying: "Nancy will be pleased to see the article on the program. . .she has been taking some flak in the press lately."

Like the President, the *Post* has an interest in the betterment of the nation's health and the return to "volunteerism."

So to the *Post*, Ronald Reagan's Indiana visit was exhilarating. A moment of the President's official presence had become inextricably entwined with a private flashback of his boyhood.

Michael Evans/White House Photographer

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Zinc is a Mineral "More Precious Than Gold" For An Active Man's Good Health

The scale holds an ounce of gold, the fingers hold an ounce of Zinc. Which is more valuable?

For an active man, Zinc is "more precious than gold" for good health. It's an essential mineral for the formation of red blood cells . . . for repair of body tissue . . . and for normal growth of skin and bones.

To be sure your body is getting all the Zinc you should have, take Z-BEC®/a vitamin formula that's rich in Zinc.

Z-BEC is also fortified with 6 B-Complex vitamins and vitamin C—water-soluble vitamins your body can't store . . . plus vitamin E.

If you may not be getting enough Zinc or vitamins in the food you eat, get Z-BEC. It's rich in Zinc—"more precious than gold" for an active man. Ask for Z-BEC at your favorite pharmacy or drug counter.

Z-BEC® IS RICH IN ZINC

Zinc is an essential mineral for active men. It plays an important role in the healing of wounds and burns. This Zinc requirement may increase even more if you indulge yourself in alcoholic drinks.

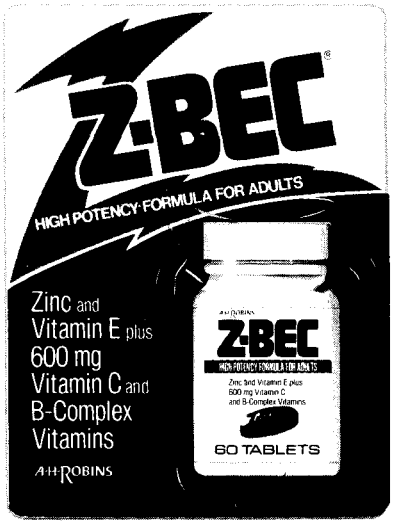
Even certain eating habits, such as special diets—particularly high fiber diets—may strip your body of Zinc. Z-BEC helps replenish your system with the Zinc it should have.

RICH IN WATER-SOLUBLE VITAMINS, TOO

The B-Complex and C vitamins you take today probably won't do anything for you tomorrow. Because they're water-soluble . . . and are eliminated daily. These essential vitamins must be replaced every day. The Z-BEC formula provides your body with 6 B-Complex vitamins and enough vitamin C to meet or exceed your normal needs.

REINFORCED WITH VITAMIN E

Evidence that vitamin E is a significant factor in helping to sustain good health keeps mounting. Vitamin E is important in helping to maintain the strength of red blood cells. And it helps release energy from the carbohydrates and fats in the food you eat. The vitamin E content of Z-BEC surpasses the U. S. recommended daily allowance.



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Consumer Products Division
Richmond, Virginia 23230

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Letters to the Editor

The CPR Debate

I am a high school debator at St. Francis High School, Mountain View, California. This year, our debate topic has to do with setting minimum educational standards for schools in the U.S. My partner and I feel that cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) should be one of these standards. While researching this subject, I came across an article entitled "Teaching CPR to the Baby-sitter" (Medical Mailbox, May/June '79). It stated you were preparing an in-depth article on CPR. We would like to acquire a copy of this report and the sources you used, if possible.

A question we would like to have answered is why CPR has not been established as a minimum educational standard for graduation nationally. If there are any articles in answer to this question, please let me know.

Dorothy Ganzon
Mountain View, California

The Children's Better Health Institute is working to get CPR taught in all elementary and junior high schools and has started some pilot programs. We are mailing you literature to send to your school officials and public-health officers.

An 11-year-old saved her mother's life in Richardson, Texas, after having learned CPR at Richland Elementary School. Some progress is being made. Please keep us informed about your progress in California.

Our Boy Made the Sale

After seeing your ad in *The Wall Street Journal,* I remembered a picture I had seen years ago of my husband (Keith Evans) at an early age selling *The Saturday Evening Post* and saying to him, "I'm going to send this in. What a wonderful cover picture it would make."

At age six he sold his first *Post* to a wine-weary snoozer on a bench in the courthouse square. Keith woke him up three times to make the sale, and when Keith got his nickel, the old fellow sailed the magazine over his shoulder, cussed out the kid and went back to sleep. Our boy retrieved the magazine,

woke the sleepy man again and gave it back. That conversation was not recorded.

Mrs. Keith Evans
Santa Rosa, California

Remembering OUR BOYS

I'm donating to your archives our collection of *OUR BOYS* magazines. The one for October 1924 shows a picture of my father posing with his little sister, whose baby carriage was usurped for the *Posts*.

OUR BOYS was published monthly "in the interest of the boy agents of *The Saturday Evening Post,*" and they used some of the best *Post* writers to tell the young men how to succeed. It worked for many, like John Paul Getty, Hugh Downs and my father, to name just a few.

Jean Wilson
Detroit, MI

M.A.D.D. Request

One of your articles in the December 1981 Medical Mailbox on Candy Lightner and the Mothers Against Drunk Drivers (M.A.D.D.) organization was of most interest to us. We would greatly appreciate any information you can give us on this organization or how we could get in touch with someone there.

Mrs. James Hardy
South Pasadena, California

I love your magazine; please don't let your style and format change. I have fond memories of selling the *SatEvePost* as far back as the late '20s and early 1930s. Hope you will continue and grow stronger.

I have a request for information regarding the December '81 issue. Please send me the address of Candy Lightner and information on M.A.D.D. I want to help organize support here in Georgia. Thank you for your help.

Rev. Harold Murphree
Forsyth, Georgia

M.A.D.D. is an organization encompassing all people interested in working to stop drunk-driving-related deaths. It is working with legislators, judges, district attorneys and law enforcement personnel to force effective reform and stricter enforcement of laws relating to this problem. If interested in setting up a chapter, write M.A.D.D., P.O. Box H.C., Fair Oaks, California 95628.

Still More on Circumcision

Thanks for letting me learn the truth about circumcision (Dec. '81).

I never did quite believe the ne-

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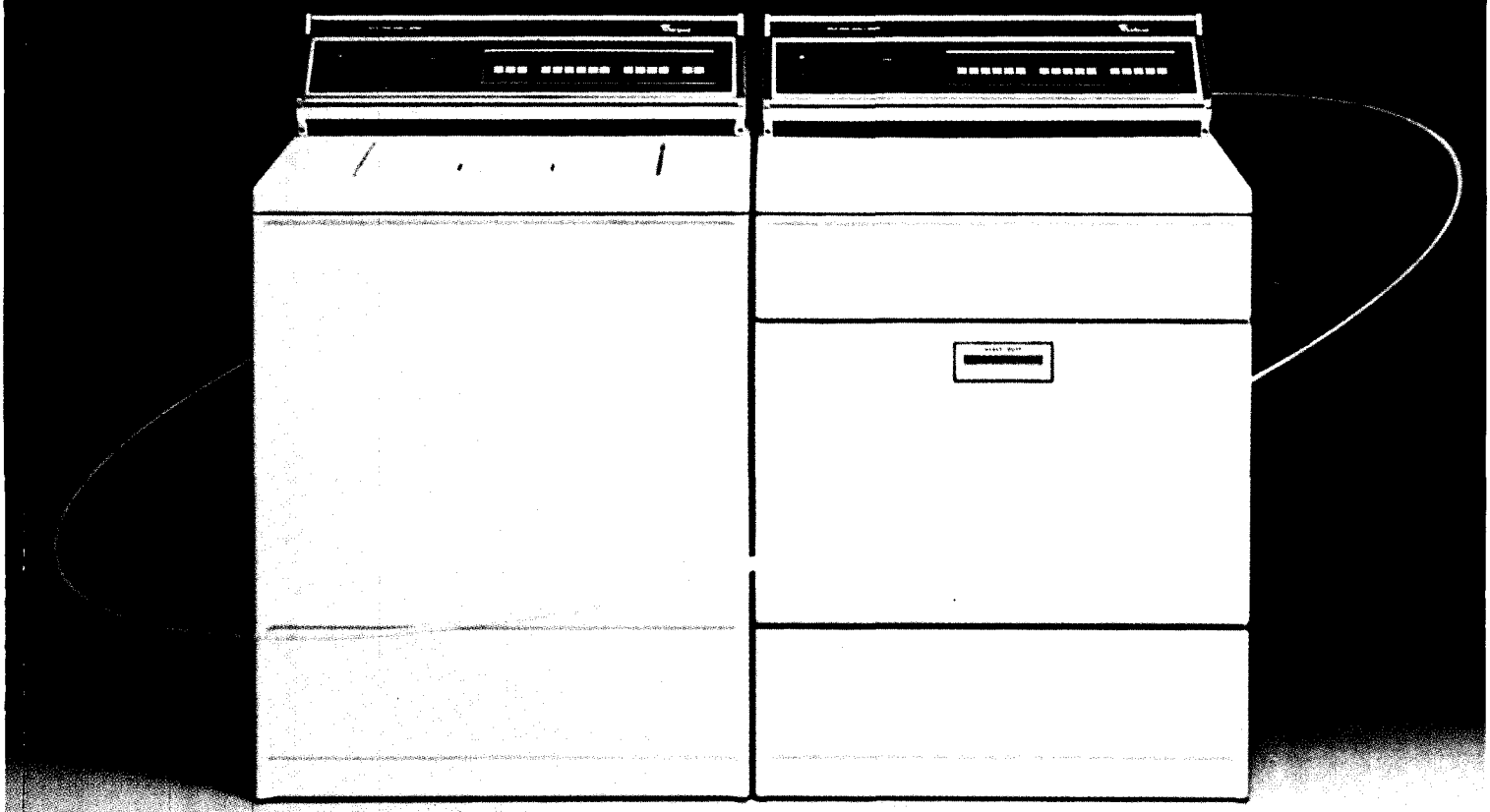
The promise of a better day.



Doing the laundry will probably never be your favorite pastime. But at Whirlpool, we believe we've developed a way to make doing your laundry a little easier.

We designed our Whirlpool solid state washer and solid state dryer with large capacities. So you can handle lots of laundry ... and save lots of time.

We built them with our electronic touch controls so you can easily select water temperature, water level, agitation speed and more. To get just the combination you need to handle today's different fabrics. We even gave the

washer our exclusive Super Surgilator® agitator. All to help make sure every item comes out right, every time.

And because we know how much you'll use our washer and dryer over the years, they're built right: with the Whirlpool promise to stand behind them with pride.

Because at Whirlpool we're always trying a little harder to make your world a little easier.

Whirlpool
Home Appliances

Making your world a little easier.

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cessity of the operation, but everybody insisted it should be done. To me, the practice made as much sense as cutting away an eyelid to avoid the accumulation of sleep.

I think it might be a better idea if those picture and sound presentations mentioned in the article were also presented to health classes in schools, rather than only to expectant mothers.

Grace Gouijnstook
Kearny, New Jersey

Your readers' continuing discussion of circumcision is most welcome. There is a glaring lack of information; e.g., there has never been a large-scale, nationwide study of infant foreskins. Thus, no retraction timetable can or should be established. Each child is different.

The advice, "Never force the foreskin," is sound. Leave it alone. The body will take care of itself. No sane parent would suggest newborn mouthwashing or vaginal douching. Why, then, the foreskin fixation?

One reader suggested a worldwide male circumcision rate of seven percent. The true figure is closer to 20 percent. That figure includes sacred as well as secular ("health") circumcision, which means that 80 percent of the people of the world rejected and reject routine male circumcision for any reason.

Edward Wallerstein
New York, New York

Unbearable Query

As a very successful 31-year-old professional woman and single mother of a 12-year-old son, I found Ted Kreiter's article "To Bear or Not to Bear" in the January/February 1982 issue "unbearable" (forgive the pun) and typical of men who try to write on issues of which they know nothing.

If Mr. Kreiter can truthfully answer yes to all of the following questions, then my criticism is both unjustified and unfair:

* Would you delay or postpone your career as senior editor at the *Post* to have a baby?
* If so, could you depend upon your partner to support you financially and emotionally and listen about your day at the pediatrician's while she regaled you with stories of the office?
* And, after a few years of playing househusband and drudgery, when she decides to leave you for someone more exciting because your horizons haven't expanded the way hers have, could you count on her for child support while you sharpen your skills to reenter the job market?

You and many so-called "liberated" men are guilty of placing the monumental decision of having children in women's laps. As the saying goes, "it takes two to tango," and I feel more women would choose to have children if they felt they would not be left with the responsibility of raising a child alone.

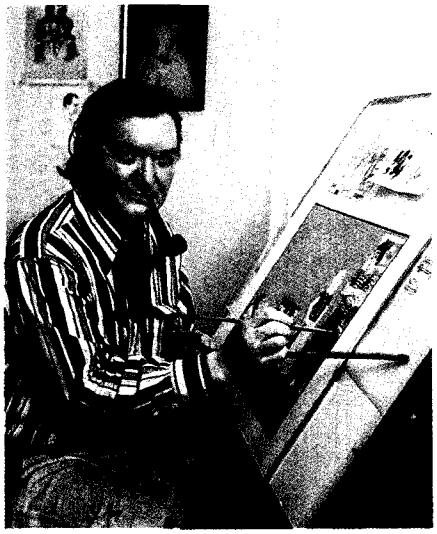
Michele L. Cooke
Lake Worth, Florida

Love that Lucian

Lucian Lupinski's excellent portrait of Pope John Paul II and his March 1982 *Post* cover of President Reagan have roused my curiosity about this talented artist. I am sure others besides myself would like to see a picture of the man whose work appears so frequently in the magazine.

Patrice Donovan
Chicago, Illinois

Here is Lucian Lupinski, Post staff illustrator. Testimonies to his versatile talent can be found hanging in prestigious surroundings, all the way from the Caterpillar Tractor Boardroom in Peoria to the Kremlin in Moscow.



Principles, Not Poultice

I purchased a copy of the *SatEvePost* and was so impressed by its fine quality, I immediately subscribed for a three-year gift for our son. How nice to read good material which is morally clean, educational and uplifting. I wish you continued success.

"Volunteerism: The President and Sister Fattah" (Jan/Feb '82) is an exceptionally inspiring article. I agree with everything in it.

There is one more thing to be said which should be publicized, and that is: "treat the source instead of the illness." Now, at age 65, after a lifetime of giving and doing for others, I have personally come to the conclusion that we need to popularize basic Christian precepts and principles. Otherwise we are constantly applying a poultice instead of eradicating the disease.

Thanks for listening. May our Lord bless the entire *SatEvePost* organization.

Lenora Koidahl
Puyallup, Washington

Parting Is Such Sorrow

I picked up the Jan/Feb issue of your magazine and noticed the name Arthur Train listed under contents. Now while legal questions in regard to "No Parking" didn't seem momentous, I could still see Mr. Ephraim Tutt somewhere in Pottsville.

I have known Counselor Tutt of the law firm of Tutt & Tutt for years and have a speaking acquaintance with Bonnie Doone. I wasn't too far away when Mr. Tutt served in Military Intelligence during World War I and have followed him while he carried his fly rod and creel all around the Pottsville area.

Now I didn't even have time to tip my hat and say, "Hello," before I ran across that abomination, "To Be Continued."

Your magazine contains many words on many subjects, but when you chopped Mr. Tutt off in that brusque, unceremonious manner, I am convinced that you have your priority badly twisted.

Please, more words of wisdom from Arthur Train.

Hover E. Busby
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

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Recapturing the land and life our forefathers knew... "The Land of the Free" porcelain plate collection

You can acquire this beautiful collection on a systematic acquisition plan for just $14.75 a month.

Plate shown much smaller than its actual size of 10¼ inches diameter.

It was a simpler and happier time. When traditional values—home, family, country and church—were honored. When the land itself was a basic part of life. When people worked hard, and enjoyed the fruits of their labor.

It was more than a century ago, but that world and that way of life are still the essence of what America stands for. And now, that world has been recaptured in a brilliant and evocative series of porcelain collector's plates: *The Land of the Free*, by William C. Ressler.

An acclaimed artist

William Ressler was born on a farm in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. His own roots thus lie deep in the way of life he portrays with such warmth. His paintings have been shown nationally in museums, and he has won many awards.

In this collection, Ressler takes us on a sentimental journey through a typical year—with each of the twelve months portrayed on a fine porcelain collector's plate in terms of a memorable scene or event of the time. December depicts a family visit in a horse-drawn sleigh at Christmastime. March is the tapping of the trees for maple sugar. May is spring plowing. July, an Independence Day picnic. November, Thanksgiving in the country. Each scene is a new and original and memorable work of art.

Together, these twelve plates will take you on a rewarding trip back in time to the land and life our forefathers knew and valued so highly. It is a collection which will, through the years, become a cherished family heirloom.

Hand-decorated with 18kt gold

To provide full scope for the richly detailed art, these porcelain plates will be exceptionally large in size—a full 10¼ inches in diameter. Ressler's art covers the entire surface of the plate, within a hand-applied border of 18 karat gold. Displayed in the home the plates will form a magnificent, eye-catching display.

At a most affordable price

As a subscriber, you will receive your plates at the rate of one every other month, and you will be billed for each plate in two monthly installments of $14.75—just $29.50 per plate. When you consider that porcelain plates of comparable size and quality are often sold in stores or galleries for twice as much and more, it becomes clear that the collection is an exceptional value.

Because the plates are crafted exclusively for us in Japan, it is important that you mail the order form to The Collectors Studio Inc., 800 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022, by April 30, 1982.

The Collectors Studio stands behind the quality of its works. You may return any plate, for any reason, within 15 days for your choice of replacement or a full refund.

THE COLLECTORS STUDIO

New York • London • Paris • Tokyo

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Bells of Fine Bone China...

The Official State I

Now, *for the first time ever,* all fifty of the official state birds will be faithfully portrayed on exquisite little bells of fine bone china — an unprecedented tribute to our 50 states: *The Official State Birds Bell Collection.*

Fine Bone China

Fine bone china has a pure ivory-white color and exceptional translucence that make it one of man's most valued possessions, and the ideal medium for portraying America's best loved birds. Renowned for its light weight and delicate appearance, fine bone china richly enhances the vivid colors of each bird; bringing them to their fullest beauty.

Bone china is found in only a few countries and is sought after and treasured by collectors the world over. It is particularly rare to find an exclusive, privately commissioned bell collection in fine bone china — and rarer still to find an entire collection of fifty exquisite little bone china bells.

Original Paintings

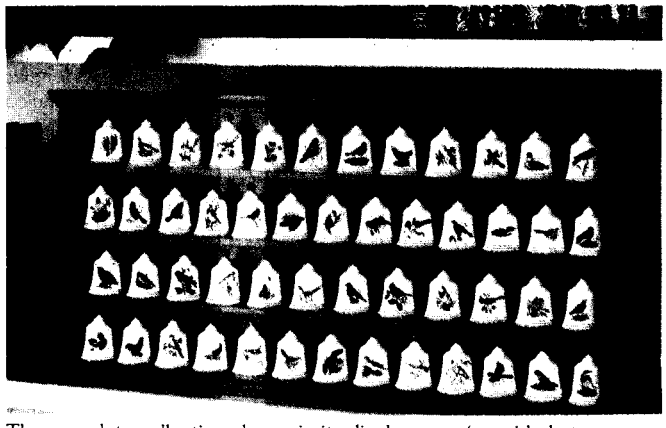
To create the final paintings to be used for this collection, distinguished American nature artist Jo Polseno traveled America for two full years. Sketching and painting in valleys, woods, mountains and at the seashore, Polseno has captured every nuance of color and detail in each of his fifty official state bird paintings.

Hand-Decorated With 24kt Gold

To make this fine bone china bell collection truly worthy of our official state birds, the Danbury Mint's specially commissioned artisans chose to frame each portrait in the noblest of all precious metals: 24kt gold. Each bell will also bear the name of the state and its official bird, as well as the Danbury Mint hallmark.

Free Display Accessory

A custom designed display unit will be furnished at no additional charge. This beautiful unit may be placed on a table or bookshelf (as shown) or hung on a wall — to display all 50 bells to their best advantage.



The complete collection shown in its display case (provided at no additional charge).

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Bells shown actual size.

rds Bell Collection

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A GIANT STEP FOR MANKIND

"The hero of the moment placed his fist just under Goldworm's sternum; he hugged sharply, causing a side order of bean curd to rocket out of the victim's trachea and carom off the hat rack."

by Woody Allen

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach

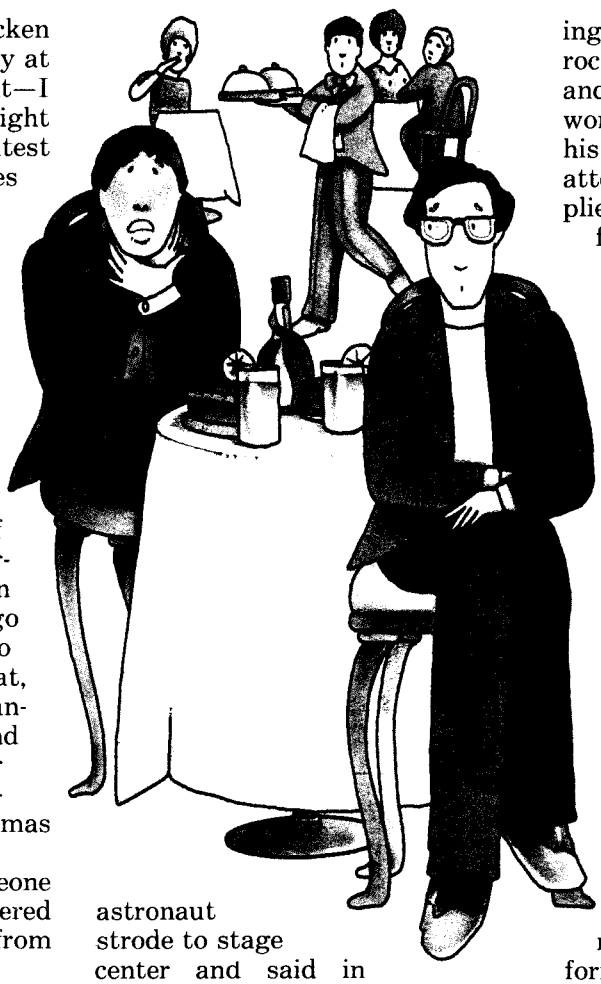
Lunching yesterday on chicken in ichor—a house specialty at my favorite midtown restaurant—I was forced to listen to a playwright acquaintance defend his latest opus against a set of notices that read like a Tibetan *Book of the Dead.* Drawing tenuous connections between Sophocles' dialogue and his own, Moses Goldworm wolfed down his vegetable cutlet and raged like Carrie Nation against the New York theatre critics. I, of course, could do nothing more than offer a sympathetic ear and assure him that the phrase "a dramatist of zero promise" might be interpreted in several ways. Then, in the split second it takes to go from calm to bedlam, the Pinero manqué half rose from his seat, suddenly unable to speak. Frantically waving his arms and clutching his throat, the poor fellow turned a shade of blue invariably associated with Thomas Gainsborough.

"My God, what is it?" someone screamed, as silverware clattered to the floor and heads turned from every table.

"He's having a coronary!" a waiter yelled.

"No, no, it's a fit," said a man at the booth next to me.

Goldworm continued to struggle and wave his arms, but with ever-diminishing style. Then, as various mutually exclusive remedies were advanced in anxious falsettos by sundry well-meaning hysterics in the room, the playwright confirmed the waiter's diagnosis by collapsing to the floor like a sack of rivets. Crumpled in a forlorn heap, Goldworm seemed destined to slip away before an ambulance could arrive, when a six-foot stranger possessing the cool aplomb of an astronaut strode to stage center and said in dramatic tones, "Leave everything to me, folks. We don't need a doctor—this is not a cardiac problem. By clutching his throat, this fellow has made the universal sign, known in every corner of the world, to indicate that he is choking. The symptoms may appear to be the same as those of a man suffering from a heart attack, but this man, I assure you, can be saved by the Heimlich Maneuver!"



With that, the hero of the moment wrapped his arms around my companion from behind and lifted him to an upright position. Placing his fist just under Goldworm's sternum, he hugged sharply, causing a side order of bean curd to rocket out of the victim's trachea and carom off the hat rack. Goldworm came to apace and thanked his savior, who then directed our attention to a printed notice, supplied by the Board of Health, affixed to the wall. The poster described the aforementioned drama with perfect fidelity. What we had witnessed was indeed "the universal choking signal," conveying the victim's tripartite plight: (1) Cannot speak or breathe; (2) Turns blue; (3) Collapses. The diagnostic signs on the notice were followed by clear directions on the administration of the lifesaving procedure: the selfsame abrupt hug and resulting airborne protein we had witnessed, which had relieved Goldworm of the awkward formalities of the Long Goodbye.

A few minutes later, strolling home on Fifth Avenue, I wondered if Dr. Heimlich, whose name is now so firmly placed in the national consciousness as the discoverer of the marvelous maneuver I had just seen performed, had any idea of how close he had once come to being scooped by three still utterly anonymous scientists who had worked for months on end in search of a cure for the same perilous mealtime trauma. I also wondered if he knew of the existence of a certain diary kept by an unnamed member of the pioneer trio—a diary that came into my possession at auction quite by mistake, because of its similarity in heft and color to an illustrated work entitled *Harem Slaves,* for which I had bid a trifling eight weeks' salary. Following are some excerpts from the diary, which I set down here purely in the interest

Continued on following page

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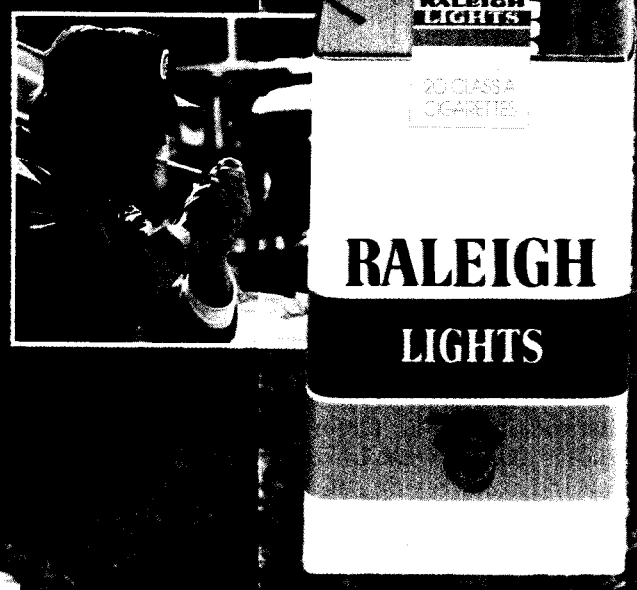
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Lights 100's, 8 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '81.

Take the road to flavor in a low tar cigarette.



Kings and 100's.

RALEIGH LIGHTS

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of science:

January 3. Met my two colleagues today for the first time and found them both enchanting, although Wolfsheim is not at all as I had imagined. For one thing, he is heavier than in his photo (I think he uses an old one). His beard is of a medium length but seems to grow with the irrational abandon of crabgrass. Add to this thick, bushy brows and beady eyes the size of microbes, which dart about suspiciously behind spectacles the thickness of bulletproof glass. And then there are the twitches. The man has accumulated a repertoire of facial tics and blinks that demand nothing less than a complete musical score by Stravinsky. And yet Abel Wolfsheim is a brilliant scientist whose work on dinner-table choking has made him a legend the world over. He was quite flattered that I was familiar with his paper on Random Gagging, and he confided to me that my once skeptically regarded theory, that hiccupping is innate, is now commonly accepted at M.I.T.

If Wolfsheim is eccentric-looking, however, the other member of our triumvirate is exactly what I had expected from reading her work. Shulamith Arnolfini, whose experiments with recombinant DNA led to the creation of a gerbil that could sing "Let My People Go," is British in the extreme—predictably tweedy, with her hair in a bun, and with horn-rimmed glasses resting halfway down a beak nose. Furthermore, she possesses a speech impediment so audibly juicy that to be near her when she pronounces a word like "sequestered" is equivalent to standing at the center of a monsoon. I like them both, and I predict great discoveries.

January 5. Things did not get under way as smoothly as I had hoped, for Wolfsheim and I have had a mild disagreement over procedure. I suggested doing our initial experiments on mice, but he regards this as unnecessarily timid. His idea is to use convicts, feeding them large chunks of meat at five-second intervals, with instructions not to chew before swallowing. Only then, he claims, can we observe the dimensions of the problem in its true perspective. I took issue on moral grounds, and Wolfsheim became defensive. I asked him if he felt science was above morality and took issue with his equating humans and hamsters. Nor did I agree with his somewhat emotional assessment of me as a "unique moron." Fortunately, Shulamith took my side.

January 7. Today was a productive one for Shulamith and me. Working around the clock, we induced strangulation in a mouse. This was accomplished by coaxing the rodent to ingest healthy portions of Gouda cheese and then making it laugh. Predictably, the food went down the wrong pipe, and choking occurred. Grasping the mouse firmly by the tail, I snapped it like a small whip, and the morsel of cheese came loose. Shulamith and I made voluminous notes on the experiment. If we can transfer the tailsnap procedure to humans, we may have something. Too early to tell.

"Miss Dalton, I've left today's paperwork on my desk, and I'm taking the afternoon off."

February 15. Wolfsheim has developed a theory that he insists on testing, although I find it simplistic. He is convinced that a person choking on food can be saved by (his words) "giving the victim a drink of water." At first I thought he was joking, but his intense manner and wild eyes indicated a definite commitment to the concept. Clearly, he has been up for days toying with this notion, and in his laboratory, glasses of water filled to various levels were everywhere. When I responded skeptically, he accused me of being negative and began twitching like a disco dancer. You can tell he hates me.

February 27. Today was a day off, and Shulamith and I decided to motor to the countryside. Once we were out in nature, the whole concept of choking seemed so far away. Shulamith told me that she had been married before, to a scientist who had pioneered a study of radioactive isotopes and whose entire body vanished in mid-conversation while he was testifying before a Senate committee. We talked about our personal preferences and tastes and discovered that we were both fond of the same bacteria. I asked Shulamith how she would feel if I kissed her. She said, "Swell," giving me the full moist spray peculiar to her speech problem. I have come to the conclusion that she is quite a beautiful woman, particularly when viewed through an x-ray-proof lead screen.

March 1. I now believe Wolfsheim is a madman. He tested his "glass of water" theory a dozen times, and in no case did it prove effective. When I told him to stop wasting valuable time and money, he bounced a petri dish off the bridge of my nose, and I was forced to hold him at bay with the Bunsen burner. As always, when work becomes more difficult, frustrations mount.

March 3. Unable to obtain subjects for our dangerous experiments, we have been forced to cruise restaurants and cafeterias, hoping to work rapidly should we be lucky enough to find someone in distress. At the Sans Souci Deli, I tried lifting a Mrs. Rose Moscowitz

Continued on page 118

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HOW HE SAID NO TO DRUGS

"You can't take away a crutch unless you give something in its place. There are temporal rewards for antisocial behavior—a sense of identity, a sense of security."

by Russ Pulliam

Editor's Note: The following story, which appeared recently in the *Indianapolis News,* is a heartwarming account of a troubled young man from a socially and politically active family who found his way by helping others.

Karl Manders is an unusual young man who said no to drugs and now spends much of his time helping others do the same. No longer a teen-ager, he started using drugs in the late 1970s, as a student at Culver Military Academy. "It didn't have so much to do with my own problems. I was trying to escape from a lot of personal problems with parents and my own identity." He never thought he would get hooked on anything, though. He always figured he could take it or leave it.

He also experimented with radical politics, traveling to the West Coast, where he tried LSD. "Using acid for the first time changed the whole course of my life. It completely jarred me. It's an incredible experience. It's also a very destructive experience. I don't know any person who's using acid now who did back then. Sooner or later they bummed out." He can still recall the terror of the trips on LSD. "All of a sudden, a wave of panic, of total terror and fear would just completely engulf me. It was almost paralyzing. There wasn't anything I could do."

When he came back to Indianapolis, the drugs still had consequences. He couldn't walk away from them so easily. "Life became harder and harder for me to cope. I began to really want somehow to get free, to get my life in order. The more I began to want that, the less I used drugs."

Kicked out of high school here, he landed a spot at Boston University, where he wound up disillusioned with radical politics after months of protests. He went back to drugs, dropped out of college. But things kept going wrong. A house he bought in Oregon burned, including most of his possessions. His mother died.

Russ Pulliam is a journalist who understands the problems of affluent young people who grew up in the '60s and has a strong interest in the underprivileged. He lives in the inner city in Indianapolis, where he is a third-generation member of the Pulliam publishing family, whose chain of 7 newspapers includes the *Indianapolis Star/News* and the *Phoenix Gazette.*

But some friends were kind to him. He knew the John Mullen family was praying for him. And he took advantage of their kindness, storing three truckloads of furniture in their home. "There were times when I'd sit in their living room and want to throw myself on the floor and say, 'Help me.' But I didn't want to admit I needed help."

Then a friend with serious psychological problems was converted to Jesus Christ. "I began to see him change. He began to read the Bible, and I thought he was becoming a religious nut. But I couldn't deny he was changing."

Manders attended fellowship in Christ Church with the Mullens on a Sunday in Broad Ripple (Indianapolis) when he had a desperate desire for help. "I decided I have to know that this is real. Either I had to walk out knowing Christ was false or knowing that Christ was real."

At the end of the service, he asked for prayer.

"What do you want to be delivered from?" the people asked.

"You name it, I've got it."

Somehow, in that time of prayer, he found a new way of life. "It was like being able to breathe again. I knew that the Bible was true. I knew that Christ was real. I had a sense of God's love for me and God's forgiveness for me. I had tried everything—Eastern religion, drugs, education—you name it. But none of it worked. I couldn't change myself."

He's since involved himself in various kinds of youth work, including drug prevention counseling work at the Indianapolis Near Eastside Multi-Service Center. He also runs a stress challenge recreational program.

He thinks drug prevention must offer an alternative. "You can't take away a crutch unless you give something in its place. There are temporal rewards for antisocial behavior—a sense of identity, a sense of security. The key for me is, because Christ meets my needs, because Christ gives me an identity, I don't need my parents to meet my needs. I can love and respect them, and I can be used by God to meet their needs.

"It's not enough to stop negative activity," he sums up. "That's fine—it's good. But I had to rebuild my life. That's what these kids have to do. That's the other side of substance abuse. They've got to go on."

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Actual diameter: 5 1/8"

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Katharine Clark, Director

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THE GOOD NEWS IN GOSPEL MUSIC

Crossover Christian superstars, new songs and all-gospel radio stations may soon put gospel music where country music is today.

by Russell Chandler

In the summer of 1979, President and Mrs. Jimmy Carter invited 1,000 guests to "bring your own blanket" and attend a White House lawn sing-in honoring the contribution of gospel music to American culture. Some Christian music aficionados thought the then-President might be doing unto gospel what John F. Kennedy did unto highbrow culture when he invited musicians like cellist Pablo Casals to perform in his living room.

The Carter era has come and gone, and President Reagan is not known to be a gospel-music fan. But the popularity of Christian music beats on.

And although gospel music—or at least its ancestor, the black spiritual—has been heard in the land for more than two centuries, the sounds and visibility of new gospel are bursting out of the traditional religious arena.

"The religious market has greater potential than rock," M. Richard Asher, deputy president of CBS Records, said enthusiastically at *Billboard* magazine's recent International Gospel Music Conference in Hollywood.

"It's the music of the age, no doubt about it," said Don Butler, executive director of the Gospel Music Association in Nashville. "It's coming."

Within the past several years, a whole new industry has sprung up, complete with thousands of born-again musicians, new songs and record labels, talent hunts, workshops for choirs and music directors and even radio stations that play nothing but gospel music.

Entertainers such as Amy Grant, 19, one of today's biggest-selling gospel artists, and Andrae Crouch (right), four-time Grammy winner, give gospel music new credibility.

Asher and others think the leading edge of the gospel-music revolution is the estimated 90 million Americans who identify with the born-again experience. These citizens are thought to compose the nation's largest single subculture. But staid, main-line Protestant churchgoers, as well as Roman Catholics and others, have been affected, too.

Although gospel labels accounted for only $120 million of the total U.S. record and tape retail sales of $2.5 billion in 1980, the gospel segment was up 20 percent over the year before, Butler said. It increased another 15 percent in 1981, industry experts estimate. Sales of gospel sheet music in 1980 were $71 million, up 15 percent from 1979. And gospel artists drew audiences of 57.5 million in 1980, compared to 50 million the year before. Concert gates and offerings take in about $50 million a year.

"In the next couple of years, gospel music will be where country music is today," predicted Bob Angelotti, a publicist with Joy Productions, a Southern California firm that promotes major gospel record companies and some of the best-known gospel artists.

Overall, an estimated 1,000 music groups play rock, jazz, soul, country, MOR (middle of the road) and other "secular" music accompanied by lyrics fundamentally centered on Jesus and his love. "Gospel is the message of the Christ coming through," said the Reverend James Cleveland, acknowledged king of gospel.

Probably about 500 gospel-music groups travel at least three days a week. Many eke out a living, and not more than 100 are well known, even in religious circles.

"Gospel-music groups range from couples who tour the Smoky Mountains, giving concerts in little churches and selling records out of the trunks of their beat-up cars, to a handful of superstars who make six-figure incomes," said Dick Curd, Joy Productions president.

Some of the best-known gospel-music superstars are the "crossovers"—those who make the tran-

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sition in audience size from the narrow confines of gospel-music charts, Christian radio-station playlists and concert auditoriums to the music-industry big time. Reverse crossovers are those who have made a name for themselves in secular music before identifying with evangelical faith.

The lengthening list of established musicians who have embraced Christianity includes Bob Dylan, B.J. Thomas, Donna Summer, Barbara Mandrell, Dion Dimucci, Richie Furay, former Santana lead-singer Leon Patillo, Arlo Guthrie, Johnny Cash, Billy Preston, Stevie Wonder, Noel Paul Stookey, Pat and Debby Boone and the Imperials—to name a few.

The top dozen gospel-music entertainers in the six-figure income bracket (some have crossed the $1 million line) usually sell from 60,000 to 250,000 copies of each release—a figure considered "less than average" by the major secular record companies. But the prominence of the gospel message in the secular music world is new. With a little help from secular-savvy agents and public-relations teams, gospel artists are selling and singing their spiritual songs in the outside world as never before.

Country-singer Barbara Mandrell told an appreciative audience at the International Gospel Music Conference how she had won a recent battle with NBC; she had insisted on a 20-minute gospel segment on her weekly family variety show, which attracts up to 30 million viewers.

There are other signs of worldly—if not spiritual—success in the Christian music industry. All three major networks have covered large Christian music events. And radio-time sales revenues on 1,400 Christian stations top $40 million a year.

A new aura of credibility also shines on the gospel-music movement because of established entertainers such as the Bill Gaither Trio and Andrae Crouch and the Disciples, the leading black gospel group.

"Christians have come out in the sunlight and are walking down the center of the street," according to Ralph Carmichael, a pioneer in the contemporary Christian music field. Carmichael, one-time arranger for about 25 of the top names in show business, added: "There is no style of music that can't be enjoyed by Christians. Why, they're actually using disco, rock, rhythm-and-blues."

The tempo hasn't always been upbeat, as Carmichael well remembers.

Twenty years ago, when he was putting together a stage band to play gospel music on TV, Carmichael was shunned by conservative Christians. Some went so far as to say he was "under the spell of Satan." But his "Campus Christian Hour" stayed on television opposite a half-hour weekly Milton Berle show for 76 weeks and won an Emmy.

"I caught a vision," said Carmichael, president of Lexicon Music and Light Records, one of the largest Christian music firms. "I believed that the sound of Christian music should be just as relevant as the message." By 1960, Carmichael had arranged the backgrounds for practically every Christian artist who had ever cut a record. Though he made waves because he was so avant-garde, today he is considered "traditional" or, at most, middle of the road.

In the beginning, however, was Word. The Waco, Texas, book, record and tape conglomerate, owned since 1974 by the ABC television network, began humbly enough 30 years ago. Its president, Jarrell McCracken, was then a student at Baylor University and a sportscaster. He invented an imaginary radio station, WORD, and narrated a play-by-play account of the "Game of Life" between Christians and the forces of evil.

"People began asking for the record," McCracken recalled decades later. "So I had to make one. Then they began to ask what I was going to do next. So I began producing records with people around school, operating out of my apartment while I finished my master's in religion." McCracken sold 100,000 78-rpm records of "Game of Life" and later rerecorded it. Now, with expanded operations and offices in Nashville and Los Angeles, Word is the premier gospel-record label.

Another entertainment multinational, the Music Corporation of

Continued on page 22

RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION WITHOUT SPASMS OR CRAMPS

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So if you want the Ultra Lowest Tar™ brand, there's no confusion. It's here. And it's Now.

NOW

BOX, BOX 100's: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.001 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 85's FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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	80's box	85's soft pack	100's box	100's soft pack
NOW	Less than 0.01mg	1mg	Less than 0.01mg	2mg
CARLTON	Less than 0.01mg	1mg*	1mg	5mg
CAMBRIDGE	0.1mg	1mg	—	4mg
BARCLAY	1mg	1mg	—	3mg

All tar numbers are av. per cigarette by FTC method, except the one asterisked (*) which is av. per cigarette by FTC Report May '81.

The Lowest

The lowest in tar of all brands.

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America (MCA), spun off its own Christian label, Songbird Records, in 1979. And under a new agreement, MCA will distribute for Sparrow Records, one of the strongest contemporary gospel-record companies, in secular outlets. In exchange, Sparrow will distribute Songbird in the thriving Christian bookstore market, where nearly three-fourths of all gospel records are still sold.

Calvary Chapel in Costa Mesa, a Southern California beach city, was at the heart of the "Jesus People" movement of the late 1960s and early 1970s. It has also been instrumental in the crescendo of gospel music. The church and its pastor, Chuck Smith, spawned Maranatha! Music, a leading company in what is called "praise-and-scripture" music. With simple melodies and memorable words, praise music is popular at worship services and for teaching converts.

Another potent influence on the Christian music scene are Bill and Gloria Gaither, the songwriting couple from Alexandria, Indiana. The Gaithers, plus former pastor Gary McSpadden, form the Gaither Trio. Their songs teach theology to millions of evangelical and mainstream Christians.

The beginnings of black gospel music in the United States trace to the southern plantations, where beat and style were combined with religious overtones in the mid-1700s. The style carried over into frontier revival preaching. Dr. Edwin Orr, a noted church historian, has pointed out that every great outpouring of God's Spirit through the ages has resulted in the composition of thousands of new church hymns. All of them have focused on the common people and many have been written to the popular secular tunes of the day.

"It is difficult to put heavy philosophical emphasis into popular songs," Bill Gaither commented after a recent concert. "But we are finding that people are grooving on heavier ideas."

Musician-publisher Dennis Fitzpatrick, founder of FEL Publications in West Los Angeles, has also been caught up in the Christian music revolution. Since 1963, Fitzpatrick, who introduced folk music to Roman Catholic churches, has made more than 30 albums for Protestant and Catholic worship. One of the most influential was Ray Repp's "Mass for Young Americans," which plunked the new guitar sounds into the venerable liturgy of the Roman Catholic Church.

FEL, which holds the copyright to the now-classic, "They Will Know We Are Christians by Our Love" (more than 10 million copies in print), concentrates on albums for church music directors. They, in turn, reach young people with the "here-and-now" lyrics.

Curiously, some churches at the opposite ends of the theological and life-style spectrum tend to eschew contemporary gospel music—for antithetic reasons. Churchgoers in liberal traditions that emphasize the social and corporate dimensions of Christianity have no

Continued on page 115

The Gaither Trio of Bill and Gloria Gaither and former pastor Gary McSpadden often draws 12,000 people to its gospel concerts. Even as a teenager, Evie Tornquist Karlsson packed concerts around the world with her gospel songs.

Cruise passengers to Bermuda recently were entertained with gospel concerts by the popular Imperials (above). "The Lord's Prayer" of gospel singers Reba Rambo and Dony McGuire earned them a Grammy award.

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THE IRREPRESSIBLE SPOOFER STRIKES AGAIN

Norman Cousins' spoofs are legendary.
Here, wife Eleanor tells of his latest caper.

by Eleanor Cousins

Editor's Note: Some of his admirers mistakenly believe that Norman Cousins discovered the power of laughter only when he contracted a serious disease in 1964 and used humor as an essential part of his therapy. Actually, humor has been a dominant theme of much of his life, even though he has dedicated himself to serious world issues in his writing and on the lecture platform. In the *Saturday Review*, for example, readers came to expect all sorts of spoofs—both in the editorial pages and in the classified columns—generally on April Fool's Day. The name he used for such spoofs is K. Jason Sitewell, a prefect anagram for "it's a joke, son."

Over this name, there once appeared a letter to *SR*'s editor protesting a bill that the letter writer said was about to slip through Congress—a bill that would have the effect of abolishing the nation's golf courses as an improper use of America's natural resources. That letter, reprinted widely, resulted in 19,000 letters of protest to Congress.

Sitewell also wrote a scholarly piece for his magazine on the invention of the dot as a period in punctuation. Still another of his many literary spoofs was a scholarly article that demonstrated that the United States was still part of Great Britain in view of the fact that the Articles of Separation had been improperly signed.

In the classified section, readers enjoyed notices which offered bizarre merchandise that had resulted from computer errors. One such notice offered 62,000 bicycles which had bar handles on both ends. Another notice offered 6,500 bottles of Scotch whiskey that, through computer error, had been colored a deep purple. Then there was the classified notice consisting of the following apology: "We regret a typographical error on page 67 of our kit, 'Sky-Diving Made Easy.' Where it now reads 'count six and then state zip code,' it should now read, 'count six and then pull rip cord.' We regret any inconvenience."

Inside his editorial offices, staff members kept their guard up, especially on April 1st. During a meeting of the Board of Directors, which he had carefully contrived to schedule for that day, there was general consternation when the office boy distributed copies of the new issue that had just arrived from the printer—with the inside printed upside down. Norman Cousins had been in cahoots with the printer, who had run off a couple of Arabic copies.

On one occasion, the devil made him put trick rubber hotdogs into a luncheon for a group of executives, who were kept busy wiping mustard from their noses after biting into one end of the springy morsels and being slapped soundly in the face with the opposite end of the phony frankfurters.

And so it went—a reflection of his belief, that life, while serious, need never be solemn.

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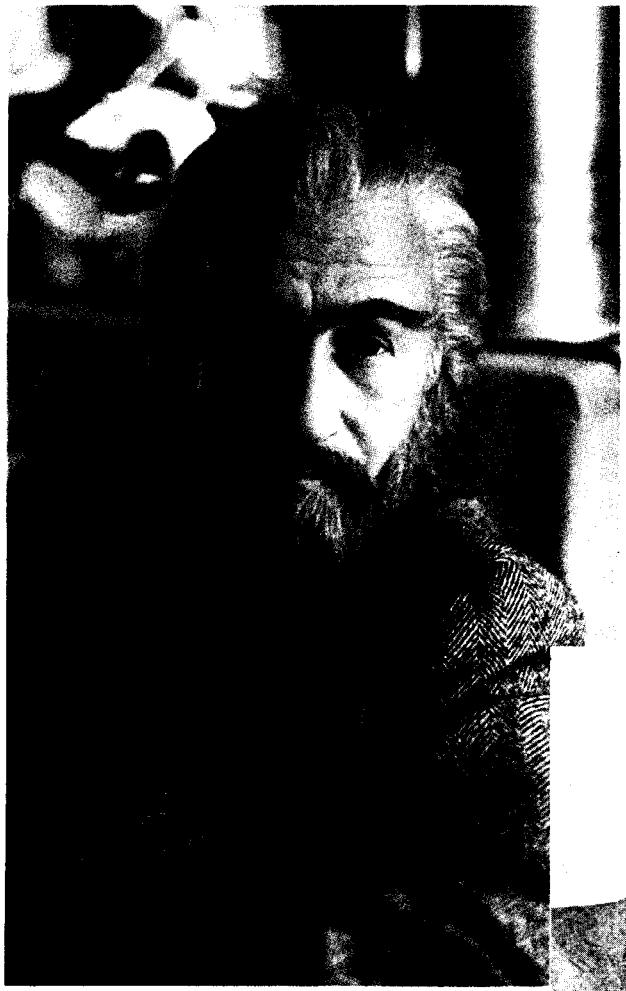

Norman Sasamori

Norman Sasamori

Can you identify the man behind the beard? The picture above shows "Dr. Morton," an English physician. The photograph at right shows Norman Cousins in his debearded state.

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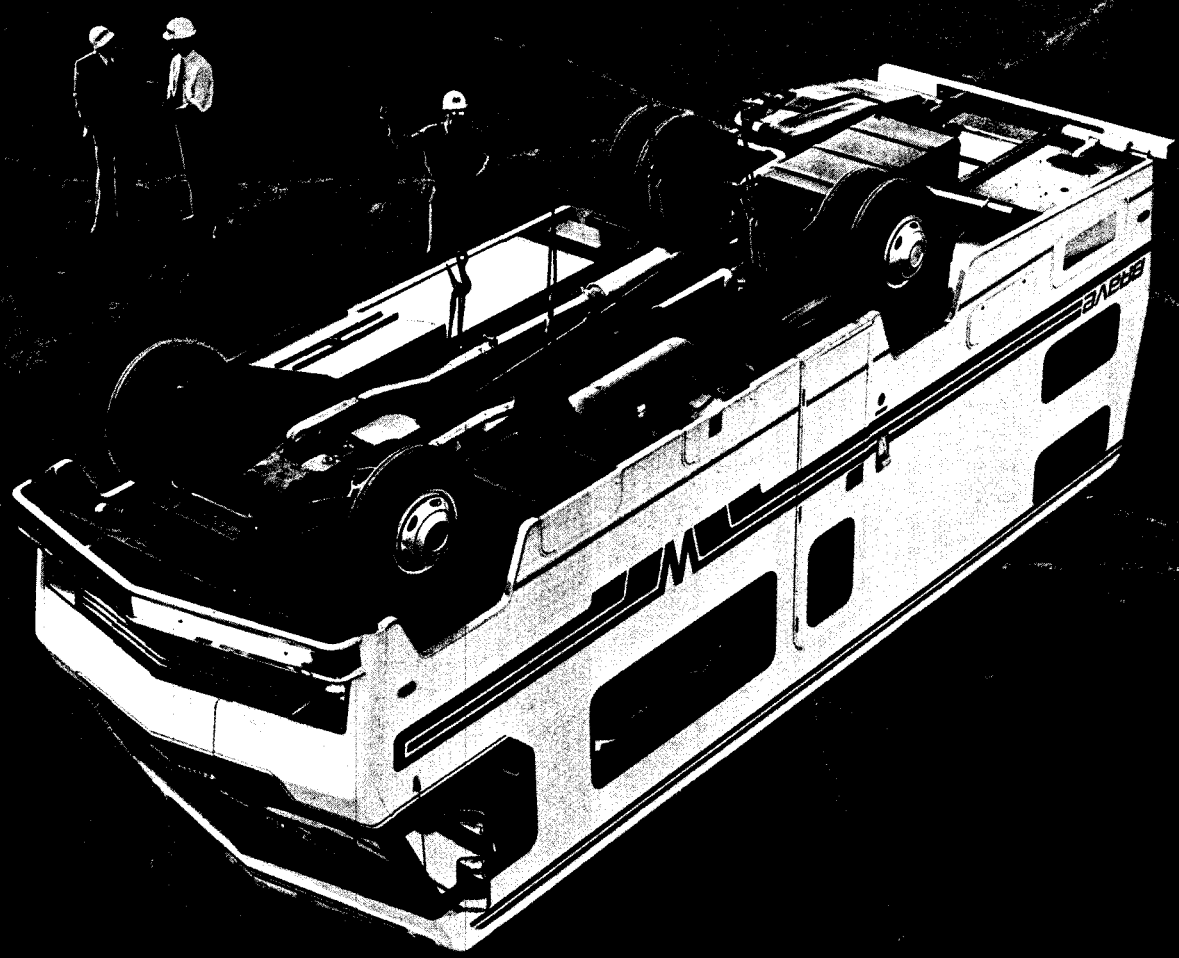

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I knew Norman was tremulous as December 22 approached. Once in a while he would say, "Only three more weeks to go" or "In two weeks and six days, it will be a year since the day. . . ." After Norman's heart attack on December 22, 1980, one of his cardiologists had told us that Norman was at a rather high risk for the first year. The date, December 22, 1981, was thus profoundly important to him and his family and friends. So, when Carol Prager, one of Norman's secretaries, suggested we organize a surprise party for Norman, marking his successful completion of the year, I leaped at the idea.

It was about December 12 that Henri Temianka, the conductor of the Los Angeles Chamber Symphony, phoned. He had remembered the date of Norman's heart attack and invited us out to dinner on December 22 to celebrate the first anniversary. I told Henri about our plan to surprise Norman, then suggested to him that "our cover" for the party would be dinner with him and his wife Emmy at our home.

We planned the surprise party to include Norman's doctors, his coworkers at UCLA, members of the family and a few friends. But the guest list grew. By December 20, some 50 people had been invited, including Norman's golfing and tennis partners and their wives. I could think of at least 50 others who should be invited—but we just didn't have the space.

I started planning the menu, and I was able to get some things made ahead of time. Matters were somewhat complicated with the Christmas shopping still to be done. So I forced myself to concentrate on Christmas presents for two days and, to my surprise, was able to get them out of the way in time to work on the party.

On Monday, December 21, I had everything on the menu prepared and ready—except the chickens. That night, Shigeko, our adopted Japanese daughter, and I were in the kitchen—up to our eyes in chicken—when Norman walked in.

"Why so many chickens?" he asked.

I mumbled in a low voice that I was involved in a university function. The answer seemed to satisfy him, and he ambled quietly out of the kitchen.

"Do you think he knows?" whispered Shigeko.

"No, of course not," I said firmly. "He never pays much attention to food matters."

The next problem was how to keep Norman from coming home before the company had time to assemble. That problem solved itself the morning of the 22nd when Norman told me he would be delayed in coming home because he wanted to visit Buckminster Fuller in the hospital. Bucky had just had surgery on his hip. Norman had said he would be home shortly after 7:00 p.m. This was perfect, I thought; the party would be well under way by then.

Comes now the late afternoon of December 22, all the food for the buffet supper was on the table, the coffee made and ready. About 5:15 p.m., I received a telephone call from Devery Freeman, the novelist—one of Norman's golfing partners. He said a friend of his, Dr. Morton, was his house guest, having just arrived from London. Dr. Morton was interested in the work Norman was doing at UCLA School of Medicine. Could he bring Dr. Morton to the party? My answer was yes, of course.

By 6:00 p.m., 30 people had arrived. We amused ourselves by speculating on how Norman would handle the surprise.

At 6:15 p.m., Dev and Adele Freeman came to the door with Dr. Morton, a raspy-voiced man with a bushy head of hair and a full beard. He was slightly stooped and had a flabby-looking pot belly.

"This is Dr. Morton," said Dev. Then, turning to his English friend in a loud voice: "This is Norman's wife and their daughter, Candis."

I held out my hand. Dr. Morton grunted, took my hand, then dropped it as if it were a dirty tissue.

I decided to ignore Dr. Morton's rather blunt manner.

Dev whispered to me that Dr. Morton was hard of hearing and that he wanted to go to the bathroom. So, speaking loudly and using gestures, I invited Dr. Morton to follow me. We threaded our way through the crowd. I took him to the bathroom and started to return to the living room, but I turned back for some reason and went into our bedroom. There, to my surprise and distaste, was Dr. Morton. It flashed into my mind he might be a burglar, and I wondered if I had left my gold bracelet on the dresser. But I kept cool and asked,

Norman Sasamori

A view of the Cousins' living room the night that "Dr. Morton" came to dinner to celebrate Norman Cousins' first anniversary of his recovery from a heart attack.

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"Are you all right?"

He mumbled unintelligibly.

"Would you like something to eat?"

He mumbled again.

"Or something to drink?"

Another mumble.

"It may not taste very good," I chattered on, "but anything on the table will be good for you."

He said he wasn't hungry. I led him back to the living room, where the buffet supper was in full swing.

I watched Dr. Morton as he roamed around among the guests, grunting and looking somewhat unhappy. I wished Norman would show up. I apologized to Dev for making his friend wait.

I listened to a conversation between Dr. Morton and Dr. Jolyon West, head of psychiatry at UCLA.

"Could I get you something to eat?" Dr. West asked Dr. Morton solicitously.

Dr. Morton cupped his hand to his ear. Dr. West repeated the question.

"I haven't been there in years," Dr. Morton replied.

"No, no," persisted Dr. West. "I asked you if you would like some food."

"You're absolutely right," replied Dr. Morton. "I would never go there again."

I noticed, however, that when he was introduced to a good-looking woman, Dr. Morton seemed to come to life. He would put his arms around the woman, kiss her affectionately on the cheek—and then pat her rather low in the back. Most of the women ignored the indiscretion, but one of our friends, a former nun, jumped back three feet. Maxine Gomberg, wife of another of Norman's golfing companions, gave him an icy stare after his greeting. Dr. Morton then repeated his little ceremony.

He wandered around from one conversation group to another, managing to derail the talk with irrelevant and somewhat disparaging comments. Finally, he worked his way over to the organ on the far side of the room and, to the surprise of those present, began to play Bach's Cantata and Fugue in D Minor, which also happens to be a piece Norman plays frequently. Candis, our daughter, came run-

Continued on page 105

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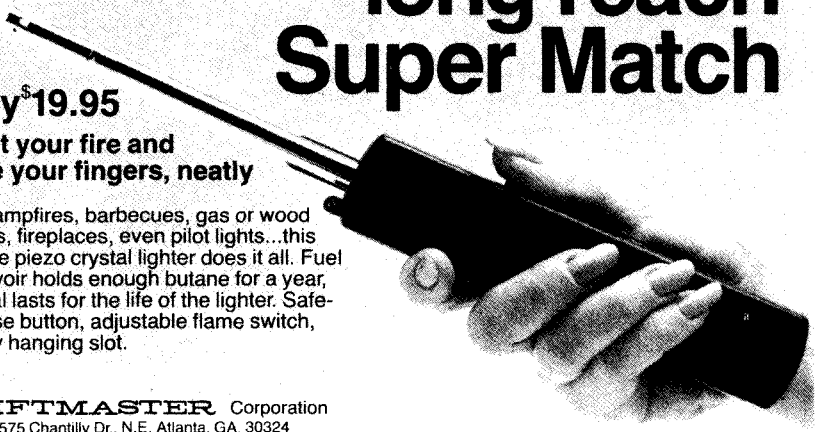

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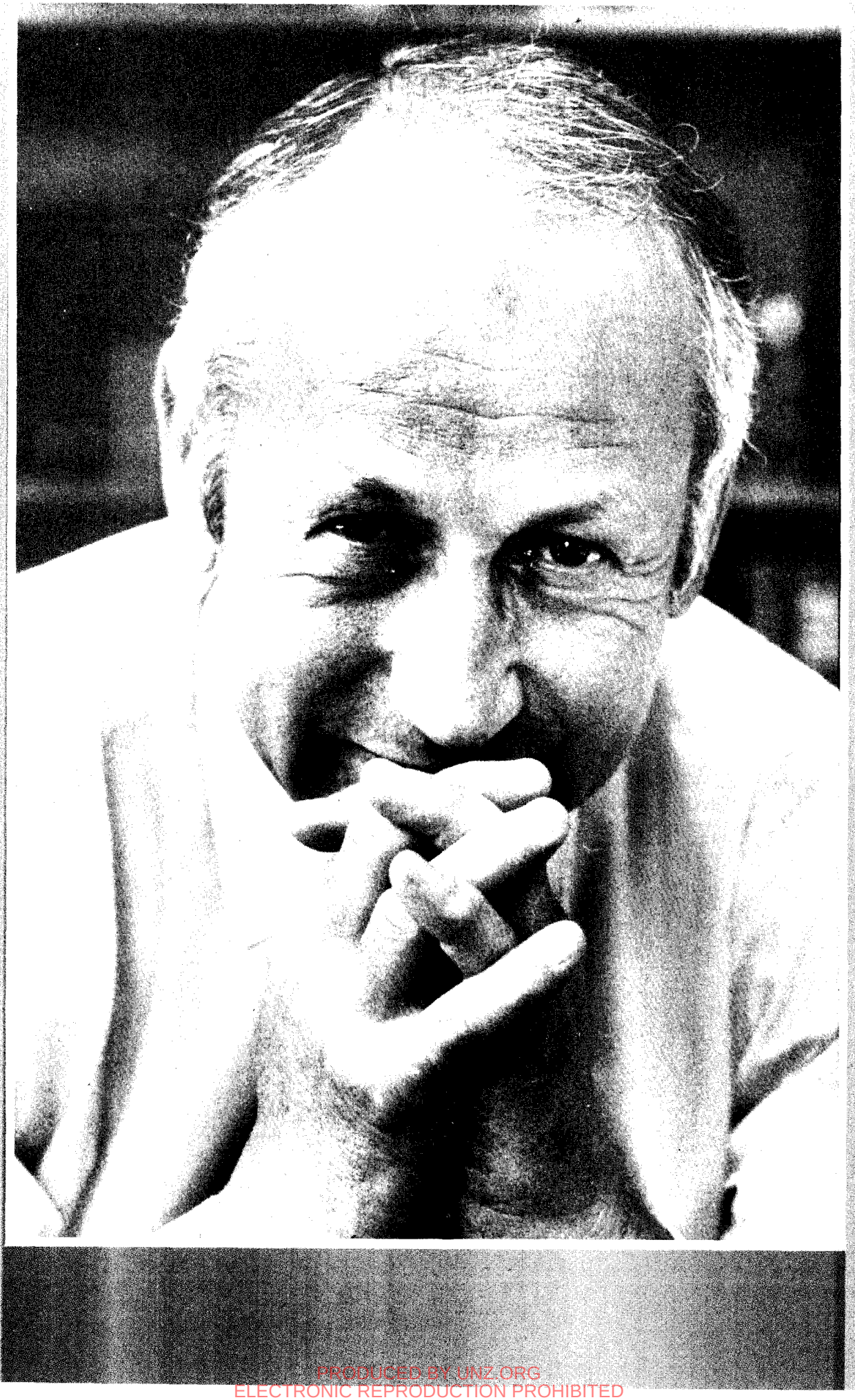

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ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

Healing and Belief

By NORMAN COUSINS

Over the years, medical science has identified the primary systems of the human body—circulatory system, digestive system, endocrine system, autonomic nervous system, parasympathetic nervous system and the immune system. But two other systems that are central in the proper functioning of a human being need to be emphasized: the healing system and the belief system. The two work together. The healing system is the way the body mobilizes all its resources to combat disease. The belief system is often activator of the healing system. The belief system represents the unique element in human beings that makes it possible for the human mind to affect the workings of the body. How one responds—intellectually, emotionally or spiritually—to one's problems has a great deal to do with the way the human body functions. One's confidence, or lack of it, in the prospects of recovery from serious illness, affects the chemistry of the body. The belief system converts hope, robust expectations and the will to live into plus factors in any contest of forces involving disease. The belief system is no substitute for competent medical attention in serious illness or vice versa. Both are essential. The belief system is a prime physiological reality. The greatest force in the human body is the natural drive of the body to heal itself—but that force is not independent of the belief system, which can translate expectations into physiological change. Nothing is more wondrous about the 15 billion neurons in the human brain than their ability to convert thoughts, hopes, ideas and attitudes into chemical substances. Everything begins, therefore, with belief. What we believe is the most powerful option of all.

Science and common sense converge in the ultimate mission of human intelligence—the full potentiation of the individual. This process is not confined to the development of human abilities. It involves in equal measure the way human beings ward off breakdown and cope with it when it occurs. It has to do with the

About the Author

Two unforgettable experiences have shaped the life and works of Norman Cousins—his visits in Africa with the remarkable Dr. Albert Schweitzer, whose influence shows in all his present-day activities, and his miraculous recovery 17 years ago from an extremely serious illness, a recovery that he attributes to an active partnership with his physician and large doses of love, hope, faith, laughter, confidence and the will to live. The story of his triumph over difficult odds was told in his best-selling book, *Anatomy of an Illness* (see the *SatEvePost*, June 1977, page 53). Today, Norman Cousins pursues his interest in will power and health as adjunct professor in the Program of Medicine, Law and Human Values at the UCLA School of Medicine.

Photography by Alfred L. Eisenstaedt

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will to live and the physiological benefits of creativity and the positive emotions. It assigns proper value to hope, faith, laughter and confidence in the life force.

The human healing system has been beautifully honed by three million years of evolution in coping not just with its disorders but with detours, deflections and errors.

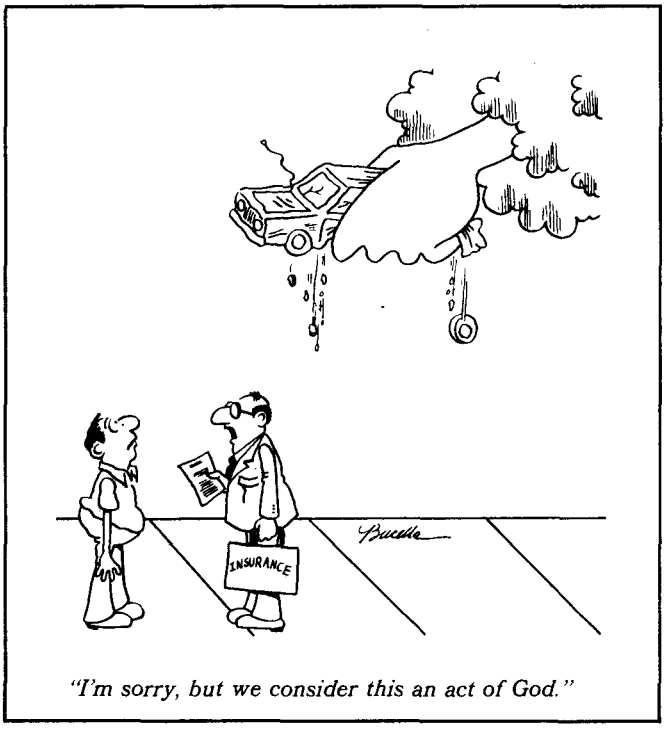
One of the main functions of the doctor is to engage to the fullest the patient's own ability to mobilize the forces of mind and body in turning back disease.

The *Annals of Internal Medicine* for November 1938 reviewed the importance of the patient's faith in the physician as a significant factor in overcoming disease. The main point that emerged from this paper was that the patient's belief in the healing power of the physician is often more important than the treatment itself in reversing the course of an illness. Dr. A. K. Shapiro has documented in his various studies ("A Contribution to a History of the Placebo Effect," *Behavioral Sciences*, 1960, and "Attitudes Toward the Use of Placebos in Treatment," *The Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases*, 1960) the fact that what the patient expects to happen as the result of a relationship with a physician can be as potent in touching off biochemical processes as any medication—or any placebo, for that matter.

Patients tend to move in the direction of their hopes or fears. If they have strong confidence in themselves and their physicians, they tend to have a better outcome than if they are morose and defeatist. A paper in *Lancet* by S. Greer, T. Morris and K. W. Pettingale (October 13, 1979) reported that a study of 69 breast-cancer cases showed that the psychological response of the patients was a significant factor in the course of the disease. Those patients who "had a fighting spirit" and who wouldn't accept a negative verdict were far more likely to improve than those who responded with "stoic acceptance of feelings of helplessness and hopelessness."

It makes no sense to believe that only the negative emotions have an effect on the body's chemistry. Every emotion, negative or positive, makes its registrations on the body's systems.

The human body experiences a powerful gravitational pull in the direction of hope. That is why the patient's hopes are the physician's secret weapon. They are the hidden ingredient in any prescription. The physician will do everything he can, therefore, to bolster attitudes, nourish the outlook on life and encourage confidence in the patient.



"I'm sorry, but we consider this an act of God."

We must learn never to underestimate the capacity of the human mind and body to regenerate—even when the prospects seem most wretched. The life-force may be the least understood force on earth. William James said that human beings tend to live too far within self-imposed limits. It is possible that these limits will recede when we respect more fully the natural drive of the human mind and body toward perfectibility and regeneration. Protecting and cherishing that natural drive may well represent the finest exercise of human freedom.

The will to live is a window on the future. It opens the individual to such help as the outside world has to offer, and it connects that help to the body's own capability for fighting disease. It enables the human body to make the most of itself. It is not a theoretical abstraction but a physiologic reality with therapeutic characteristics.

The physician's method of delivering truth to a patient can help combat or help intensify disease. If delivered the wrong way, the truth can produce panic and erode hope—a dismal state that hardly offers an ideal environment for making the most of the physician's ministrations. If delivered the right way, however, the truth can bolster the patient's will to live, and various plus factors can come into play.

The treatment of a patient is incomplete if it is confined to diagnosis and the administration of medicines or other procedures. It becomes complete only when the patient's own resources and capacities are fully engaged. This is where the science of medicine and the art of medicine come together.

The modern physician strides forth into the world from medical school with a certificate of learning in one hand and a vast array of exotic medications and technological devices in the other. But the humans who look to him for help are fragile, perplexed and vulnerable. More than anything else, they want to know that they matter. They don't want anything to come between them and their physicians. People want their physicians to be finely tuned human beings capable of exquisite sensitivity and tenderness. Patients do not warm up to impersonal and detached super-scientists. They want to feel that the doctor who is examining them is thinking of nothing else.

The wise physician makes a careful estimate of the emotional needs of the patient. He creates a mood of confidence for the encounter with diagnostic technology. He explains that he will not attach sovereign importance to the results. He doesn't abandon

Continued on page 48

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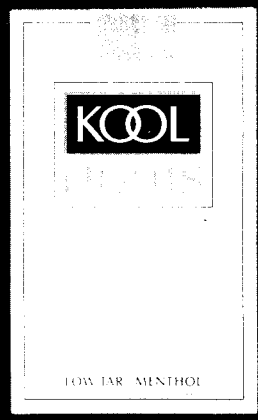

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RELIGION

FOCUS ON THE FAMILY

Author James Dobson calls upon his deeply ingrained Judeo-Christian values to connect the family of the '80s with the principles of "discipline, love, self-esteem, loyalty and fidelity."

by Charles W. Phillips

Credit a man with eight best-selling books, give him a radio show on 197 stations, put him in a film series to be viewed by 10 million people and book him on shows with Donahue and Tom Snyder and that same man is an instant celebrity. . .a full-fledged personality. Unless his name is Dr. James Dobson.

A tall, handsome man who is both dignified and downhome, tough but sympathetic, Dobson only recently is achieving notoriety beyond Christian circles. Thanks to a swing back to conservatism, his family-first philosophy is suddenly in vogue, his traditional values are suddenly acceptable, his ideas are suddenly in season.

Dr. Dobson, noted author and educator, has been named 1982 Layman of the Year by the National Association of Evangelicals.

Depending on who's counting, Dobson wears at least seven—no, make that eight—hats. Sometimes, in the course of a day he switches from one to another so smoothly, so adroitly, so often, that he might add quick-change artist to the list of vocations separated by commas after the Ph.D. in his name. Answering to the labels of father, husband, associate clinical professor of pediatrics at the University of Southern California School of Medicine, psychologist, author, radio and TV personality and speaker, Dobson manages a balancing act in the Flying Wallenda tradition. The trick, he has learned, is to maintain priorities and never let one role dominate at the expense of the others. At this, too, he succeeds.

The enormity of his influence in the areas of child and family psychology has been likened to that of Dr. Benjamin Spock of 20 years ago, although the similarity ends there. Dobson is a politically conservative, back-to-basics disciplinarian who believes in spoiling the rod to spare the child and who practices at home what he preaches on film, in books and around the lecture circuit.

"First and foremost, I'm a committed Christian," he explains. "I was raised in a Christian home, and those values are ingrained deeply within me. Most of what I teach is an outgrowth of traditional Christian concepts with regard to the family and home. I get a great deal of satisfaction in feeling used by God in the lives of people. I don't find my work stressful at all; in fact, I'm having the time of my life. The most difficult aspect is trying to keep it all under control and not let my professional identity interfere with my roles as father and husband."

It was this inevitable tug between his private and professional lives that helped convince him in 1979 to put his Focus on the Family seminar on tape. The seminar, usually offered in person by Dobson over a one-day or two-day period, centers on such topics as Christian fathering, preparing for adolescence, building self-esteem and the conflict of wills between parent and child. When the film idea was first presented by Word Publishers of Waco, Texas, he argued that surely no one would sit through seven one-hour films and watch a man stand in front of an audience and talk about traditional values and discipline. Reluctantly, he agreed to the project and admits today that his worst fears have been proven "dead wrong."

"The film series was actually a method of coping with so many demands on my time," he recalls. "I was getting anywhere from 500 to 1,000 speaking requests a year and was accepting about six per month. That might not sound like much until you realize most talks and seminars take place on weekends. Put that way, I wasn't with my own children enough. I began to feel I was losing out on something. The films allowed me to stay home and yet get the message out."

The tapes, usually shown over a seven-week period or in succession over seven days, not only had immediate impact but have shown staying power. Marketing executives at Word say some 10 million people have already viewed the films at a clip of 100,000 persons per week. Most of the screenings are at local churches—more than 20,000 at latest count—but a variety of other organizations, including members of NFL teams, PTAs and military installation personnel, also have viewed them.

The format of the films is simple. In the fall of 1978, Dobson was scheduled to deliver his much-in-

Continued on following page

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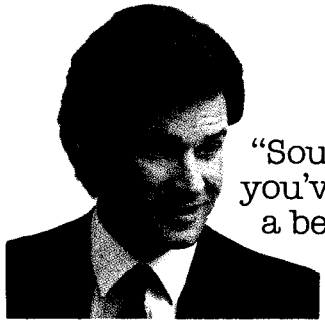

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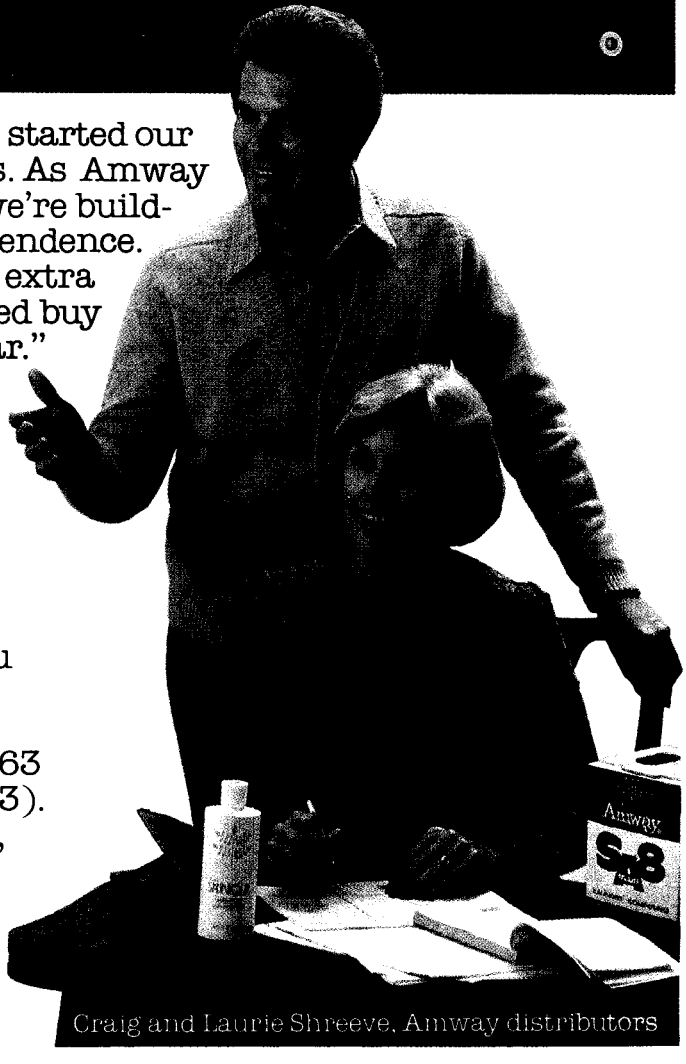

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demand Focus on the Family seminar to 3,000 persons jammed into Laurie Auditorium in San Antonio. Special guests included wife Shirley, mother Myrtle and a film crew assigned to videotape the entire Friday night and all-day Saturday sessions. Except for the opening sequences and a few closeups of the audience, the films' visual content is limited to Dobson at the podium or occasionally at the large onstage chalkboard. Surprisingly, each of the one-hour segments passes quickly, thanks to Dobson's well-documented research, relaxed delivery and frequent anecdotes. He draws on his experience as the father of a 16-year-old daughter and 11-year-old son and his years as associate clinical professor of pediatrics at the University of Southern California School of Medicine. He recalls his daughter's first slumber party, when he, as an observer, quickly recognized the popularity pecking order of the girls in attendance. Using such memories as a base, he spins off into discussions of peer pressure and the importance of having a positive self-image. Recollections of his son's "terrible twos" serve as a springboard for talks about headstrong toddlers and strong-willed adolescents.

"If I have a motive in what I'm doing, it's nothing more ambitious than to connect the family in the '80s with the wisdom of the Judeo-Christian ethic—the traditional wisdom that's been with us for thousands of years," he explains. "The principles haven't changed, and they still work. I'm referring to discipline, love, self-esteem, loyalty and fidelity between husband and wife and commitment within the family. These aren't new ideas; I've never said I created anything new. That's why I have confidence in what I'm saying, because I didn't originate it—it existed long before I was born. All I've attempted to do is to take the wisdom that's been with us for thousands of years and put it in a package that people find interesting and entertaining. Hopefully, it captures their imagination and provides the motivation to do what they probably already knew was right."

Part of the interesting, entertaining package is the Dobson family itself. Although Dobson stoutly occupies the role of lone breadwinner and protective head of the household, he's hardly a throwback to the Neanderthal man who demanded submission and dragged the little woman around by her topknot. Dobson's done his share of diapering and dishes and marvels at wife Shirley, a former teacher, for her easy superiority at the art of homemaking. Their relationship is a solid, warm partnership based on respect.

"We've been married 20 years, and she is literally my best friend.

The Dobson Bookshelf

In a variety of books, Dr. James Dobson addresses a wide assortment of problems too long swept under the family-room shag. From adolescence ("It comes in with a pimple and goes out with a beard") to the current epidemic of homemakers' Ds (despair, discouragement, disinterest, distress, despondency, disenchantment), he addresses each complaint with a folksy, I-understand attitude undergirded by research and his firsthand experience as a counselor.

In *Dare to Discipline*, Dobson dares to describe permissiveness not as a failure but a disaster. He counters that approach with one of rules and limits, tempered by mutual respect and love. The total package, first presented in 1970, has sold about 1.5 million copies and was selected in 1972 as one of 50 books to be specially bound and placed in the White House library. Other parental challenges are discussed in *Hide or Seek* and *The Strong-Willed Child*, the latter chalking up sales in excess of 340,000 copies. Dobson has also written *Preparing for Adolescence*. Published by Vision House, the book deals with the difficult teen years.

However, Dobson's advice to the family isn't limited to toddler-through-teen topics. He's also concerned with reviving the till-death-do-us-part variety of marriage. His contribution to the cause is commendable. More than a clever title, *What Wives Wish Their Husbands Knew about Women* (900,000 copies in print) could be subtitled "Try a Little Tenderness." Domestic doldrums are probed as Dobson delves into the breakdown of understanding between mates. Depression is dissected and the doctor's diagnosis is presented: "What do women most want from their husbands? It is not a bigger home or a better dishwasher or a newer automobile. Rather, it is the assurance that 'hand in hand, we'll face the best and worst that life has to offer—together.' "

While he candidly acknowledges that women, not men, usually attend family-life seminars, read books on marriage and buy tapes on parenting, he makes an all-out attempt to coax men into the fold with *Straight Talk to Men and Their Wives* (200,000 books sold to date). His message is macho and is certain to raise a few hackles in the feminists' camp. He urges men and women to refute the current unisex trend and assume the clothes, customs and functions traditionally assigned to their sex. He champions the beleaguered homemaker who is so often abused in the media today, and he claims men are the key to bringing order and calm back into society by assuming their protective, dominant role. If the message is strong, the delivery is warm, thanks to Dobson's recollections of his favorite role model, his father.

Rounding out the ever-expanding line of self-help books by the California doctor is his latest provocative title, *Emotions: Can You Trust Them?* If that question doesn't pique readers' interest, he poses others: Is love at first sight really love? Will genuine love last a lifetime? Is anger wrong? How can I learn to bring my temper under control? Full of checklists for parents, self tests, quizzes and blueprints for better living, the book attempts to provide answers and prompt discussions within church groups and among seminar participants who might use it as a resource.

At a time when the tired phrase "What's your problem?" has been elevated to cliche status by overuse, Dobson is taking the words seriously. Better than providing the solution himself, he's helping readers sort through their feelings, recognize their foibles and arrive at their own cures.

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If I had one evening to spend with any personality on earth, I'd spend it with Shirley. We have a great deal in common, and it's a testimonial to the power of love that I could be with anybody for 20 years and still find that person interesting, but she affects me that way."

Although his lectures are amply sprinkled with descriptive tales from the Dobson family archives, he's careful to stop short of relocating Shirley, Danae and Ryan from their comfortably private California home to life in a fishbowl. He discovered the danger of overexposure one weekend when Ryan accompanied him to a speaking engagement and was pressed for an autograph. The bewildered five-year-old responded, "But I can't even write." From that point onward, the subject of Dad's work has been low-keyed at home. The children seldom listen to his daily radio broadcasts (now aired on 197 stations), rarely watch him on television and are not preoccupied with the flourishing ministry that attracts some 4,500 letters to his office each day.

In spite of his image as Superdad, he feels no undue pressure to rear two perfect, "textbook" children. Observers might look to the Dobsons as model parents with model offspring, but Dobson draws a more realistic picture.

"My kids are healthy, seemingly happy and get along well in school. But these principles I teach don't need Danae and Ryan to prove them valid. They'll be valid even if I fail as a father. They existed before I came along, and they'll be here after I leave. God doesn't need me to prove what he said about the family is right. Even if everything goes to pieces at my house—and I pray it doesn't—the principles will still be true."

And they'll be true 50 years from now, long after the era of permissiveness, the "me" generation and the do-your-own thing life style have gone the route of other fads, believes Dobson. The pendulum has swung back to traditional values, he says, and although the family unit is in real trouble, luckily, people recognize the threat, are looking for answers and are hungry for the kind of self-help informa-

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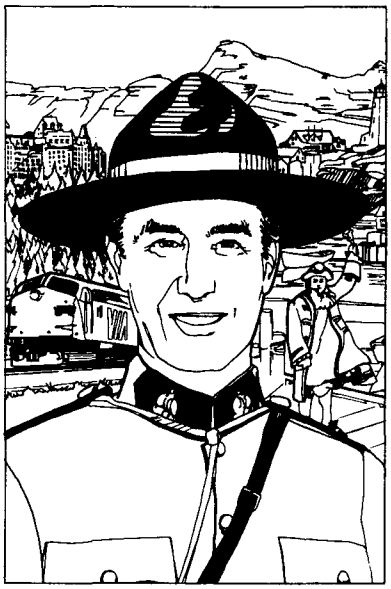

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TABLE MANNERS FOR TEENS

by Walter Hoving

Illustrated by Joe Eula

Editor's Note: We asked Walter Hoving, for years chairman of Tiffany's on Fifth Avenue, to tell how he came to write a book on table manners for teen-agers.

"Well," he said, "one of my grandsons used to bring a pal over for dinner once in awhile. He always asked for a sandwich. Now this mystified me, and after it happened three or four times, I got him aside after dinner and I said, 'Why do you always ask for sandwiches? Why don't you eat what we all eat?' And he confessed that he didn't know how to use his knife and fork. He'd really never been taught.

"As you can see, in all the movies where children eat, they get one of those huge sandwiches and spread their mouths so far that they may actually dislocate their jaw, but you never see a knife or fork.

"So one afternoon, I was just sitting there in the library, and I got this idea: 'Why don't I do a book on this darn thing?' So I sketched it out, and my wife said, 'What have you been doing?' And I said, 'I've written a book.' She said, 'Are you serious?' And then I got Joe Eula to do the artwork, and it worked out very well because I wanted to be amusing about it. Of course, it's really written for adults, for parents. But if I wrote it for adults, they'd get mad. So I wrote it for children, figuring maybe the adults will buy it and give it to the children. And that's just what happened."

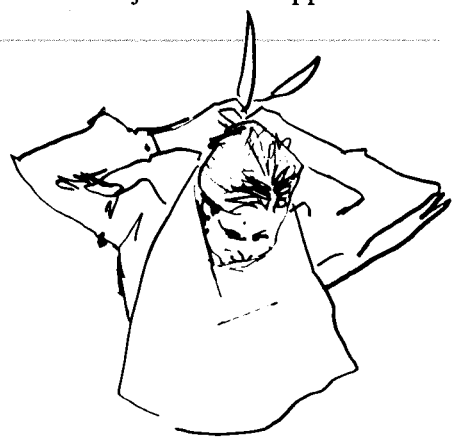
Good manners are as important as good grooming and good behavior. Unfortunately, in this day of confused standards, manners are sometimes neglected. This is especially true of table manners.

At Tiffany's, the interest is in attractive tables set with good china, glass and silverware, making one equally aware of the importance of good table manners.

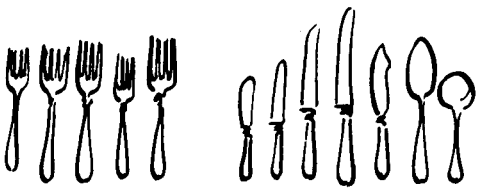
But manners must not be stilted, self-conscious or artificial. Therefore, it is dangerous to have one system, or no system, for home consumption and another for dining out. This is apt to cause dinner-table insecurity later in life.

So, training in table manners must be started early enough to make them automatic. Consequently we submit herewith our version of good table manners. There are other systems, and we don't quarrel with them, but we think this system is attractive, graceful and, above all, natural.

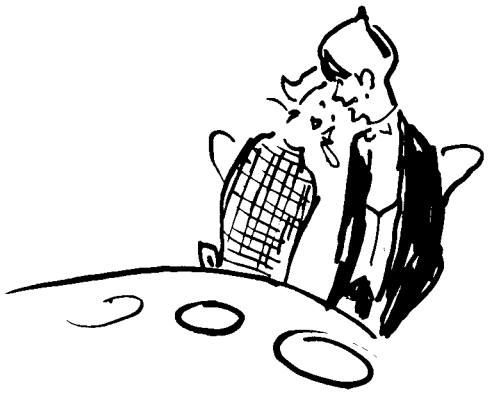
—Walter Hoving



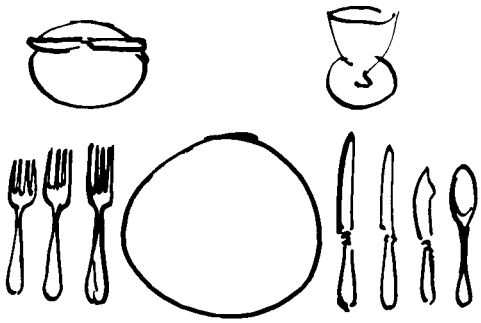
The place for the napkin is on the lap. Don't tie it around your neck.



We like the method of placing the flat silver in the order of its use. Using this approach, you take the piece on the outside first.



It is customary for the man to help the lady on his right to be seated. When you both have been seated, *don't* look around like a startled beetle. Turn to the lady and start talking.



Some people arrange the silver by size, so you have to learn to tell a fish knife from a meat knife and a fish fork from a meat fork. If there is no fish knife and fork, use the smaller knife and fork for the fish. If you make a mistake, just continue eating.

The fish or meat will be served to you on your left side. Take the serving fork in your left hand and the serving spoon in your right.

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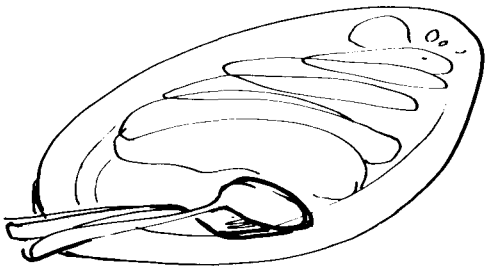
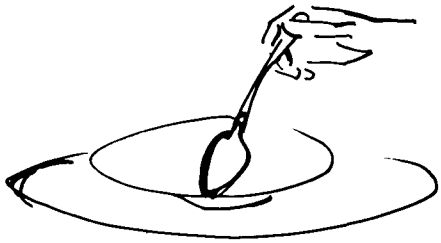
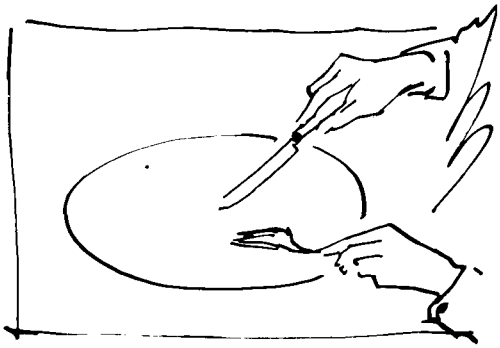


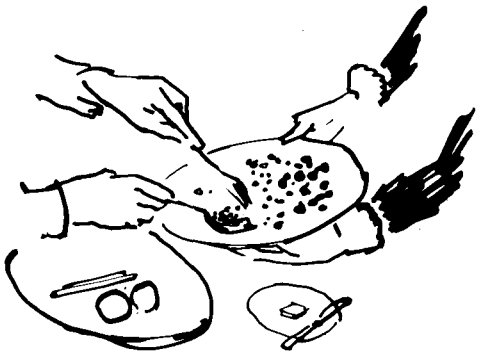
Place the serving spoon and fork side by side on the platter.



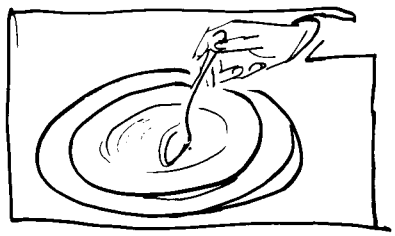
The soup spoon is held in the right hand with the thumb on top.



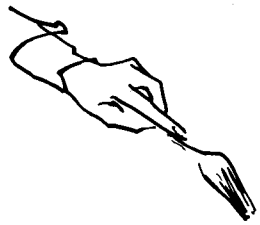
The luncheon or dinner knives and forks are held this way.



Vegetables should also be placed on your plate. Side dishes, except for salads, are not used at home.

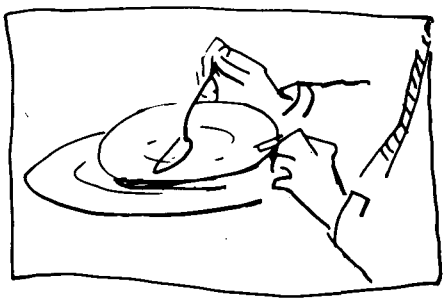


When you are eating soup, the soup spoon is tipped slightly away from you and is filled by moving it away from you, not toward you. Sip the soup from the side of the spoon or from the end—it makes no difference.

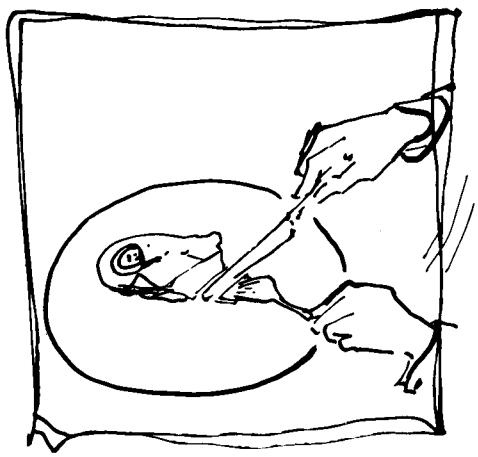


Hold the fork in the left hand. The prongs are always pointed down.

When serving yourself, take small portions. If you don't like what is served, it is permissible to refuse it. But don't find yourself with nothing on your plate.

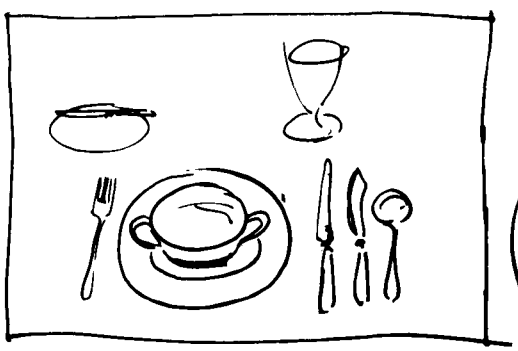


When most of the soup is eaten, tip the plate away from you. If you spill some, you won't splash your clothes.

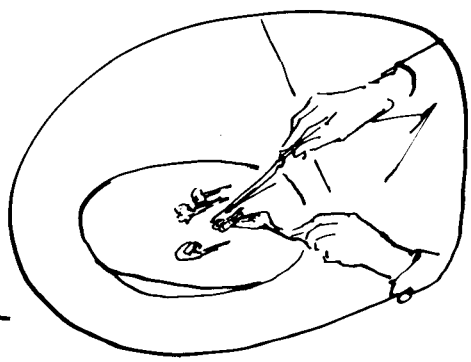


You spear the meat with your fork and cut it off with your knife. Cut only *one* piece at a time. To fix the meat on the prongs of the fork, put the knife blade underneath the piece of meat.

You don't have to wait for your hostess to start eating, but don't leap at your food like an Irish wolfhound.



Generally, at luncheon, soup is served in a cup. Eat with a smaller soup spoon or drink by lifting the cup.



A small amount of potatoes and vegetables may be placed on the prongs of the fork with the meat.

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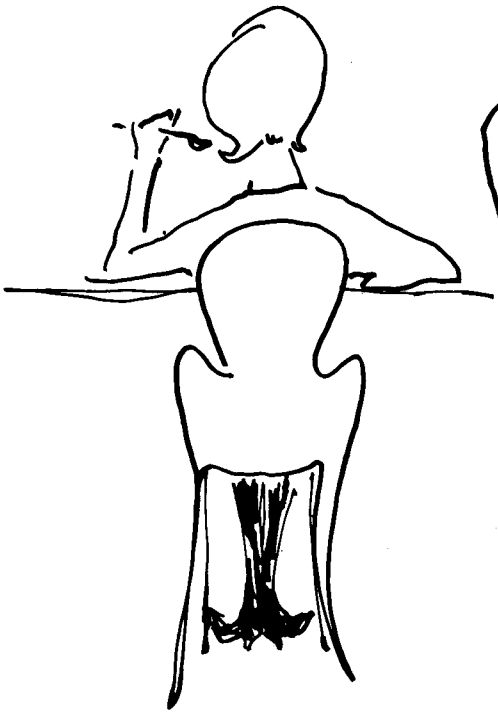
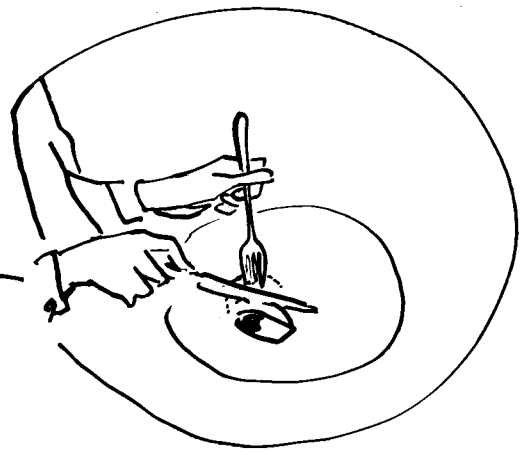
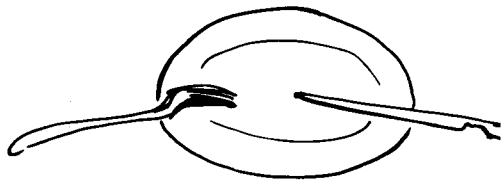


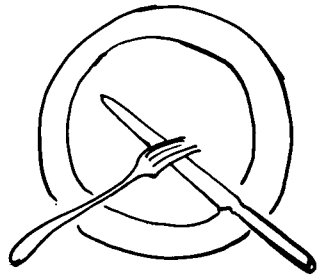
Don't stick your elbow out and raise your whole arm like a derrick.



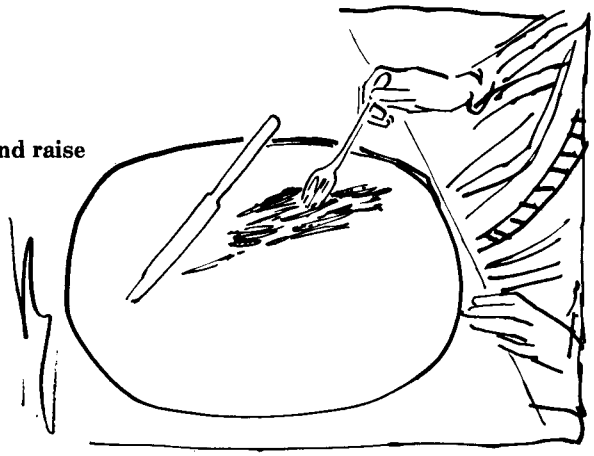
Never hold the fork this way when cutting meat.



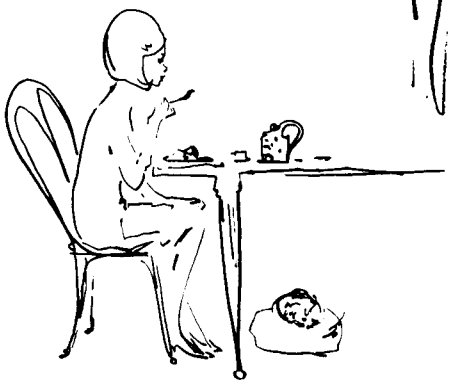
While you are eating, *never* place the knife and fork like a pair of oars.



Always place the knife and fork like this. This is the *only* "rest" position. The knife and fork are crossed on the plate with the fork over the knife, prongs pointed down. This is one reason the prongs are curved. A good butler or waitress won't remove your plate with the knife and fork crossed.

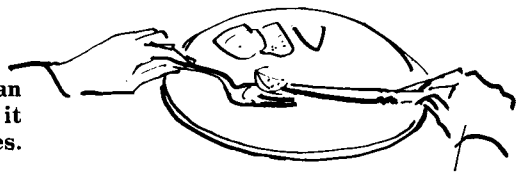


If occasionally you want to eat some vegetables with your right hand, place the knife as above. Do not shift the fork every time you cut a piece of meat.

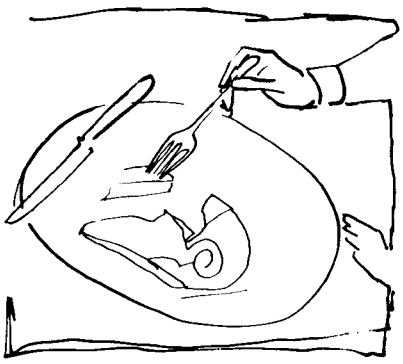


Each time you take a mouthful, lean over your plate. If anything drops, it will fall on the plate, not your clothes.

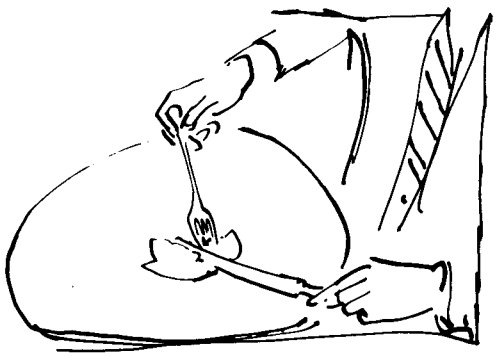
Never wipe your mouth while holding a knife or fork.



Never hold the fork with the prongs up and pile food on it with the knife.



After cutting the meat, never place the knife across the corner of the plate. Don't keep shifting the fork from the left to the right hand.



Never hold the knife in the left hand.

Never keep the fork in the left hand while drinking water.

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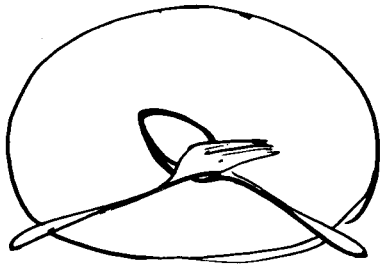
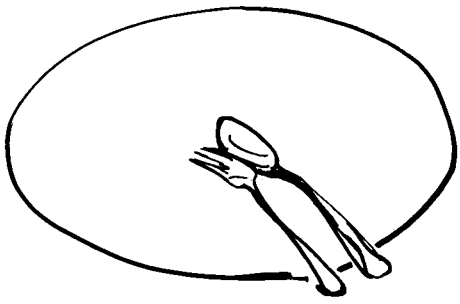
Do not hold the knife and fork in this position when you are talking. It looks unattractive and belligerent.

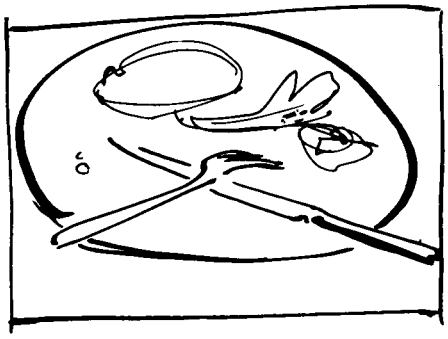


After dessert, the same "rest" position of the fork and spoon is used in the case of the knife and fork during the meat course.

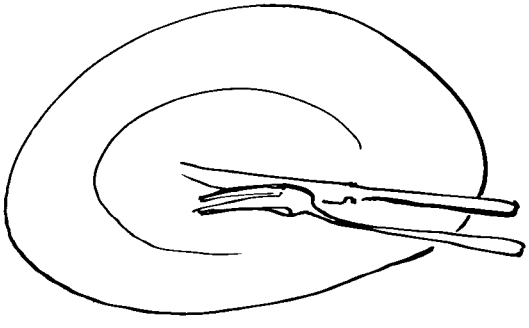


The "I am finished" position of the fork and spoon.

It is perfectly proper to talk with the knife and fork in your hands, but do not gesticulate with the fork or the knife. The knife should *never* be raised more than an inch or two above the plate.



When eating a piece of bread or drinking, place the knife and fork in the "rest" position. The sharp edge of the knife blade should be pointing to the left. This is the place for your knife and fork when you are resting.



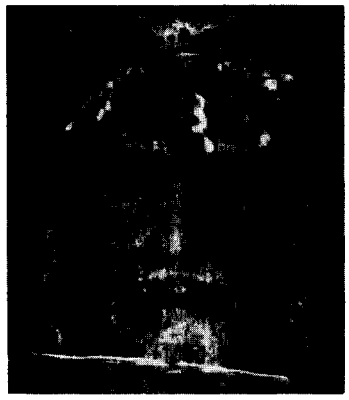
When the course is finished, *always* place your knife and fork as above. The prongs of the fork should be down. The blade of the knife should face the fork.

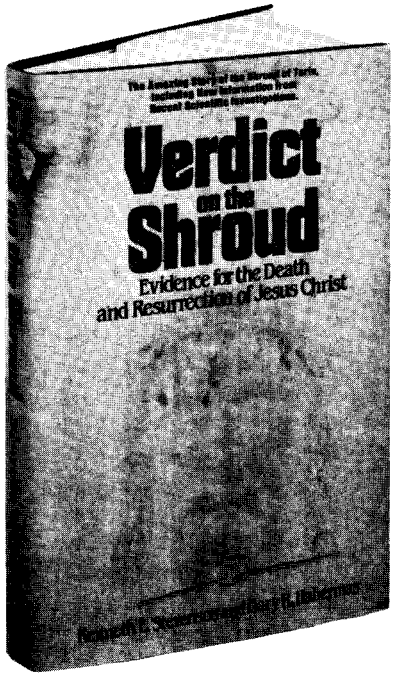
Is This the Image of Jesus Christ?

For an answer, read

Verdict on the Shroud

The amazing story of the Shroud of Turin including new information from recent scientific investigations





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WE HAVE NO RIGHT TO HAPPINESS

"A right to happiness doesn't make much more sense than a right to be six feet tall, or to have a millionaire for a father, or to get good weather whenever you want to have a picnic."

by C. S. Lewis

"After all," said Clare, "they had a right to happiness."

We were discussing something that once happened in our own neighborhood. Mr. A. had deserted Mrs. A. and got his divorce in order to marry Mrs. B., who had likewise got her divorce in order to marry Mr. A. And there was certainly no doubt that Mr. A. and Mrs. B. were very much in love with one another. If they continued to be in love, and if nothing went wrong with their health or their income, they might reasonably expect to be very happy.

It was equally clear that they were not happy with their old partners. Mrs. B. had adored her husband at the outset. But then he got smashed up in the war. It was thought he had lost his virility, and it was known that he had lost his job. Life with him was no longer what Mrs. B. had bargained for. Poor Mrs. A., too. She had lost her looks—and all her liveliness. It might be true, as some said, that she consumed herself by bearing his children and nursing him through the long illness that overshadowed their earlier married life.

You mustn't, by the way, imagine that A. was the sort of man who nonchalantly threw a wife away like the peel of an orange he'd sucked dry. Her suicide was a terrible shock to him. We all knew this, for he told us so himself. "But what could I do?" he said. "A man has a right to happiness. I had to take my one chance when it came."

I went away thinking about the concept of a "right to happiness."

At first this sounds to me as odd as a right to good luck. For I believe—whatever one school of moralists may say—that we depend for a very great deal of our happiness or misery on circumstances outside all human control. A right to happiness doesn't, for me, make much more sense than a right to be six feet tall, or to have a millionaire for your father, or to get good weather whenever you might want to have a picnic.

"Every unkindness and breach of faith seems to be condoned provided that the object aimed at is 'four bare legs in a bed.' "—C.S. Lewis

I can understand a right as a freedom guaranteed me by the laws of the society I live in. Thus, I have a right to travel along the public roads because society gives me that freedom; that's what we mean by calling the roads "public." I can also understand a right as a claim guaranteed me by the laws and correlative to an obligation on someone else's part. If I have a right to receive $100 from you, this is another way of saying that you have a duty to pay me $100. If the laws allow Mr. A. to desert his wife and seduce his neighbor's wife, then, by definition, Mr. A. has a legal right to do so, and we need bring in no talk about "happiness."

But of course that was not what Clare meant. She meant that he had not only a legal but a moral right to act as he did. In other words, Clare is—or would be if she thought it out—a classical moralist after the style of Thomas Aquinas, Grotius, Hooker and Locke. She believes that behind the laws of the state there is a Natural Law.

I agree with her. I hold this conception to be basic to all civilization. Without it, the actual laws of the state become an absolute, as in Hegel. They cannot be criticized because there is no norm against which they should be judged.

The ancestry of Clare's maxim, "They have a right to happiness," is august. In words that are cherished by all civilized men, but especially by Americans, it has been laid down that one of the rights of many is a right to "the pursuit of happiness." And now we get to the real point.

What did the writers of that august declaration mean?

It is quite certain what they did not mean. They did not mean that man was entitled to pursue happiness by any and every means—

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including, say, murder, rape, robbery, treason and fraud. No society could be built on such a basis.

They meant "to pursue happiness by all lawful means"; that is, by all means which the Law of Nature eternally sanctions and which the laws of the nation shall sanction.

Admittedly, this seems at first to reduce their maxim to the tautology that men (in pursuit of happiness) have a right to do whatever they have a right to do. But tautologies, seen against their proper historical context, are not always barren tautologies. The declaration is primarily a denial of the political principles which long governed Europe: a challenge flung down to the Austrian and Russian empires, to England before the Reform Bills, to Bourbon, France. It demands that whatever means of pursuing happiness are lawful for any should be lawful for all; that "man," not men of some particular caste, class, status or religion, should be free to use them. In a century when this is being unsaid by nation after nation and party after party, let us not call it a barren tautology.

But the question as to what means are "lawful"—what methods of pursuing happiness are either morally permissible by the Law of Nature or should be declared legally permissible by the legislature of a particular nation—remains exactly where it did. And on that question I disagree with Clare. I don't think it is obvious that people have the unlimited "right to happiness" which she suggests.

For one thing, I believe that Clare, when she says "happiness," means simply and solely "sexual happiness." Partly because women like Clare never use the word "happiness" in any other sense. But also because I never heard Clare talk about the "right" to any other kind. She was rather leftist in her politics, and would have been scandalized if anyone had defended the actions of a ruthless man-eating tycoon on the ground that his happiness consisted in making money and he was pursuing his happiness. She was also a rabid teetotaler; I

Continued on following page

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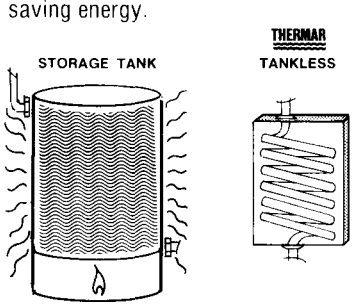

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never heard her excuse an alcoholic because he was happy when he was drunk.

A good many of Clare's friends, and especially her female friends, often felt—I've heard them say so—that their own happiness would be perceptibly increased by boxing her ears. I very much doubt if this would have brought her theory of a right to happiness into play.

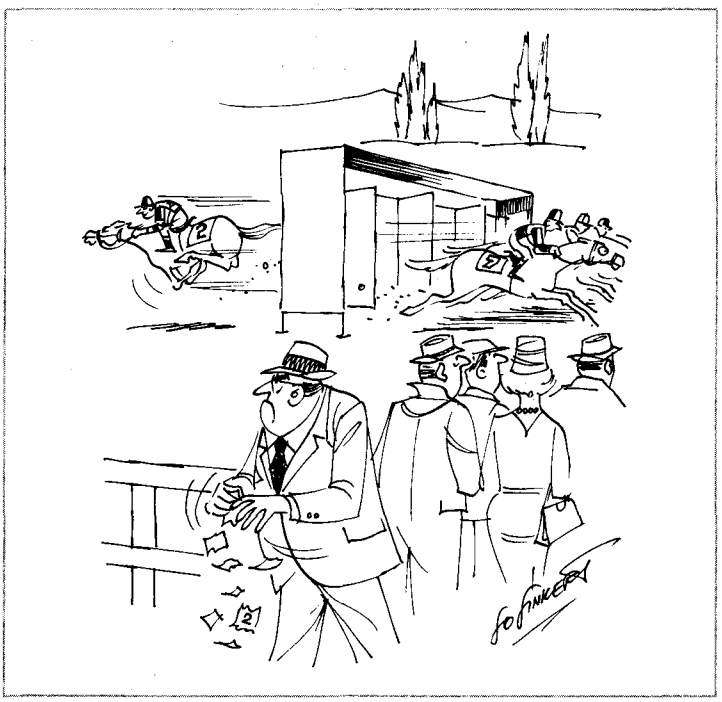
Clare, in fact, is doing what the whole Western world seems to me to have been doing for the last 40-odd years. When I was a youngster, all the progressive people were saying, "Why all this prudery? Let us treat sex just as we treat all our other impulses." I was simple-minded enough to believe they meant what they said. I have since discovered that they meant exactly the opposite. They meant that sex was to be treated as no other impulse in our nature has ever been treated by civilized people. All the others, we admit, have to be bridled. Absolute obedience to your instinct for self-preservation is what we call cowardice; to your acquistive impulse, avarice. Even sleep must be resisted if you're a sentry. But every unkindness and breach of faith seems to be condoned provided that the object aimed at is "four bare legs in a bed."

It is like having a morality in which stealing fruit is considered wrong—unless you steal nectarines.

And if you protest against this view, you are usually met with chatter about the legitimacy and beauty and sanctity of "sex" and accused of harboring some Puritan prejudice against it as something disreputable or shameful. I deny the charge. Foam-born Venus... golden Aphrodite...Our Lady of Cyprus...I never breathed a word against you. If I object to boys who steal my nectarines, must I be supposed to disapprove of nectarines in general? Or even of boys in general? It might, you know, be stealing that I disapproved of.

The real situation is skillfully concealed by saying that the question of Mr. A.'s "right" to desert his wife is one of "sexual morality." Robbing an orchard is not an offense against some special morality called "fruit morality." It is an offense against honesty. Mr. A.'s action is an offense against good faith (to solemn promises), against gratitude (toward one to whom he was deeply indebted) and against common humanity.

Our sexual impulses are thus being put in a position of preposterous privilege. The sexual motive is taken to condone all sorts of behavior which, if it had any other end in view, would be condemned as merciless, treacherous and unjust.



Now though I see no good reason for giving sex this privilege, I think I see a strong cause. It is this.

It is part of the nature of a strong erotic passion—as distinct from a transient fit of appetite—that it makes more towering promises than any other emotion. No doubt all our desires make promises, but not so impressively. To be in love involves the almost irresistible conviction that one will go on being in love until one dies and that possession of the beloved will confer, not merely frequent ecstasies, but settled, fruitful, deep-rooted, lifelong happiness. Hence *all* seems to be at stake. If we miss this chance we shall have lived in vain. At the very thought of such a doom we sink into fathomless depths of self-pity.

Unfortunately these promises are found often to be quite untrue. Every experienced adult knows this to be so as regards all erotic passions (except the one he himself is feeling at the moment). We discount the world-without-end pretensions of our friends' amours easily enough. We know that such things sometimes last—and sometimes don't. And when they do last, this is not because they promised at the outset to do so. When two people achieve lasting happiness, this is not solely because they are great lovers but because they are also—I must put it crudely—good people: controlled, loyal, fair-minded, mutually adaptable people.

If we establish a "right to (sexual) happiness" which supersedes all the ordinary rules of behaviors we do so not because of what our passion shows itself to be in experience but because of what it professes to be while we are in the grip of it. Hence, while the bad behavior is real and works miseries and degradations, the happiness which was the object of the behavior turns out again and again to be illusory. Everyone (except Mr. A. and Mrs. B.) knows that Mr. A. in a year or so may have the same reason for deserting his new wife as for deserting his old. He will see himself again as the great lover, and his pity for himself will exclude all pity for the woman.

Though the "right to happiness" is chiefly claimed for the sexual impulse, it seems to me impossible that the matter should stay there. We thus advance toward a state of society in which not only each man but every impulse in each man claims *carte blanche*. And then, though our technological skill may help us survive a little longer, our civilization will have died at heart and will be swept away.

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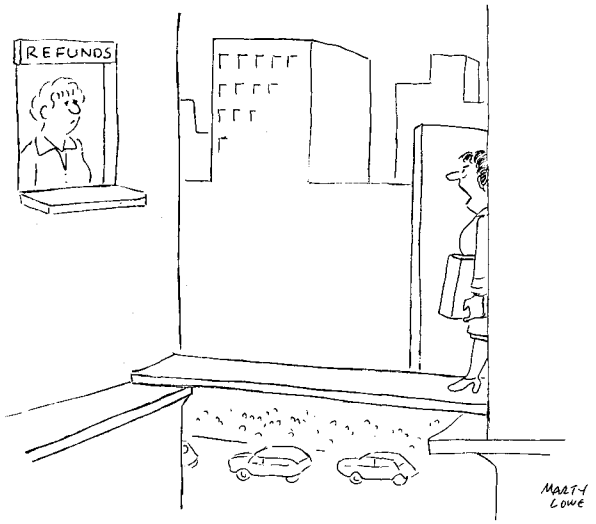
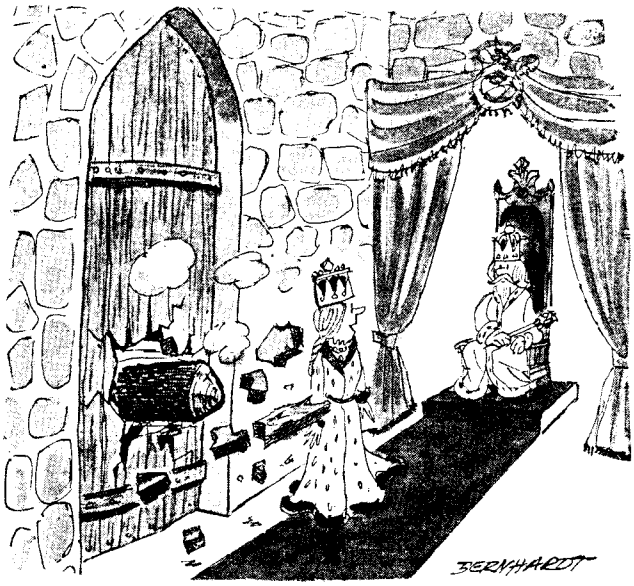
HOT FLASHES

"Six o'clock and all's. . .wait,
I've just received a late breaking bulletin."

"Don't take it so hard.
We all thought it looked like a kidney."



"I think it's disgusting the
way this store treats it's customers!"



"It's for you."

"I seem to irritate everyone."

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Is Lower Back Pain Making You An On-Again, Off-Again Cripple?

by Eugene Griffin

Read how one man freed himself totally from this crippling pain.

It happened aboard a Lufthansa flight to Frankfurt, Germany where I was going for a business meeting. The plane hit an air pocket and suddenly my back "went out."

If you've ever suffered from lower back pain, you know what this can mean. In my case, the stewardess *had to lead me off the plane* when we landed. "This is the first time this has happened?" she asked. When I told her no, she said:

"Oh, then you should have a Prosana Belt." She then told me she had lower back trouble, too, and without the Prosana Belt, she didn't think she could hold her job. "It practically saved my life!" she went on.

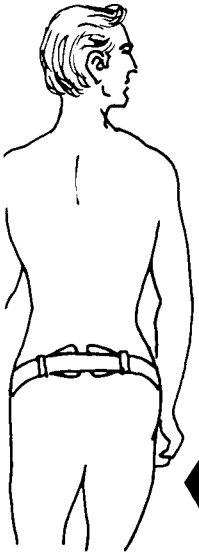
I'll be sure to get one, I told her. But what I was really thinking was how could a belt that helped her—a woman about 110 pounds—help a slightly overweight guy of six feet like me? Besides, I thought, I've tried practically everything short of an operation. So I went to my hotel room, took a hot bath, several aspirin and laid down for the night hoping for the best.

Couldn't get out of bed

The next morning the pain was worse than I could ever remember. *I had to roll out of bed onto my knees and crawl to a doorknob to get to my feet.* Again, I took a hot bath and some aspirin, but again, it didn't do much good. If I had been back home, I would have called and canceled the meeting. But here I was in Germany and scheduled for a meeting with five other businessmen *I* had set up. So there was nothing I could do but go through with it.

Lunch Included, Too!

The pain must have been apparent the moment I walked into the room because the first man I met smiled sympathetically and said, "You look like your back is bothering you." It is, I answered. "Haven't you heard of the Prosana Belt? he asked. I nodded yes. "And you don't *have* one?" he persisted. No, I said, continuing around the room, anxious only to get the meeting over with and go back home.



After the meeting, the man who asked me about the Prosana Belt suggested I join him for lunch. Since he was the key man on the deal, I accepted. But instead of driving me to the restaurant, he took me first to a surgical supply store where he bought me a Prosana Belt. I had no other choice but to put it on right there, though all I could think of after thanking him was to say, Is that it?

"That's it," he replied. " Now let us take a little walk to a nearby restaurant I know you'll enjoy."

The Most Amazing Walk Of My Life

If I had known the "little walk" was going to take almost a half hour, I never would have gone—business deal or no. But that was all part of his plan! Because by the time we reached the restaurant, *my pain was gone!* I even reached down and touched my shoelaces just to see if I wasn't imagining things. I can't believe it, I said. It's like a miracle. "Yes, I know," he answered, "I said the same thing when I first wore the Prosana Belt. Occasionally," he added, "I still say it."

Tested & Proved In Hospitals

Over lunch my friend proceeded to tell me about the Prosana Belt. How it was invented by a doctor, tested and proved in hospitals and clinics; even on people so crippled with lower back pain, they had to wear steel braces! How it was, and is, used throughout Europe by tennis champions, Olympic bobsled medalists, soccer players—by all kinds of people who are constantly putting incredible strains and stresses on their backs. In fact, he concluded, its effectiveness has been so proven, *its purchase is included under Germany's national health coverage plan.*

Save $14.00! Special Free Trial Offer!

When I returned home, I told all my friends with bad backs about this marvelous belt. But when they tried to buy one, they found no one in the United States had even heard of it! So, I called my friend in Germany (incidentally, I got that order) and told him I'd like to import some Prosana Belts. He told me the cost of one *in Germany* was $44.00 in American money. Since I would have shipping costs, taxes, handling and so forth, I decided to see if I could make a special bulk importing deal with the manufacturer. And, I'm happy to add, I was able to. Yes, you can now try the Prosana Belt for only $29.95—$14.00 less than what you would pay in Germany. What's more...

You Can Prove Its Effectiveness To Yourself Risk-Free For 30 Days!

If you suffer lower back pain like me, you've probably tried every "cure" there is and so you're probably skeptical. Which is why I'm making this iron-clad, no-risk guarantee: If you're not convinced that the Prosana Belt relieves your lower back pain fast...that it works where other methods and devices have failed...that it lets you bend over, garden, do household chores, even play sports *pain-free*, I'll return your money *in full.*

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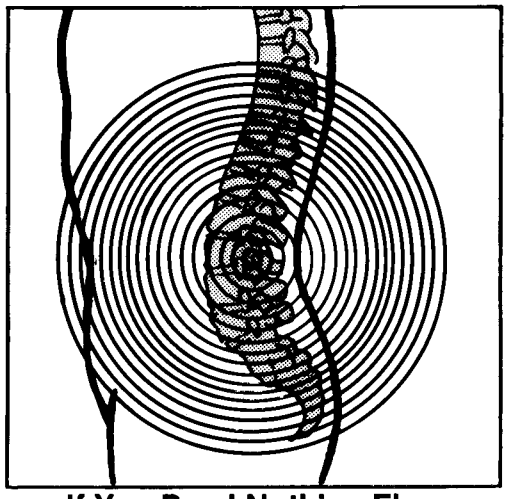
HERE'S HOW THE AMAZING PROSANA BELT WORKS. Every time you move or take a step, the up, down and sideways motion of the patented, orthopedic-designed "massaging pads" soothes away aches and pains almost like a chiropractor's hands. (Yet the Prosana Belt is invisible even under summer clothes. Soft, lightweight and washable, too, with no metal parts. And one size fits all!)



If You Read Nothing Else Read This Doctor's Report:

"I've turned from my initial skepticism, indeed rejection of the Prosana belt, to an eager proponent of it. I now have checked more than 40 cases from my practice and after studying a file with more than 100 statements, I have no doubts about the effectiveness of the belt."
Dr. Ludwig Hecht

HERE'S WHAT USERS SAY:

"I have been suffering from lower back pain for years. Nothing helped, not even a steel corset. After wearing the belt, I am freed from the pain and it has never come back."
Mr. H. Kilian, Olympic Medalist & 3-Time World Bobsled Champion

"I suffered from severe back pain caused by tennis, and since I did not want to take any medication, I have begun to wear your belt. It is hard to believe how quickly I have got rid of my back pain."
Mr. D. Sturdza, Swiss Tennis Champion

"Often I could tolerate the pain only with strong medication. The Prosana Belt has freed me from taking pills."
Mrs. F. Polenz, Housewife

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Lumbar Research Institute Div., Dept. SE-482
18 Genevieve Street, Great Neck, New York 11021

I, too, want to prove to myself for 30 days, risk-free that the amazing Prosana Belt can free me forever from lower back pain. Rush me my belt at the special import price of only $29.95 plus $2 for postage and handling. SAVE! Order 2 Prosana Belts for only $55.95 plus $3 postage and handling. Same money-back guarantee. If after 30 days I'm not 100% satisfied with the dramatic relief I experience, I may return the Prosana Belt(s) for a full and prompt refund (excluding postage and handling) no questions asked.

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Name _____

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Dealer inquiries invited.

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Healing

continued from page 32

the patient to a device if he can possibly help it. The wise physician understands, too, that the patient's biochemistry may respond differently to a stress challenge under circumstances of anxiety than under circumstances of physical strain.

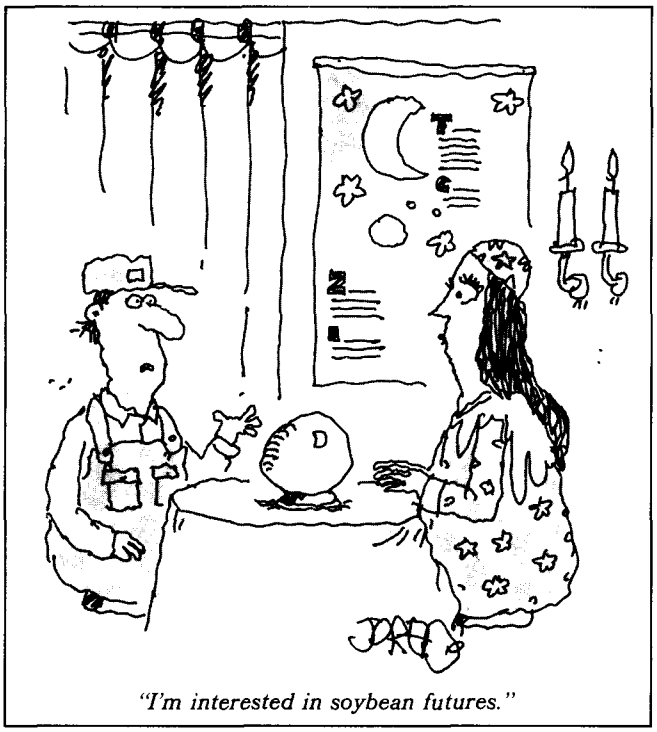
The chances of a patient opposing or resenting medical technology are in direct proportion to the distance of the physician from the scene. People feel secure in the presence of their doctors. It is only when the patients are dispatched to other places and are deprived of direct contact with or access to their physician that they tend to become a little uneasy.

The practice of medicine, as has been emphasized over the centuries by almost every great medical teacher (from Hippocrates to Holmes, from Galen to Cannon, from Castiglione to Osler), calls first of all for a deeply human response by the physician to the cry of the patient for help. In the majority of cases, what patients need most of all is assurance that their own healing systems are beautifully designed to handle most of their complaints. The physician who understands the importance of sitting at the bedside, even though his presence may actually be in the nature of a placebo equivalent, is attending to a prevalent and quintessential need.

Medical science may change, but the need to understand and deal with human beings remains constant. Nothing is more important in medical education, therefore, than "reverence for life," to use Schweitzer's phrase. Moral values, an important aspect of human uniqueness, are not perishable or evanescent or replaceable.

We know very little about pain—what it is, what causes it, how to deal with it without panic. Almost everyone can rattle off the names of at least a dozen drugs that can deaden pain for every conceivable cause—all the way from headaches to hemorrhoids. There is far less knowledge about the fact that 90 percent of pain is self-limiting; that it is not always an indication of poor health; and that, most frequently, it is the result of tension, stress, worry, idleness, boredom, frustration, suppressed rage, insufficient sleep, overeating, a poorly balanced diet, smoking, excessive drinking, inadequate exercise, stale air or any of the other abuses of modern society.

An often-ignored fact about pain is that the best way to eliminate it is to eliminate the abuse. Instead, many people reach almost instinctively for painkillers. Many doctors are troubled over the extent to which the medical profession today has to deal with ailments or "illnesses" that are well within the capacity of most of us to clear up by ourselves. Doctors' offices are overloaded with people who are mistakenly convinced that something dreadful is about to happen to them, making it difficult for patients genuinely in need of expert diagnosis and treatment to get the attention they need.



"I'm interested in soybean futures."

For the patient, illness is not a matter of argument. It is not even a matter of definition. It is a supremely subjective state and is to be taken seriously even when pathology is totally negative. Symptoms that, for the doctor, are verifiably without organic cause are nonetheless real to the patient.

The fact that symptoms may be psychogenic does not refute the existence of illness any more than it abolishes it. For the patient to understand the difference between functional symptoms and organic causes requires more than an understanding of contrasting definitions. It requires a willingness on the part of the physician to talk things out, to explain that illness often is the result not of germs but of wear and tear on the mind or body or both. It can be explained, too, that fear, hate, rage, frustration, anxiety, uncertainty, smoking, noise, wretched food, overeating, overcrowding and overworking are all involved in wear and tear, especially when they occur in combination. By explicating the connection between all these possible causes and the symptoms, and by giving as much weight to the psychogenic factors as to the physiological ones, then considering possibilities of counterattack, the physician can help the patient to confront his complaints in a way that may be therapeutic.

Illness is not a laughing matter. Perhaps it ought to be. Laughter is a form of internal jogging. It moves your internal organs around. It enhances respiration. It is an igniter of great expectations.

An understanding of the way the placebo works may be one of the most significant developments in medicine in the past century. The placebo does not have imaginary effects, though it operates through the imagination. It is quite possible that hope, faith and the will to live make their registrations on human chemistry the way the placebo does.

The science of medicine and the art of medicine come together when three things are achieved. The first is the accuracy of the diagnosis. The second is the proportionate nature of the treatment. The third is the full mobiliza-

Continued on page 111

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BARBARA MANDRELL'S FIRE AND FAITH

Leaving her decisions up to God, the "bossy" little blonde that "would have made a good admiral in the Navy" became, instead, the first performer to win back-to-back Entertainer of the Year awards.

by Holly Miller

Barbara Mandrell's career has come full circle. What began in a choir loft in a small Pentecostal church soon will culminate with the release of her first gospel album. Nothing—neither a bout with chronic laryngitis nor a nonstop schedule of concert and TV commitments—could prevent her from completing the album. Her only regret is that its release comes a year past her goal.

"I've wanted to do this for so long," she explains. "I had hoped to have it done before my grandmother died, but she passed away last summer at age 94. I'm glad she was able to see a few of the TV shows."

And, in accordance with the wishes of the show's star, each week's edition of "Barbara Mandrell and the Mandrell Sisters" closes with a four- or five-song medley of foot-stomping, toe-tapping gospel music, the same kind of upbeat inspirational songs she and her family used to perform at churches pastored by her uncles in southern Illinois and Arkansas. If the music she learned in that setting is still a part of her professional life, the faith instilled during those early years also has withstood the test of time.

"It's an asset to be a Christian in show business," she claims, nursing a Coke aboard the plush Silver Eagle tour bus that comes with the territory of a top TV-recording-concert star. "This is such a demanding profession; there are times when you feel like you're going to cave in physically and emotionally. 'I've had it,' you say. That's the time to turn to the Lord for strength. He knows our needs."

Her faith has always been of the practical variety, the kind that props her up when the stress level of her profession reaches pressure-cooker proportions. It provided the calm on that memorable night last year when she found herself in the uncomfortable position as cohost of the Country Music Association Awards telecast and chief contender for CMA Entertainer of the Year honors.

"I was deep in prayer backstage when they announced the winner," she recalls. "I knew I had to go right back on camera, so I was praying I wouldn't look like a sore loser."

She was a winner, of course, for the second year in a row. Losing, or even coming in a close second, is probably one of the few aspects of life she hasn't mastered. It's not her fault; she merely lacks experience. She's a natural winner and an accomplished crowd pleaser. In fact, the last time she received a mixed review from a critic probably was in grade school when a teacher scrawled on the backside of a report card that, yes, Barbara was a good student, but she tended to be a bit, well, *bossy*. Always first to volunteer an answer, she preferred to do her recitation not from her chair but poised front and center before the class. She'd make a great PTA president, the teacher suggested kindly to Mrs. Mary Mandrell during a parent-teacher conference. Then she paused and added: "Or maybe an admiral in the Navy."

Instead, she opted for show business—a logical choice for someone who good-naturedly categorizes herself as something between a hopeless ham and an occasional show-off.

"People have never scared me," admits Barbara, some 20 years later. "When I was in a beauty contest at 16, the girls backstage complained their hands were sweaty because they were so scared. I couldn't understand or sympathize because I'd never had butterflies. I'd been working since I was 11 in front of the public, and it was no big deal to me. The only time I really suffered stage fright was when I was going down the aisle to be married. I told my dad, 'So *this* is what it feels like. . . .' "

Most of the time she resembles the calm at the center of a storm of activity. Unflappably cool, she knows she employs a first-class team of advisers that weighs each professional decision equally—from the dress she wears to a photo session to which cities should be included on her next tour. When faced with a particularly sticky dilemma, she draws on her quiet but deep faith for the answer.

"I approach everything with an absolutely positive attitude. If there's a decision to be made and I'm torn between two positions, I simply put it in God's hands. I say, 'You've got it,' then I relax. Now, He doesn't say to me in some big voice, 'Barbara, do this.' There's nothing strange about it; things just begin to fall into place."

An hour before a sold-out performance in Indianapolis, she sits for her *Post* interview, sans stage makeup and butterflies, in svelte designer jeans, boots and tan T-shirt, looking more like the trim mother of two that she is than the glamorous superstar she becomes when the lights go down. A model of composure, she's more concerned with everybody's comfort

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aboard the bus than with the upcoming show. "Would anyone like something to eat?" she asks. "Drink?" She pops cans of soft drinks, passes them around and then fusses with napkins. She insists one of her shortcomings is neatness, but as she pleads guilty to sloppiness, she simultaneously dusts tabletops and straightens pillows.

"Trust me, I'm sloppy," she laughs. "I don't like to clean up or wash dishes. That's one thing that's a little snooty about me now. For years when my son was a toddler, I did all the housework plus 200 concerts a year. Now that I can afford to have help, I don't want to clean anymore."

Fair enough. As it is, her schedule is sufficiently frenzied to leave a less intense workaholic breathless, if not hospitalized from exhaustion. Barbara's been both, but she bounces back quickly, more determined than ever to tackle her under-wraps "things-to-accomplish" list. Yes, she's a goal-setter, and current priorities include her film debut sometime this year and an almost-completed gospel album, a project eagerly anticipated by fans of the gospel music portion of her weekly TV show. Like a well-trained athlete, she thrives on the pace and credits her father-coach Irby Mandrell with preparing her for the big time for more than 20 years. She giggles as she recounts another favorite grade-school story, one that had Irby summoned to class for a warning that Barbara's straight-A average was in jeopardy because of a dipping math grade. Music was the culprit, according to the teacher, who reminded Mr. Mandrell that Barbara had joined the school band and choir and was practicing four hours daily and six hours on Saturdays and Sundays.

"Dad asked her how I was doing in music, and she said she understood I was getting an A," recalls Barbara. "Then he asked if I was learning enough math to figure percentages, and she said yes, she thought so. He asked if I knew how to count money, and again the answer was yes. He said, 'Good; all I ever expected was for her to learn music, figure percentages and count money.'"

The emphasis was more on dotted half notes than bank notes in those days, and Barbara's budding interest was not only indulged but encouraged. Mrs. Mary Mandrell, a music teacher, had her oldest daughter squeezing chords out of an accordian before she could read.

The most difficult feature of the weekly show for Irlene, Barbara and Louise is the dance sequence. "None of us having danced," says Barbara, "I felt it a real achievement when we actually put our feet where they belonged."

Later, when the family moved from Houston to Oceanside, California, Barbara's repertoire expanded beyond the usual Lady-of-Spain fare and included Beatles material, pop standards and, of course, country. Irby owned a music store, so his daughter had easy access to a variety of instruments. She soon was taking hot licks on the banjo, steel and bass guitars and coaxing toe-tapping rhythm from a saxophone. Once, while accompanying her dad to a music trade show in Chicago, she demonstrated steel guitar to a gathering of salesmen and was signed on the spot for a booking in Las Vegas.

But success was hardly of the overnight variety. Barbara didn't suddenly appear on network TV, a gorgeous, versatile singer-musician flanked on either side by a pair of lovely bookends named Louise (on the right) and Irlene (on the left) Mandrell. Long before "Barbara Mandrell and the Mandrell Sisters" brightened the Saturday TV doldrums, an earlier family group, The Mandrells, worked concert dates at military bases up and down the West Coast. There was Irby doing vocals, Mary on electric bass, Barbara playing a twangy steel guitar and Barbara's future husband Ken Dudney on drums. Summer breaks included trips to camp—but not the arts and crafts, songs-around-the-campfire type. Instead, the singing, strumming Mandrells visited field hospitals and Army posts abroad. An occasional plum such as a guest shot on live, local TV gave Barbara a sample of what big time was all about.

"In the beginning, I performed totally for the love of it," she says. "Let's face it, it's tough to make ends meet in show business; that's why I tell young people that they better love it if they're going to endure. I think it's 20 percent talent and 80 percent determination to succeed. I know of people who were so gifted and so talented but absolutely fell by the wayside because they didn't have the guts to hang in there."

Hard to believe, even Barbara once traded center stage for kitchen duty when she put her career on the back burner to devote her abundant energy to being full-time wife to Dudney, by this time a

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Navy pilot stationed overseas. In a classic show-business story that's been repeated almost as often as starlet Lana Turner's tale of discovery at a Hollywood soda fountain, homemaker Barbara is reputed to have once cajoled her father into taking her to the Grand Ol' Opry where, midway through the performance, she leaned over and whispered, "Daddy, if you'll manage me, I'd like to try to get on the other side of the microphone again. I wasn't cut out to be in the audience." So much for retirement; a record contract was signed a few months later.

Today, she's grateful her success was so l-o-n-g in coming. Back then, she wasn't so sure.

"If somebody had said to me, 'I'm going to give you a hit for your first record,' I would have grabbed it. But it was for a reason it took me so long. It was for the right reasons. All these years have been like my university, my learning experience. Hopefully, I'm still learning."

Credit her lengthy internship—those endless years of paying her dues—with molding her into the totally together lady she is today. If she has a flaw, it's merely that she seems too good to be true.

On a scale of one to ten, fans rank Barbara in the 12-plus bracket. So do her peers in the business and her family, which doubles as her primary support system. Irby Mandrell answers to the titles of father and manager these days; husband Ken is her financial adviser; her mother runs the Nashville home office, and her mother-in-law oversees a national network of fan clubs. Barbara claims her roles as wife and mother are equally as important to her as her career, and somehow she manages to be all things to all people. But don't call her Wonder Woman. She's heard it before and flatly rejects the label.

"I've read article after article about myself," she says. "It's all very flattering, but it's just not true when writers call me some kind of superwoman. I tell my fans I'm only a person, and there are things about me they wouldn't like."

Name one? It isn't easy. She claims to be keeper of one of Nashville's hottest tempers, but it's a trait the public never, never sees. She considers herself a public employee who has an obligation to look and act her best for the people who buy her albums, stand in line to see her in concert or tune her in on television. She's careful never to leave a bad impression on a stranger since, chances are, she won't have an opportunity to correct it. Any normal outbursts of anger are reserved for her family which sees them in the context of a personality that is calm and warm 99 percent of the time.

"I can be fuming inside and you *might* catch a flicker of it in my eyes, but I doubt it. I don't feel it's right for me as a public person to show what is a very tiny part of me. What I mean by having a hot temper is that I'm not like the wife in the TV sitcom who gets mad and doesn't talk. This wife talks. I'm the same way with my children. I try not to just yell in anger, but when they've done something that merits a spanking, I spank."

If her ire is kept in check, her pet peeves occasionally bubble to the top. She objects, for instance, to people who view her impressive

Continued on page 121

A solo on the sax presents no challenge to Barbara, who had conquered most of the instruments in her dad's music store by age 11.

The nationally known gospel singers The Blackwood Brothers are popular guest stars on the Mandrell sisters' show. The rating of this family variety series, viewed by 30 million people each week, was not affected by the 20-minute segment of gospel music that Barbara insisted be included in each performance.

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AND BEN BEGAT THE POST

At age 23, Ben Franklin conceived the idea for a new publication that would expand his countrymen's knowledge and improve their way of living.

by Frederic A. Birmingham

At the time when Benjamin Franklin developed the concept of the publication which eventually was to become *The Saturday Evening Post*, he was only 23. He had already been published under the pen name of Silence Dogood, with some witty and wise writings inspired by his study of the English essayists, Addison and Steele.

Ben had already been bamboozled by people he had every right to trust. And this had made him streetwise. Later in life, Thomas Jefferson was to observe that Franklin never publicly had a word to say against anyone. But beneath the sunny and friendly exterior, there was a vein of steel tempered by this harsh treatment he received at an early age.

Benjamin had only two years of schooling before he was drafted by his father to assist in boiling soap and making candles in Josiah's small shop. Fortunately, Ben hated the job. So he was apprenticed to the printing shop of his brother James, who was then putting out the second-oldest newspaper in the colonies, *The New England Courant*. There was dissent in the Boston air in those years. It was going to end up in due time at a tea party in Boston harbor and a shooting war, but its earliest form in the *Courant* consisted of heckling the establishment. In 1723, after a series of jibes at the city fathers, James printed an essay blasting the hypocrisy of the Boston elite, and the enraged city council sent him to prison for several weeks. Not long after that, the Massachusetts General Assembly forbade James to resume the role of publisher. Casting around for a scapegoat to catch all of the heat in his stead, James elected Benjamin as the *Courant* "publisher"—the kid in the shop he was always berating and actually beating.

James was aware of Ben's spirit and his resentment of such high-handed tyranny. His way of handling it was to exact a promise from all of the Boston printers that they wouldn't hire Ben for any reason if he applied to them for a job.

Ben had had it with his brother. In September 1723, he lit out for Philadelphia to try out his fortunes where brotherly love was rumored to take a more friendly aspect than setting him up as a fall guy in a political squeeze play.

Thus, at only 18, Ben found a place for himself in Philadelphia, working in the shop of a printer named Samuel Keimer, an unskilled opportunist who badly needed a trained assistant. Word must have gotten around about this bright newcomer to Philadel-

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Numb. XL

THE

Pennſylvania *GAZETTE.*

Containing the freſheſt Advices Foreign and Domeſtick.

From Thurſday, September 25. to Thurſday, October 2. 1729.

THE Pennſylvania Gazette being now to be carried on by other Hands, the Reader may expect ſome Account of the Method and Deſign to purſue it in.

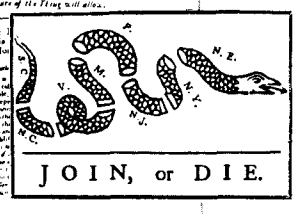
Upon a View of Chambers's great Dictionary, from whence were taken the Materials of the Univerſal Inſtructor in all Arts and Sciences, which uſually make the Firſt Part of this Paper, we find that beſides their containing many Things addreſſe or ſignificant to us, it will probably be fifty Years before the Whole can be gone thro' in this Manner of Publication. There are frequently in thoſe Books occaſional References from Things under one Letter of the Alphabet to thoſe under another, which relate to the ſame Subject, and are neceſſary to explain and compleat it; which taken in their Turn may perhaps be Ten Years diſtant; and ſince it is likely that they who deſire to acquaint themſelves with any particular Art or Science, would gladly have the whole before them in a much leſs Time, we believe our Readers will not think ſuch a Method of communicating Knowledge to be a proper One.

However, tho' we do not intend to confine the Publication of theſe Dictionaries in a regular Alphabetical Method, as has hitherto been done, yet as ſeveral Things relative ſo them in the Courſe of thoſe Papers, have been entertaining to ſuch of the Curious, who never had and now have the Advantage of good Libraries, and as there are many Things ſtill behind, which belong to this Manner made generally known, may perhaps become of conſiderable Uſe by giving ſuch Hints to the ingenious natural Genius's of our Country, as may contribute either to the Improvement of our preſent Manufactures, or towards the Invention of new Ones; we propoſe from Time to Time to communicate ſuch particular Parts as appear to be of the moſt general Concern.

As to the Religious Courtſhip, Part of which has been retailed to the Publick in thoſe Papers, the Reader may be aſſured, that the whole Book will probably in a little Time be printed and brought over to Sell; and thoſe who are fond of it, will doubtleſs find it to their Mind.

There are many who have long deſired to ſee a good Newſ-Paper in Pennſylvania, and perhaps their Gentleneſs in this are alike, with reſpect to the Reaſons for making This ſuch. Wealth, Diſtance, or eaſe to be ſelf-ſufficient, that to publiſh a good Newſ-Paper is not ſo eaſy and Entertaining as many People imagine it to be. The Author of a Gazette (in the Opinion of the Learned) ought to be acquainted with all Parts of Mankind, Acquainted with Languages, a great Reaſoner, and Maſter of Writing and Relating Things clearly and intelligibly, and in few Words; he ſhould be able to ſpeak of War both by Land and Sea, he will be converſed with Geography, with the Hiſtory of the Times, with the ſeveral Intereſts, Principles, &c. Natures, the Secrets of Courts, and the Manners and Cuſtoms of all Nations. How far the Accompliſhments are here ever to this remote Part of the World, and in what Degree of the Writers of theſe Papers could make up among the Friends what is wanting in himſelf.

Upon the Whole, we muſt offer to the Publick, as far as the Encouragement we meet with will enable us, no Gazette at Preſent ſhall be exhibited, that may make the Pennſylvania Gazette an agreeable and uſeful Entertainment to the Maſters of the Thing will allow.



Franklin's *Pennsylvania Gazette*, which surpassed all other colonial newspapers in liveliness and ingenuity, also featured America's first editorial cartoon, urging union between the colonies.

phia, because shortly thereafter, Governor Keith of Pennsylvania called on Ben at the Keimer shop, invited him out to a nearby tavern and offered to send him to England with letters of introduction and credit so that the lad could purchase first-rate typefaces and other equipment and could return to Philly to set himself up in his own business. The implication was that he would be getting plenty of work from government sources.

Franklin set sail and arrived in England on Christmas Eve, 1724. However, Keith had neglected to send any letters of credit with the captain, as promised, and had backed out of the whole deal. A fellow passenger, a Mr. Denham, knew Keith from way back and, as Franklin told it, "laughed at the notion of the governor's giving me a letter of credit, having, as he said, no credit to give."

No matter. Denham helped out with a few introductions, and Franklin found work in Palmer's, a printer's shop in London, where he honed his skills even further.

Ben's stay in London was an education in itself. By 1726, he was ready to return to Philadelphia, again in the company of the generous Mr. Denham, who was planning a mercantile venture, and he asked Ben to come in and work with him. This bright picture soon dimmed, however, when Denham died, and the project ended with him. Keith was out of the picture entirely, no longer the governor. So Ben again secured employment with Keimer, who was no doubt glad to get him back. But Ben was back where he had started.

His vision had broadened during his stay in London so that, in 1728, Ben Franklin had what he regarded as a particularly good idea. There were only five regularly published newspapers in the colonies at that time, all local in scope and the oldest established only 38 years earlier. The colonies themselves were sprawled loosely along the Atlantic seaboard, linked solely by muddy roads and sailing ships. A great majority of the Americans of the day relied on the town crier or on what gossip they could overhear in the local inns for "news."

Ben's idea was to move into this vacuum with a much-needed clearinghouse of general information about all of the colonies and what was going on abroad. He would establish a broadly informative weekly publication to expand his countryman's knowledge.

On the surface of things, he was ready to put his new idea into practice. He had been fired by Keimer as soon as he had put that messy

Continued on page 115

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COMEUPPANCE

Dave was a brash youngster,
and not so wise as he thought himself;
but neither was the boy a fool.

by Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

Part I Nantucket folks said young Dave Swain would argue with the devil about how to run hell. He had a persistent habit of giving advice to his elders; and, what was worse, he was annoyingly apt to be right. It was generally agreed that he was too smart for his own good, and that he would get his comeuppance one of these days.

But the first time Ellen Bissell saw Dave, he was lying unconscious in the street back of the wharves in Havana, with a lump on his chin as big as a walnut and another from which blood was trickling on his brow. There was no one to tell Ellen his situation was his own fault and it served him right. She only knew that he was a handsome, hurt young man.

Her father was Capt. John Bissell, of the ship *Ethan Peters*, about to sail for Boston with a cargo of sugar; and Ellen and her mother were returning from a last tour of the Havana shops to go aboard, when they almost stumbled over young Dave Swain. He lay on his side with his legs curled under him, and, at the sight of him Ellen stopped still with a low cry of dismay; but Mrs. Bissell strode forward and poked Dave in the ribs with her toe and said:

"Get up, you drunken fool!"

Dave did not move, so Ellen bent over him. "Why, mamma, he's hurt!" she whispered. She knelt beside him, tucking her hoops back under her knees out of the way, and Mrs. Bissell said sharply:

"Ellen, you'll ruin your dress. And if you knew how you look from behind with your hoops flipped up that way!"

"But he's hurt, mamma," Ellen insisted; and she cradled Dave's head in her arms, and stroked that bruise on his temple with soothing fingers, and Dave, just coming back to consciousness, blinked and peered up and saw close above him eyes full of a gentle concern, and the neatest nose, and tender lips saying: "Are you all right? You poor boy!"

Dave understood the situation instantly, so he groaned and closed his eyes again and nestled in her arms. Mrs. Bissell snorted scornfully. "He's drunk, Ellen, and he's been fighting; that's all."

Ellen protested: "But, mamma, we can't just leave him here." A ragged little crowd was gathering, full of delighted interest in the fact—of which Ellen was stubbornly heedless—that hoop skirts were not meant to kneel in. Mrs. Bissell recognized an emergency. She called men from the ship, and five minutes later Dave was carried aboard the *Ethan Peters*. They laid him on the hatch cover and Mrs. Bissell burned a feather under his nose to bring him to his senses; and Ellen laughed at the way his nose wrinkled when the feather charred and fumed. He opened his eyes to see how she looked when she laughed; and the rest followed naturally and easily. The *Ethan Peters* was shorthanded. When, an hour or two later, she put to sea, Dave Swain was a duly constituted member of her crew; and before the ship went hard aground on Nantucket South Shoal some two or three weeks later, many things had happened to make him glad he signed.

The first of these things was not long in happening. The month was June, the weather fine, the sea serene. Mrs. Bissell kept house as rigidly afloat as ashore; and as soon as they were clear of the harbor, she ordered the cook out of his own galley. Dave Swain had the wheel, the mate watching to see how he handled her. Dave had drawn clean slops and he was spick and span; and Ellen saw him keep an amused eye on her mother, and a wondering eye on the cook. She came near him. Discipline aboard the *Ethan Peters* did not always follow the strict punctilio of the sea, and Ellen could talk to the helmsman if she chose, and she chose now. Mr. Peterson, the mate, did not protest; but he was alert to catch any failure in Dave's duty at the helm.

"Mamma always does that when we leave port," she told Dave. "She's a great housekeeper. I've seen her make the men dust off the rail when we were two weeks out o' sight of land."

"They'd not like that," he chuckled. "Any better than the doctor likes her meddling in his kitchen."

"Doctor?"

"The cook."

"Oh! No, lots of men jump ship every time we make port. We're always shorthanded, time to sail." She added: "That's why papa signed you."

"It's my first time on a hen frigate," Dave told her.

"What's that?"

He looked at her curiously as though surprised by her ignorance. "A ship with a woman aboard." Then he added with a chuckle, watching her admiringly: "A hen-and-chicken frigate, you might call this one. I can tell already that I'm going to like it."

Ellen knew well enough what he meant, and she was pleased to be admired, and she decided she was going to like him, too. She asked how he happened to be lying stunned and senseless on that Havana street, and he grinned amiably at his own expense.

"Luke Gifford knocked me down," he said. "Probably I hit my head on the paving stones when I fell. He's cap'n of the Primrose schooner, out of Nantucket. I signed aboard her because I'd never been down this way before; but I'd studied Furlong, knew all about these waters. Luke kept doing the wrong thing, going outside Little Bahama Bank instead of along the coast, working around

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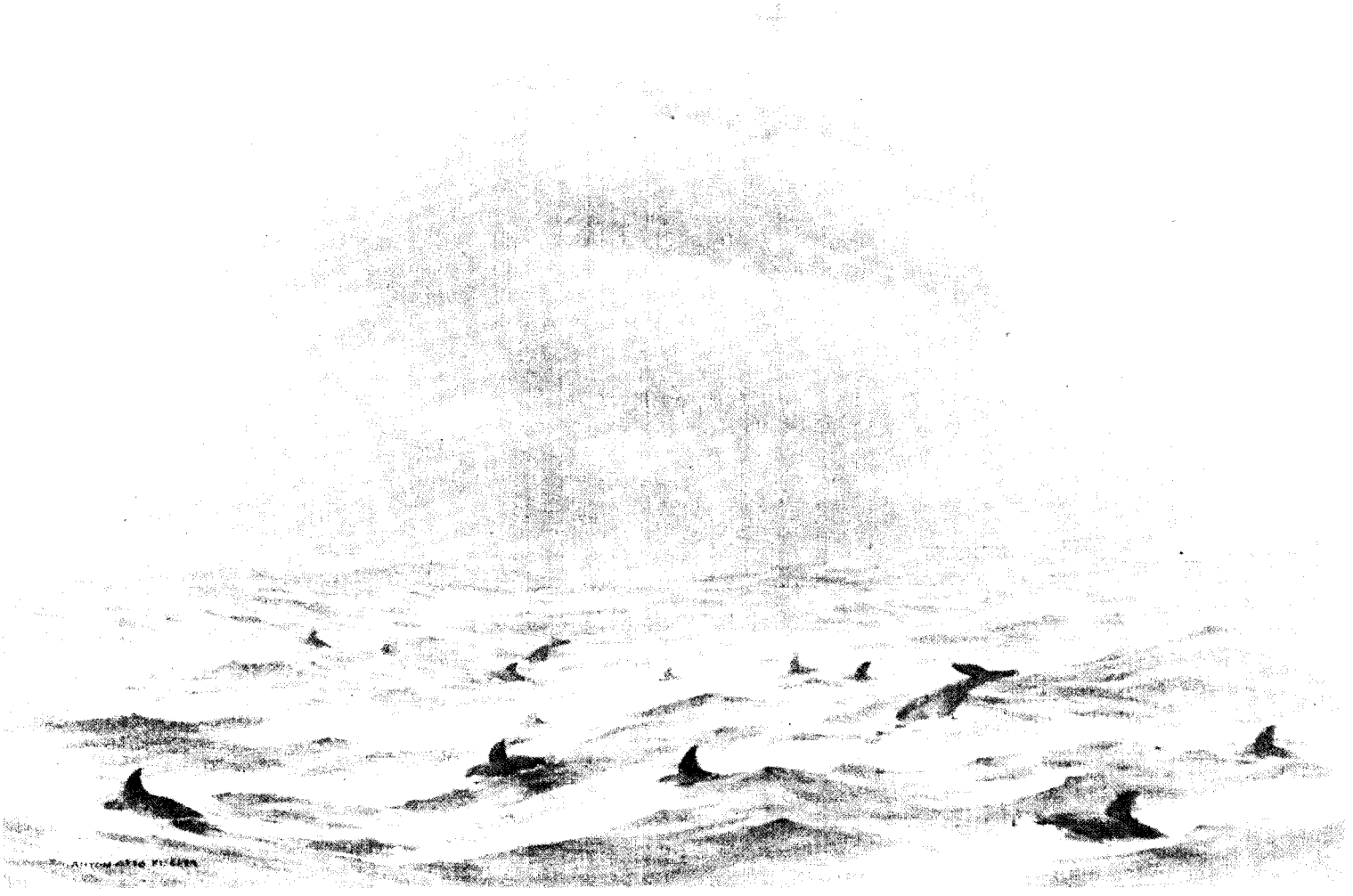

"The wind came from the south, and fog shut down, and he groped his way by lead and log, guessing at tides and currents."

Great Isaac Head by night instead of day, when he could keep close inshore out of the Gulf Stream. He wouldn't listen to me; and finally he rubbed a reef and we put into Havana leaking eight hundred strokes an hour."

"He couldn't blame you for that!" Ellen protested.

"No. If he'd done what I told him, we'd have been all right!"

She looked suddenly amused, as though she began to understand why Captain Gifford might have knocked Dave down. "Did you tell him so?" she asked, her eyes twinkling.

Dave shook his head. "No. But after he got through dickering with the shipwrights—they charged him plenty, but he had to pay—he started for town, and I caught up with him. I told him he'd better keep out of rum shops or he'd get a knife in his gizzard, and he hit me. The next thing I knew, was you!"

He had a husky way of saying things like that which made Ellen warm all over; and she thought Captain Gifford must be a most unreasonable and ill-tempered man not to like Dave as much as she did.

At supper the mate had a good word for Dave. "We were lucky to get him, Cap'n Bissell," he said. "He's a clever hand at the helm." He looked at Ellen and chuckled. "Ellen here talked to him an hour this afternoon, and that's enough to take any young man's mind off his job, but he never made a mistake. He fair made her sing."

Mrs. Bissell asked sharply: "Ellen?"

Ellen colored and laughed, and the mate said: "No, ma'am, the ship I meant."

"Oh! Well, there! I'm glad to hear it! Mr. Peterson, if he's so good, let him steer when I'm on deck. I hate those shaggy sailors

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coming aft. He's clean, anyway."

Mrs. Bissell's word aboard ship was apt to be law; so when, after supper, she and Ellen came on deck for a while, Mr. Peterson called Dave to the wheel. Ellen stood near him while dusk came down. Since she liked being near Dave, it was natural enough that she should stay on deck after her mother and father went below; and it was natural enough that when the moon set and stars pricked the dark velvet of the sky, she should be warm and happy; and when the mate moved forward to see that the bow lookout was alert, it was natural enough that she should stand a little nearer Dave; and when the ship rolled lazily, she practically had to catch his arm to keep her balance.

Mr. Peterson found the bow lookout alert; but the night was fair, the sea serene, so the mate stayed forward for a while to watch the stars reflected in the water under the bow.

About the time he began to think of going aft again, Ellen was protesting, in that happy tone that invites reassurance: "But, Dave, we mustn't! We never saw each other till this morning!"

Dave tightened his arm around her waist. "The best things happen quickest," he whispered. She was warm all over when he whispered in her ear; and he drew her close for a moment. "Eh, but it's a wonder to love each other so."

"We can't really be in love so soon," she urged doubtfully. "It's just because we're both young, and—sort of nice."

"Did you ever know another that was young?"

"Dozens!"

"Did ever another of them make you crazy with loving him the first day you met?"

"Maybe! Besides, I don't!" But when he kissed her again, she confessed: "Well, maybe I do!" Then softly, swiftly: "No, never any other, Dave!"

The mate called from somewhere forward a warning word; and Ellen gasped with dismay and fled below, and Dave said: "Aye, aye, sir. Steady as she goes!"

As a result of Mrs. Bissell's preference, Dave, though he was only a foremast hand, was more often aft than forward; and he and Ellen had many moments together on other days and other velvet nights. Ellen was happy; but even Ellen saw that Dave might irritate his elders. Before they had been three days at sea, he began to give advice about the proper handling of the *Ethan Peters*.

"He spoke quickly, in a way that made her tremble."

Captain Bissell was one of those mild men who—either as cause or result—so often have brisk and dominant wives; and his 20-odd years at sea had been as uneventful and serene as the life of a woodchuck in winter. He secretly thought his long immunity from mischance the result of his own sagacity. He distrusted the compass; placed his reliance on log, lead and latitude. Aboard the *Ethan Peters*, the log was thrown religiously at two-hour intervals. The first time Dave assisted at this operation, his function was to turn the glass. Mr. Peterson threw the log, watched for the red rag that marked the end of the stray line and said: "Turn!"

Dave did his part; and when the last grain ran, he said: "Glass!"

"Nine and a half," the mate decided.

"Did you allow for the sea setting after us, sir?" Dave suggested.

"Would I be needing to?" the mate asked quizzically.

"Yes, sir," he said. "And another thing, I think your glass is fast."

"It's a 28-second glass, not 30," Mr. Peterson explained. "The line's eight fathoms between knots. That saves figuring."

"I made it 27 scant," young Swain insisted. "You can check it with a plummet, 39 inches and a quarter, a second to a swing. Do that, and you'll see I'm right."

Ellen was standing at the break forward of the trunk, her back toward them; but Mr. Peterson happened to look at her, and he saw her shoulders shake a little, and that irritated him.

He said, not so quizzically: "We've managed all right till you came aboard."

"Just the same, sir, you'll mux it some day, if you trust that glass."

The mate said briefly: "Go forward, Swain!"

So Dave went forward; but when he was gone, Ellen said, with a twinkle in her eyes: "He makes you mad, doesn't he, Mr. Peterson?"

The mate was already amused at his own ill temper. "He's all right," he said. "He won't know so much when he's older." He himself was old enough to be Ellen's father, and there were times when he regretted it. He had not always been as blind as he seemed when she stood near Dave at the wheel on those starlit southern nights. He looked at her now and he asked, "You like the boy, don't you?"

She nodded doubtfully. "Sort of. Only——Mr. Peterson, is he just conceited? Or does he really know a lot about things?"

The mate chuckled wisely. "Now, if I told you he didn't, you'd never believe me, Ellen, my dear. Why not ask him?" he suggested.

Her cheeks suddenly were bright. "I have," she admitted. "He told me he was the smartest man he knew."

Mr. Peterson, after a moment, said seriously: "I'll say this for the boy: He's got wit and sense enough. All he needs is seasoning." He added, a little wistfully: "And it takes a youngster to do the big bold foolish thing, and great things the young men do, give them the big chance. But, Ellen, it takes an old patient man to do the little steady things that have to be done and done, no end to them."

Ellen said contentedly: "Well, if that's all he needs, Dave will be older by and by."

Captain Bissell found that it eased his mind to know surely, now and then, where he was; so from Cape May northward they were twice in sight of land to take fresh departures. But then the wind came from the south, and fog shut down, and he groped his way by lead and log, guessing at tides and

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currents. When he got gradually shoaling water and a mud bottom, he decided he was south of Block Island.

They were coming into waters Dave knew, and he handled the lead when Captain Bissell asked for soundings. There came a time when Dave did not like the tale it told. The fog swirled about them and the breeze freshened gustily, but the wind was from the south, and Dave thought they were making leeway, and told the mate so.

"We're sagging off to loo'ard," he insisted. "Farther all the time. We'll be leaving our bowsprit somewhere if we hold her so."

Mr. Peterson said mildly: "All the same, my lad, we'll hold her."

They did, and dark came down; but Dave was so uneasy that he did not sleep during his watch below. The forecastle scuttle was open, and when someone called from the deck above: "Starbowlines ahoy!" he was brisk to answer, and he was up the ladder while the others still stirred sleepily. He went aft to relieve the wheel. Captain Bissell was there, watching Mr. Peterson throw the log, but Dave had never trusted that log. When, half an hour later, the lead showed 20 fathoms and black mud, he spoke in quick protest.

"That's all wrong, sir," he said urgently. "We're too far north!"

Captain Bissell may himself have felt some doubts, since for once he answered. "We're crossing Tuckernuck Channel, Swain," he said. "Black mud of a shining smooth nature."

"Not in 20 fathoms, sir," Dave argued. "We ought to have half as much water again. Besides, we're east of that. If your glass was true, you could trust your log better. We'll have the north tide in an hour or two to make things worse. Haul our wind, cap'n, or we'll be in trouble sure."

Captain Bissell, without speaking, turned away; but successive soundings only reinforced Dave's certainty that the captain was wrong. Soon after dawn, Mrs. Bissell and Ellen came on deck.

When the lead showed yellow and black sand and some mud in 16 fathoms, Dave Swain repeated his protests to Captain Bissell, and she and Ellen heard him; and when, five or six miles farther on, they got the same showing and only 14 fathoms, Dave urged almost desperately: "Cap'n, if we were on our course, we'd be getting some shell by this time! We're too far north, sir. We'll be on the shoals inside an hour!"

Captain Bissell had begun to think he might be wrong, but he hated to be told! Mrs. Bissell said uneasily: "Papa, he kept telling you that all yesterday afternoon. He's a Nantucket boy, papa! Maybe he knows."

The captain set his stubborn jaw; and Dave insisted: "I do know, sir. I've been all over these waters. The tide can fool you, throw your reckoning all out! You have to check by your soundings, sir."

Even the mate began to have some doubts. Dave was a brash youngster, and not so wise as he thought himself; but neither was the boy a fool. He looked at Captain Bissell inquiringly.

"Steady as she goes, Mr. Peterson," the captain said, answering that look.

Dave at the wheel groaned aloud, and his groan was flat insubordination. Captain Bissell moved away a little, pretended not to hear; but Ellen came to Dave's side and whispered in resentful protest: "Please, Dave! I wish you wouldn't argue with papa all the time."

"But darn it, Ellen, I do know what I'm talking about!"

"You're so darn sure of yourself!" Then, her color heightened angrily. "And you're so pig-headed, Dave! After all, papa's been a captain a long time, and he's never had any trouble."

Something hissed softly in the fog, a sound more felt than heard; and something pressed against her shoulders harder and harder, thrusting her forward. The bow of the *Ethan Peters* rose a little and a little more. Bound to finish what she had been saying, she caught Dave's arm and screamed in his ear: "You just think you know everything!"

She saw her mother stumble forward and fall on her knees, and she heard Mrs. Bissell cry: "Ouch! Papa, look out what you're doing!" The ship came to a stop and tipped lazily to the starboard side against the southerly breeze.

Ellen, holding hard to Dave's arm, thought furiously: *Darn him, he was right!* She let go his arm, managing somehow to put vehemence into that passive action, as though she washed her hands of him forever. Things were still toppling and sliding and thumping up and down the length of the *Ethan Peters* thus brought up all standing; and Dave still gripped the useless wheel, looking aloft and along her decks to see the cant on her. ✖

(To be concluded next issue)

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NATHANIEL CROSBY: GROWN UP AND GOING HIS WAY

With his National Amateur golf title and success in continuing the prestigious Pebble Beach pro-am tournament, Bing Crosby's son is proving to be a chip shot off the old block.

by Jay Stuller

After 36 rigorous holes of match play between the two finalists, the 81st United States Amateur golf championship had come down to a sudden-death playoff. One of the pair, a mop-haired youth just a month shy of his 20th birthday, pursed his lips and circled the 22-foot birdie putt that could give him the prestigious title. But here, on the demanding Lake Course of the San Francisco Olympic Club, not more than ten miles from his home, Nathaniel Crosby knew he was being watched not only by friends and family but by a legion of spectators—and a national television audience—lured by the magic of the Crosby name.

If ever there was a time to get the "yips," the paralyzing affliction that wrecks even the best linkster's putting stroke, it was now. Mumbling to himself, mesmerized in absolute concentration, Crosby lined up the shot and stroked it firmly. The ball started out on line but began hooking to the right, and for a moment, it looked as if it would go past the cup. Would it drop? Well, as the boy's late father used to say in all those orange-juice commercials, "Noooo doubt about it!"

The ball caught the edge of the cup, rolled over and in. Nathaniel Crosby leaped into the air, his arms upraised in triumph. He jumped into the arms of his caddy and was swarmed by clamoring well-wishers. But had it been quiet at that moment last year, one just might have been able to hear a faint echo of a familiar, melodious and satisfied laugh, the delight of a proud father. . .and a friend: the late Bing Crosby.

"If my father was at my side," said Nathaniel after winning the U.S. Amateur title, "he would be telling me—I can hear him now—'Don't let it go to your head, kid.' "

"I was thinking of my father," said Nathaniel not long after the end of the grueling, six-day tournament, a championship that has been captured by the likes of Bobby Jones, Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer. "I knew he was on my side," said the young Crosby. "But I know what he would be telling me right now. I can just hear him saying, 'Don't let it go to your head, kid.' "

Indeed, there was a special relationship between Bing Crosby and Nathaniel, the youngest of his seven children. And much of that relationship was forged by a mutual love of golf. A dedicated amateur, Bing had often tried to earn his way through the various qualifying levels of the National Amateur. And in 1940, he did succeed in a sectional qualifying round and went on to the championship at Winged Foot near New York City. This, however, was at the start of his great popularity, and the crowds that showed up to watch him play made him nervous. His game suffered, and he missed by five strokes from qualifying as one of the final 64 golfers who would compete in match play for the title. It was the closest Bing ever came.

In this son, however, Bing found a golfing companion, and the pair began trudging the fairways of the Burlingame Country Club when Nathaniel was small enough to get lost in a gopher hole. But at the age of five, with a set of sawed-off clubs, the boy began taking golf lessons.

"It's pretty unusual for a child that age to take lessons," says Maurice Ver Brugge, the pro at the Burlingame club and the man who first taught Nathaniel the mechanics of the sport. "By 13, he was telling me that he wanted a career as a competitive golfer. And I'll tell you, he was determined, out there every day in rain, sleet and snow."

This is, of course, a bit of hyperbole, since it snows in the San Francisco area every eight years or so. But Nathaniel would be out

Continued on page 114

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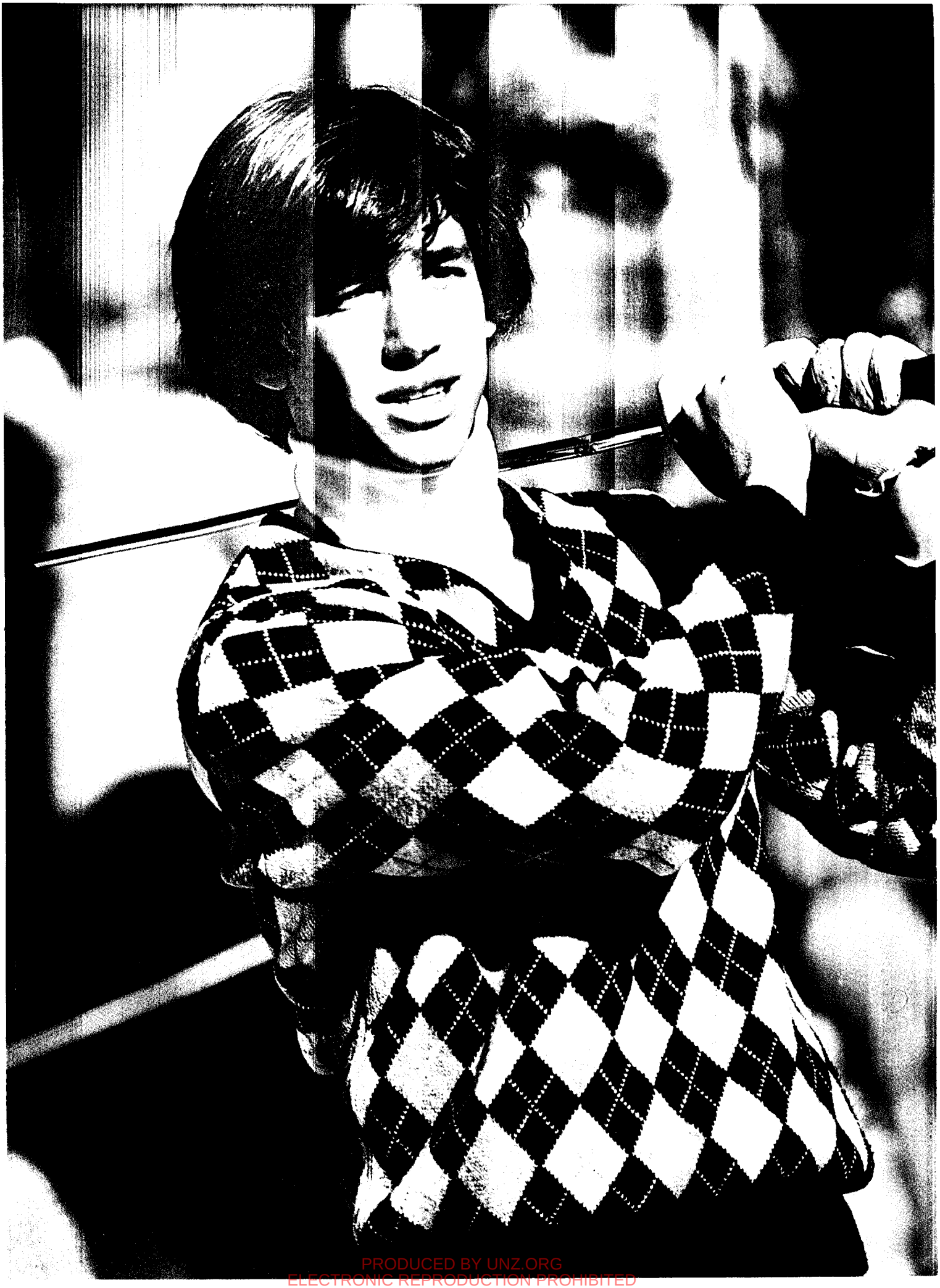

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KNIT 2, PURL 1, HUBBY 0

The wedding vows should have been expanded to include, "And do you promise not to knit, crochet, hook or needlepoint until after your husband has departed?"

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Jared Lee

I am not what you could call a strong supporter of wife abuse. But when it comes to your basic marital noncompatabilities, I would pit husband neglect against wife abuse any old day. While a bruised ego may not stand out like a black eye in a divorce court, the wound is there, nonetheless, and lasts even longer.

What I mostly have in mind are those quiet evenings at home, man and wife, alone, together. With cares that infested the day behind them, these are the golden hours reserved for the scraping of barnacles off the great barrier reef of marriage. This is the pause in the day's occupation when he should be languishing on the sofa, his weary head resting comfortably on her lap, she contentedly stroking his brow or massaging his sagging shoulders after his tiring day on the golf course.

Instead, in the case with which I am most familiar, the wife no sooner sits than she immediately fortifies her lap and environs with one or more balls of yarn implanted with a menacing battery of knitting needles. Or she has a 10-foot bureau runner under construction as an excuse for jabbing out with her lethal crochet hook.

If this particular woman has managed to knit or crochet everything she can dream up at the moment—we have the only knitted dog blanket and crocheted mailbox cover in the neighborhood—she calls on the equally effective dodges of tatting, needlepoint, macrame, mattress stuffing, quilting—you name it. What it is isn't important just so long as it offers a reason for ignoring the man she once pledged to comfort, console, soothe, succor, sustain and otherwise attend to until death did them part. She contends that the vow automatically becomes null and void whenever the possible rusting of her knitting needles or crochet hook is at stake.

Early on, in the innocence of young husbandry, I spent many an evening risking permanent injury to my spine by sitting on the floor beside the dog, hoping that in a careless moment she might give me a pat on the head intended for him. It never happened. The closest those evening hours alone ever brought us to genuine husband-and-wifery was the night she used my ears to wind off a skein of yarn.

Along in midwinter this year, I had every reason to believe that the situation might improve. Snowed in for two weeks, she finally ran out of yarn, string, thread, lint, hair—the works. The inconvenience of having our diet eventually reduced to parsnips and raspberry jam in no way compares to running completely out of idle-hour makin's. And even if she'd had the makin's, there wasn't so much as a doily left in the house that could have supported another row of whatever it is she does to them, the smallest already measuring at least two feet in diameter. Only a junkie needing a fix or a Girl Scout with a customer and no cookies could appreciate her dilemma. Her only avenue left to kill those dinner-to-bedtime hours lay in recognizing again that dear old hubby, quoting the Good Book, was still numbered among the quick.

In desperation, under the pretext that a thread near the center had been put in antigodkin, she began raveling her 12-foot crocheted tablecloth. Then she crocheted it back to its original condition. This required the better part of two evenings. When that woman begins purling and dropping, neither rain nor sleet nor dark of husband can keep her from her appointed

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rounds. Had it not been for a flare-up of arthritis in her purling finger, she might well have wrapped up the project in a single sitting.

How is it, I once asked myself, removing a cobweb suspended between my right ear and the sofa arm, that a woman who can't read the simple directions for changing a tire pasted inside the trunk lid has no trouble comprehending the hieroglyphic directions for constructing one of these knitted, knotted, needled or hooked masterpieces?

I had climbed from the floor to the sofa one night, under the delusion that I might get lucky enough to maneuver my head between a shuttling elbow and a crochet hook, when I was intercepted by the casual remark, "For Pete's sake, if you'd learn to do something like this instead of just lopping around, maybe my crochet hook wouldn't keep running up your nose! The directions are all right here." And she handed me this booklet, "Knitted and Crocheted Afghans."

How she had managed to learn Afghan I don't know (she went only one year to Michigan State), but I question if even an Afghan native could make head or tail of this stuff:

"*Work 1 s c in each s c across side to center s c of 3 s c at point, *3 s c in center s c, 1 s c in each of the next 9 s c, dec 2 sts in next s c (to dec: pull up a loop in each of the next 3 sts, yo and pull through all loops at one time), 1 s c in each of the next s c, repeat from * once, 3 s c in next center s c, then complete opposite side in same manner. Work 3 more strips in same manner.*"

Anyway, you think an expectant father is a nervous wreck? He can't hold a candle to a snowed-in woman faced with the prospect of hubby fawning at her feet and no barrage of needles protruding from a ball of yarn to keep his head at bay.

But I'll give this one woman credit. She came through without a dent in her record. At the critical moment, donning long-johns, mackinaw and boots, she wallowed down to the barn and came back with an armload of binder twine from the baled hay we had bought to feed the miniature ponies, her former hobby. (But ponies offer little excuse for the neglect of hubby in the evening, so hubby had inherited her hobby.) She spent the evening contentedly making hammocks for cast-iron flowerpots to be hung from the ceilings—and at a height carefully surveyed to greet a six-foot man just below the hairline.

The result proved to be so entertaining that she devoted the rest of her confinement to full-scale production. By the time a snowplow showed up, my once beautifully sculptured head had assumed the baroque contour of the Hubbard squash.

Our snowy siege ended, she left immediately for town to "get something to do."

In fact, she just now staggered in. The box she's staggering under bears a picture on the side, under which, in depressingly large letters, is printed: "9- x 12-foot hooked rug."

And there go the next two years. At least.

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Verdict on the Shroud

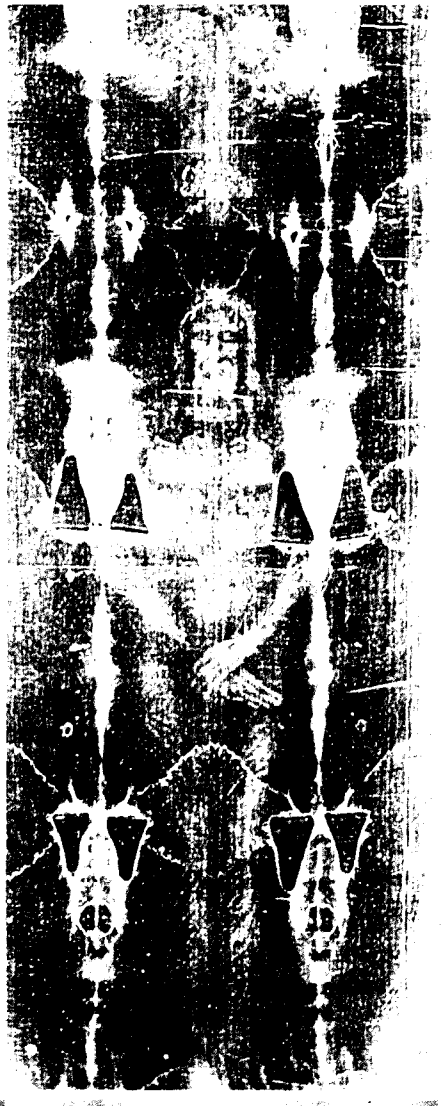
For centuries, even church authorities doubted the authenticity of the Shroud of Turin, but scientific studies now indicate that this ancient linen may truly be the burial cloth of Jesus Christ.

by Kenneth E. Stevenson & Gary R. Habermas

On the face of it, the Shroud of Turin is an unlikely object for serious scientific study or religious edification. The Shroud is an old linen cloth thought by many Christians to be the burial shroud which Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus draped around the body of Jesus before they laid him in the tomb. This seems hardly possible. Furthermore, the cloth is imprinted with an image. To the naked eye, the details of this image are hard to discern. It is ghostly, dim, and it fades into a hazy blur as the viewer approaches the cloth. How plausible is the claim that this is a highly detailed image of Jesus himself as he lay in the tomb?

Yet the Shroud of Turin will not be consigned to the category of bogus relics such as the crown of thorns, the crucifixion nails and the rod of Moses. Some medieval bishops were sure that the Shroud was a painting, but a painting is one thing that 20th-century scientists who have studied the Shroud are very sure it is not.

The irony of the situation is that the mystery of the Shroud has deepened as scientists have inspected it with ever-more sophisticated instruments. The most recent and most thorough scientific study of the Shroud was made by the members of the Shroud of Turin Research Project in Turin, Italy, in October 1978. Never before had a religious relic been examined so thoroughly.



It has taken nearly three years for dozens of scientists from the United States and Europe to examine this data in their laboratories and to draw some conclusions from it.

The scientists of the Shroud of Turin Research Project arrived in Turin primarily seeking answers to three questions: (1) What is the image composed of? (2) What was the process that formed it? (3) What is the composition of the "bloodstains"? The microscopic examination of the image answered much about the first question. The image, very simply, is a yellow discoloration of the tiny linen fibers which compose the threads of the Shroud. A smaller and separate problem was the composition of the "bloodstains" on the Shroud.

The "blood" areas on the Shroud have attracted considerable attention since the first color photographs of the cloth became available. It appeared that blood had flowed from the man's feet, wrists and side. The reddish-brown stains appear to be quite anatomically correct, as one would expect if a man had bled after being stabbed in the side and nailed through his wrists and feet. The edges of these stains are also precisely defined. If the Shroud actually covered a real corpse, one wonders how the cloth was removed without smearing and dislodging the edges of the clotted blood.

The 1978 team hoped to settle

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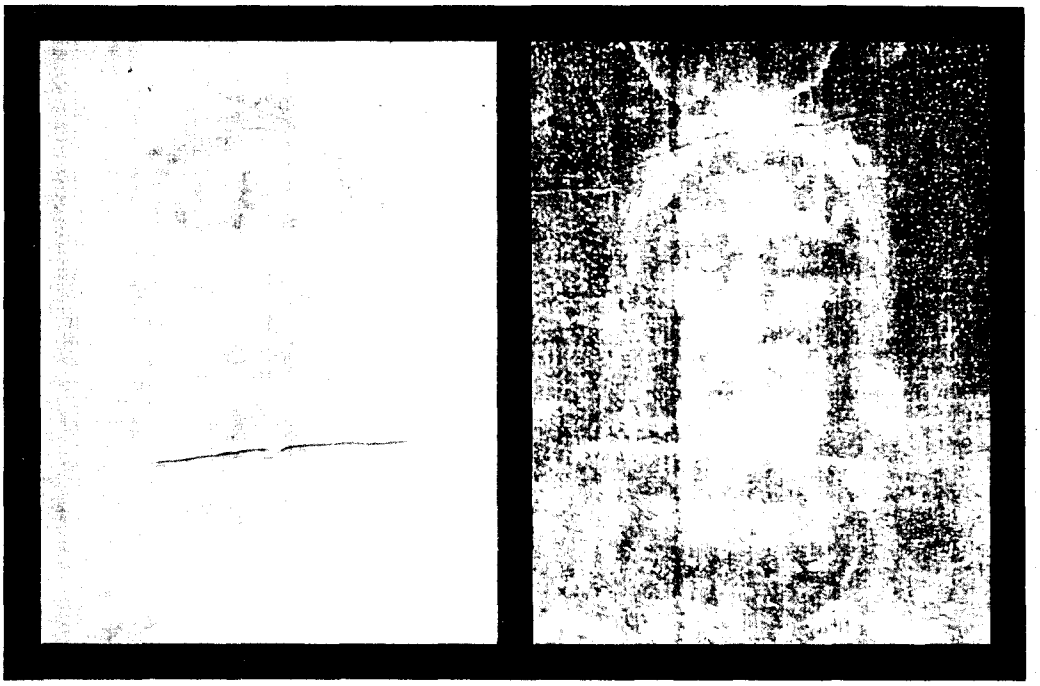
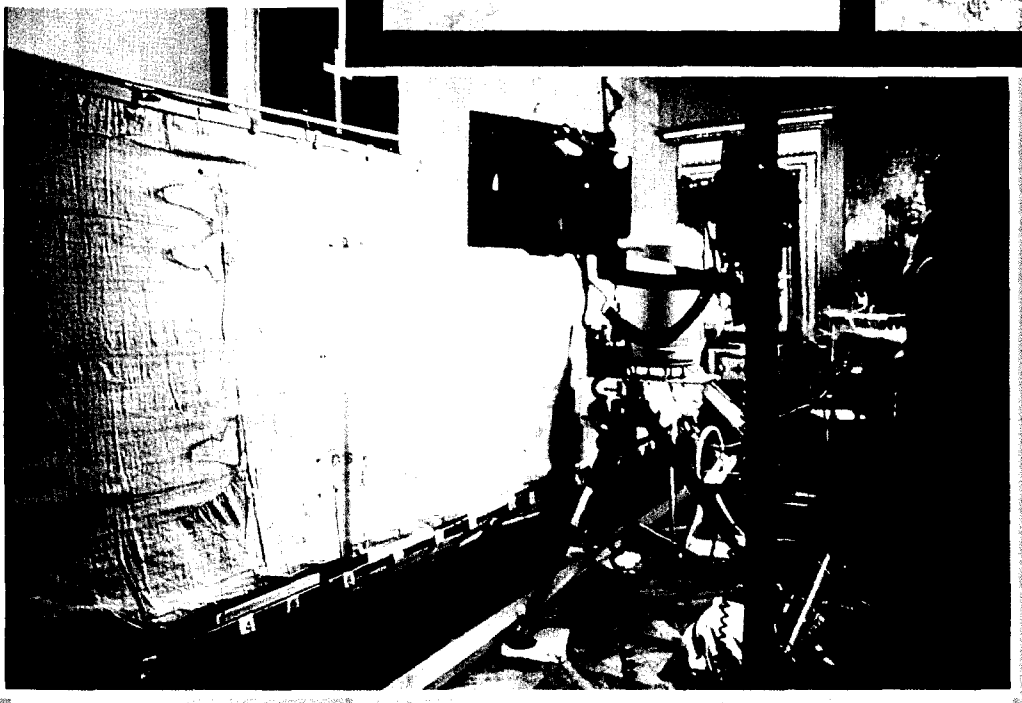
Headed by Air Force physicist John Jackson, team members of the Shroud of Turin Research Project group await arrival of the Shroud, to be placed on the table constructed especially for its protection. Although the members studied the Shroud on their own time, some of their expenses in Turin were met by private donations.



Signs of a brutal beating are visible on the face of the man of the Shroud: Eyebrows and cheeks are swollen; the nose may be broken; blood—visible on a color photo (left)—has flowed from wounds in the scalp. Other details are more distinct on the negative (right).



Team members of the Shroud of Turin Research Project stand well back during ultraviolet fluorescence photography. In five days of testing, the ancient cloth, clearly imprinted with the image of a dead-man's body, was examined across the electromagnetic spectrum with infrared, visible light, ultraviolet and x-ray radiation.

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the blood question by examining the bloodstained areas with a full battery of optical tests throughout the electromagnetic spectrum. The most important and conclusive work was done by John Heller and Alan Adler in their laboratory at the New England Institute. Heller and Adler examined several "sticky tape" samples which contained pieces of "blood-stained" fibrils. They looked at the spectrum of the visible light transmitted from these samples under a microscope, a test known as microspectrophotometry. The results suggested that hemoglobin was a component of the color. To further test this possibility, Heller and Adler removed the iron from the samples and tried to isolate porphyrin, a component of blood which fluoresces red under an ultraviolet light. Indeed, the substance which the chemists isolated from the samples fluoresced red under ultraviolet light. Their studies confirmed that the substance was porphyrin and thus strongly indicated that the bloodstained areas really were blood.

Theory: The Image Is a Painting. It had been thought for centuries, at least by some, that the image of a dead man on the Shroud of Turin had been painted by some clever artist in the 14th century.

The direct microscopic examination of the Shroud revealed no evidence of a painting. No pigment particles were found on the Shroud under 50X magnification. The yellowish color of the fibers did not saturate the cloth in any image area—even the darkest. Nowhere were the cloth fibers cemented together, as a pigment would have done.

The scientists also examined 32 "sticky tape" samples taken from all over the Shroud. Under the microscope, it was revealed that the Shroud had collected a number of miscellaneous materials over the years. These included insect parts, pollen, wax, wool, red silk, modern synthetic fibers and several types of red and black particles. Most importantly, the tapes also removed fragments of fiber.

The chemists concluded that the image was not caused by an applied pigment or any other foreign substance, but was the result of the degradation of cellulose, the plant material in linen fibers. The cellulose fibers in the image areas had been dehydrated, in contrast to the wholly hydrated fibers in the nonimage areas. The dehydrated fibers in the image areas reflected light faintly in the visible region of the spectrum. This is what caused the visible image.

Before the project team arrived in Turin, Ray Rogers had pointed out that if the Shroud image was a painting, the heat from the 1532 fire and the water used to extinguish it would have visibly affected the image. Since he could observe no heat or water effect in photographs, Rogers thought it unlikely that the image was a painting. The team's inspections of the cloth in Turin found Rogers to be correct. The scientists could also see no brush marks or directionality to the image.

The three-dimensional quality of the Shroud image is so precise that scientists have been able to construct a cardboard and Fiberglas statue of the man buried in the cloth.

The back of the Shroud is inspected for the first time in 400 years. Scientists found no trace of the image on the underside.

Theory: The Shroud Was Altered by Chemicals. The team considered other theories of how the cellulose in the linen fibers could have been yellowed without the use of pigment. Several theories held that the chemical composition of the cellulose in the fibers had been changed by a chemical which was later washed off or otherwise removed. One problem with these theories was that the microscopic and electromagnetic examination of the Shroud revealed that no chemical was present on the cloth in any appreciable quantity. Thus these theories were somewhat speculative and involved some creative laboratory work to test them.

One possibility, largely theoretical, was that someone had painted the Shroud image with acid. Concentrated sulphuric

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The man of the Shroud was nailed through the wrists. The thumbs do not appear because a nail driven through the wrist in the spot indicated would touch or sever the median nerve causing the thumbs to curl tightly to the hand.

Through a photographic process that highlights differences in the density of images, objects over the eyes stand out prominently.

acid does yellow cellulose, but only if it is quickly neutralized in order to avoid grave damage to the cloth. The scientists who experimented with this technique found it very difficult to reproduce the image's superficiality and the lack of image saturation. They could not control the penetration of the acid into the cloth. Also, acid painting produces densities which differ from the densities of the yellow stains observed on the Shroud. Neither could acid painting reproduce the three-dimensionality of the image. The scientists called these attempts to create an image with acid "rather disappointing."

Theory: The Image Is a Vaporgraph. The scientific team then turned to an older idea of chemically induced image formation. In fact, it was the first to be proposed by a serious scientist after it became clear that the Shroud was not obviously a painting. This was Paul Vignon's vaporgraph theory. Vignon, a French artist and biologist, suggested that the image was created by a chemical reaction between ammonia on the body and aloes and olive oil on the cloth. The crucified man buried in the Shroud would have perspired a morbid sweat containing urea, and the urea would have fermented into carbon dioxide and ammonia. Vignon suggested that the ammonia diffused from the corpse to the cloth, where it reacted with the aloes and olive oil to produce a stain. Vignon proposed this vaporgraph theory in the first decades of the 20th century, and it gained wide acceptance among people who thought the Shroud might be genuine.

The scientists found grave problems with the vaporgraph theory. There seemed to be no way it could account for the high resolution in detail in the image. Vapors diffusing through space simply cannot be that precise. They do not travel upward in straight or parallel lines but rather diffuse in the air. Chemists also concluded that morbid sweat on a corpse would not have produced enough ammonia to cause the reaction which the vaporgraph theory required. Even if it did, such a chemical reaction would have permeated the threads of the cloth. As noted previously, the image is superficial and without any saturation. The cloth would have to be damp for Vignon's chemical reaction to have occurred. This meant that it would have clung tightly to the body in many places, and the resulting image would have been grossly distorted.

Chemists considered a number of other chemical reactions involving natural products which could produce stains on linen. All of them had the same limitations of Vignon's model.

Theory: The Image Is a Scorch. The scientific team arrived in Turin in 1978 already suspecting that the image on the Shroud could well be some kind of scorch. The scorch theory had become the leading candidate for image formation. Cellulose yellows in the first stage of burning. If the heat and timing are carefully controlled, an experimental scorch can yellow cellulose fibers the way those on the Shroud are yellowed. Furthermore, a known scorch—the burns from the 1532 fire—lay right on the cloth, and the image resembled it. Analysis of color photographs prior to 1978 indicated that the image and the

Continued on page 120

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BEN FRANKLIN HAS IT OUT WITH HIS GOUT

For all his wit and wisdom, the sage is painfully reminded of the stupidity of overindulgence and the lack of exercise.

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

Midnight, October 22, 1780.

Franklin: Eh! Oh! Eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

Gout: Many things; you have ate and drank too freely and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

Franklin: Who is it that accuses me?

Gout: It is I. Even I, the Gout.

Franklin: What! My enemy in person?

Gout: No, not your enemy.

Franklin: I repeat it; my enemy; for you would not only torment my body to death, but ruin my good name; you reproach me as a glutton and a tippler; now all the world that knows me will allow that I am neither the one nor the other.

Gout: The world may think as it pleases; it is always very complaisant to itself and sometimes to its friends; but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man who takes a reasonable degree of exercise would be too much for another who never takes any.

. . .If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations, at least, should be active. You ought to walk or ride; or, if the weather prevents that, play at billiards. But let us examine your course of life. While the mornings are long and you have leisure to go abroad, what do you do? Why, instead of gaining an appetite for breakfast by salutary exercise, you amuse yourself with books, pamphlets or newspapers, which commonly are not worth the reading. Yet you eat an inordinate breakfast—four dishes of tea with cream and one or two buttered toasts with slices of hung beef, which I fancy are not things the most easily digested. Immediately afterward you sit down to write at your desk or converse with persons who apply to you on business. Thus the time passes till one, without any kind of bodily exer-

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cise. But all this I could pardon in regard, as you say, to your sedentary condition. But what is your practice after dinner? Walking in the beautiful gardens of those friends with whom you have dined would be the choice of men of sense; yours is to be fixed down to chess, where you are found engaged for two or three hours! . . . What can be expected from such a course of living but a body replete with stagnant humours, ready to fall a prey to all kinds of dangerous maladies if I, the Gout, did not occasionally bring you relief by agitating those humours and so purifying or dissipating them? . . . Fie, then, Mr. Franklin! But amidst my instructions, I had almost forgot to administer my wholesome corrections; so take that twinge—and that.

Franklin: Oh! Eh! Oh! Ohhh! As much instruction as you please, Madam Gout, and as many reproaches; but pray, Madam, a truce with your corrections!

Gout: No, sir. No, I will not abate a particle of what is so much for your good. . . .

Do you remember how often you have promised yourself, the following morning, a walk in the grove of Boulogne in the garden de la Muette, or in your own garden, and have violated your promise, alleging, at one time, it was too cold, at another too warm, too windy, too moist or what else you pleased; when in truth it was too nothing but your insuperable love of ease?

Franklin: That I confess may have happened occasionally, probably ten times in a year.

Gout: Your confession is very far short of the truth; the gross amount is 199 times.

Franklin: Is it possible?

Gout: So possible that it is fact; you may rely on the accuracy of my statement. You know M. Brillon's gardens and what fine walks they contain; you know the handsome flight of an hundred steps, which lead from the terrace above to the lawn below. You have been in the practice of visiting this amiable family twice a week, after dinner, and it is a maxim of your own that "a man may take as much exercise in walking a mile, up and down stairs, as in ten on level ground." What an opportunity was here for you to have had exercise in both these ways! Did you embrace it, and how often?

Franklin: I cannot immediately answer that question.

Gout: I will do it for you; not once.

Franklin: Not once?

Gout: Even so. During the summer you went there at six o'clock. You found the charming lady, with her lovely children and friends, eager to walk with you and entertain you with their agreeable conversation; and what has been your choice? Why to sit on the terrace, satisfying yourself with the fine prospect and passing your eye over the beauties of the garden below without taking one step to descend and walk about in them. On the contrary, you call for tea and the chessboard; and—lo!—you are occupied in your seat till nine o'clock, and that besides two hours' play after dinner; and then instead of walking home, which would have bestirred you a little, you step into your carriage. How absurd to suppose that all this carelessness can be reconcilable with health without my interposition!

Franklin: I am convinced now of the justness of Poor Richard's remark that "Our debts and our sins are always greater than we think for."

Gout: So it is. You philosophers are sages in your maxims and fools in your conduct. . . .

Franklin: Ah! How tiresome you are!

Gout: Well, then, to my office; it should not be forgotten that I am your physician. There.

Franklin: Ohhh! What a devil of a physician!

Gout: How ungrateful you are to say so! Is it not I who, in the character of your physician, have saved you from the palsy, dropsy and apoplexy, one or other of which would have done for you long ago, but for me?

Franklin: I submit and thank you for the past, but entreat the discontinuance of your visits for the future; for, in my mind, one had better die than be cured so dolefully. . . .

Oh! Oh!—for Heaven's sake, leave me! And I promise faithfully never more to play at chess, but to take exercise daily and live temperately.

Gout: I know you too well. You promise fair; but after a few months of good health, you will return to your old habits; your fine promises will be forgotten like the forms of last year's clouds. Let us then finish the account, and I will go. But I leave you with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place; for my object is your good, and you are sensible that I am your *real friend.*

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BILLY GRAHAM ON VOLUNTEERISM

"We really need to study the lives of our forefathers. . . . They didn't have government help to do anything. And yet they built a great nation by just plain hard work."

Editor's Note: This interview with Billy Graham took place when the *Post*'s S. Rickly Christian reached Graham in Los Angeles just prior to his departure for Mexico, where the evangelist was to meet his ailing wife Ruth for three weeks of rest and work on books they are currently writing.

Post: On a recent "Good Morning America" program, you said government welfare could be eliminated if every church and synagogue in America would, on the average, "adopt" 10 poor families. Could you tell us more about your particular interest in volunteerism?

Graham: I think it's a terrific topic. Cutbacks have been made, and some families can no longer pay utility bills; they can't buy food, or they struggle in other ways paying their bills. We've got to try to help them. I think that this is the teaching of the New Testament, for example, in the parable of the Good Samaritan. And consider all of the great things the Lord did in feeding or healing people—that was all voluntary. He set an example, and I think every Christian should follow it. I greatly admire the Salvation Army, because they have been leaders in that area. And so many other organizations like it are at work helping people, not only in this country but all over the world.

Post: Yet, many people today are desperately afraid of getting involved—of helping even their neighbors. For example, if a stranger knocks on the door, says he has a flat tire and asks to use the phone, not many people would be inclined to let him in. What would you say to help turn these feelings around?

Graham: People *are* desperately afraid of getting involved in anything these days, but I think that "getting involved" has to be a priority and that the risk has to be taken. When I was in Chicago recently, I read a story of a woman who was raped. Her hands were tied behind her, and then she was thrown in the river. She managed to get free, and yet a number of people just watched. While we were in Chicago, a woman was gang-raped inside an arena where a rock concert was being held. Even the security people just watched—they were afraid of the gang.

This kind of story is happening all over the country. People will pass by accidents on the highway when they should stop and help. But they don't want to get involved and have to go to court and testify. They are intimidated—afraid that they themselves will become victims of attack if they do testify. But I think that as Christians our priority and our duty is to trust God for our protection.

I don't think volunteerism could survive in our society if it weren't for the transformation which I believe Christ brings into a life. When Christ comes in, love should be the most dominant feature of the Christian. And love is not a passive word. It's an active word. Where we see need, we should take action, and that action should be to the limit of our ability. We cannot do everything that ought to be done, but all of us doing something can accomplish great things.

Post: One of your big areas of concern lately has been the question of who will be the advocate for the needy now that certain large cutbacks have been made in the federal budget. You have proposed that the gap be filled with the help of churches and synagogues. How would this work?

Graham: As you mentioned, I did make the statement that if every church and synagogue in America would take on 10 families, we could do away with all welfare in the country. Some can't take 10. Some might take one and others might take 20, but I'm speaking of an *average* of 10. My own organization, for example, is planning on helping at least one family in every state.

Post: Do you have an example of a specific church that is doing this type of thing?

Graham: Well, yes. In Los Angeles, I can think of Mt. Zion Baptist Church in the Watts area. They have a tremendous program in which they feed and help people. People can come there and bring their troubles and difficulties, and the church helps clear their way through legal entanglements and that sort of thing. They are a very caring church. You see, when the church offers help, it is done with compassion. Government help can be rather cold—the family becomes just another statistic. The church in the community can organize visitation programs to go and visit families that they believe are in need. And they can get to know them on a personal basis, because their problems are many times much deeper than unemployment or much deeper than some of the things we normally think of. The problem may be alcoholism or drugs or marital problems, and this is where the church can do so much more than the government, because the government will many times just ship people from one social agency to another. And the overlap in the state, city and federal programs in this area is very serious.

Post: So what you're saying is. . .

Graham: Sometimes the money that is appropriated does not really

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get to the people that need it.

Post: So by working through the church, you'd have a much more personal involvement in people's lives?

Graham: Yes, but it has to be voluntary. And it would do the church so much good. It could help bring about a renewal and revival within the church, because in back of the help one would give would be a great time of prayer for those people. In other words, when you pray that God will bless them and turn their lives around and then help them yourself as a congregation, well, I think that in itself would bring revival to the church. And here's another thing. I think both liberal and conservative churches could join hands in this effort. This is one way to bring a community together.

Post: The need of the church to be actively involved in the community is not really a new concept. The biblical principles you mentioned earlier certainly predate our time. So how and why do you think the government usurped the role of the church in the first place?

Graham: I don't think the government meant to usurp the church. I think part of it was the churches' failure to realize that so much need existed. Of course, I think one would have to say some of it was politics. Going back to the Roosevelt era of the New Deal, people really did need help. But the help continued during prosperous times. Each new president seemed to feel that he must add to it. John F. Kennedy had a great burden for this, but he couldn't get his proposals passed through Congress. And then when Lyndon Johnson came along, because he was such a power in the Senate before he became president, he was able to get the "War on Poverty" passed. Some of the things he did were magnificent, and his motive was magnificent. But it just didn't work out because of the failure of human nature. People were taking advantage of it at every turn.

Post: But you also fault the church as being a little bit lazy. . .or at least negligent?

Graham: I think that the church forgot its role in helping in the community and in finding out where a real need existed and going and doing something about it. As the government continues to pull back, I think the church can begin to move in.

Post: Wasn't there a time when the church was a primary supporter of hospitals, nursing homes and various social programs?

Graham: Well, I think if one reads early American history, he'll find the church was the primary source of that sort of help. We didn't have any social programs in this country and government, I think, if I remember correctly, until President McKinley. And then he vetoed the proposal on the basis that the greed of the people would become insatiable. And if you start giving handouts, he said, it will

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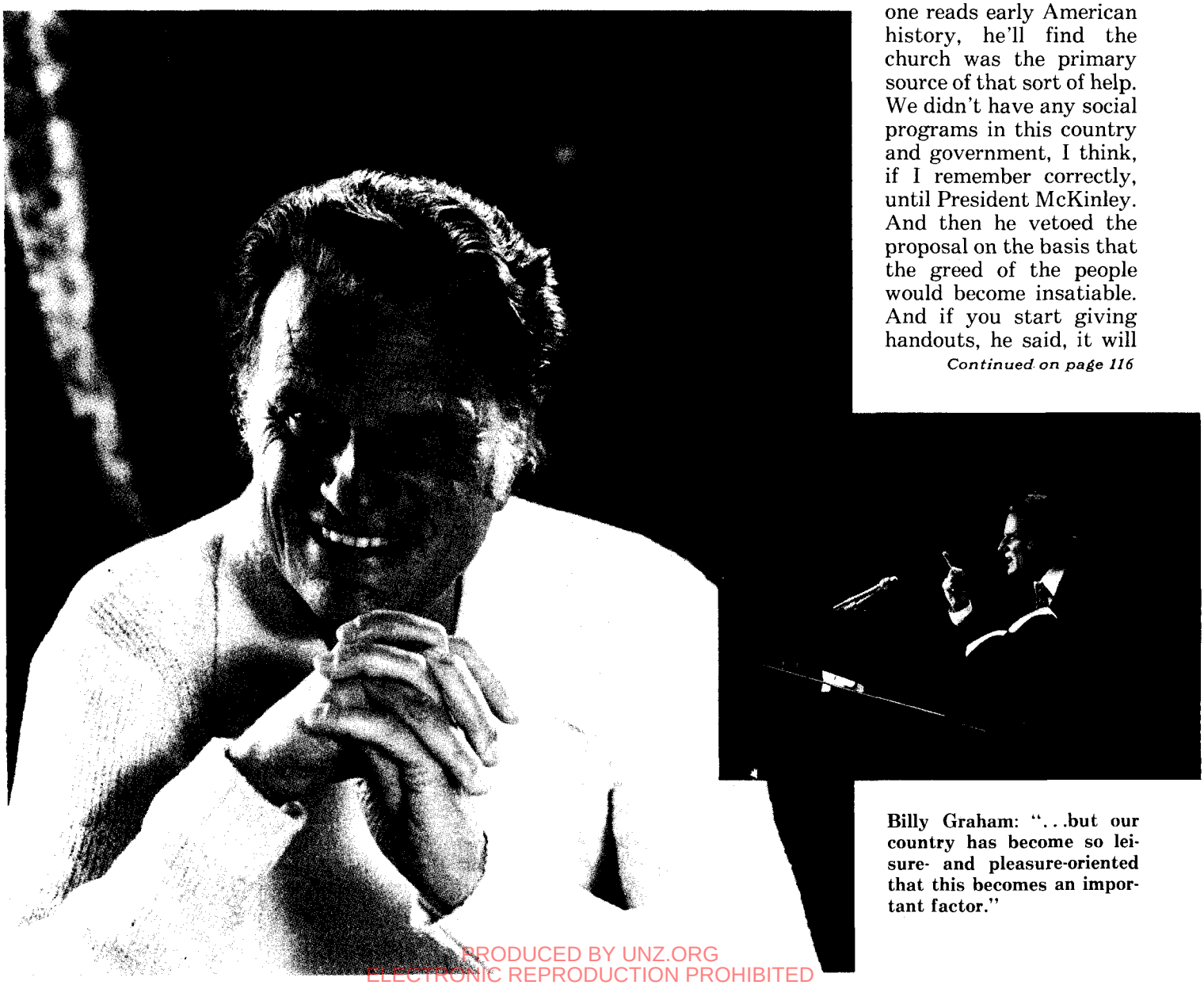

Billy Graham: ". . .but our country has become so leisure- and pleasure-oriented that this becomes an important factor."

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BABIES FOR INFERTILE COUPLES
Part 2...for Males

Artificial insemination, using "adopted sperm," is now the most popular and realistic solution for couples when the husband's infertility cannot be cured.

by Sherman J. Silber, M.D.

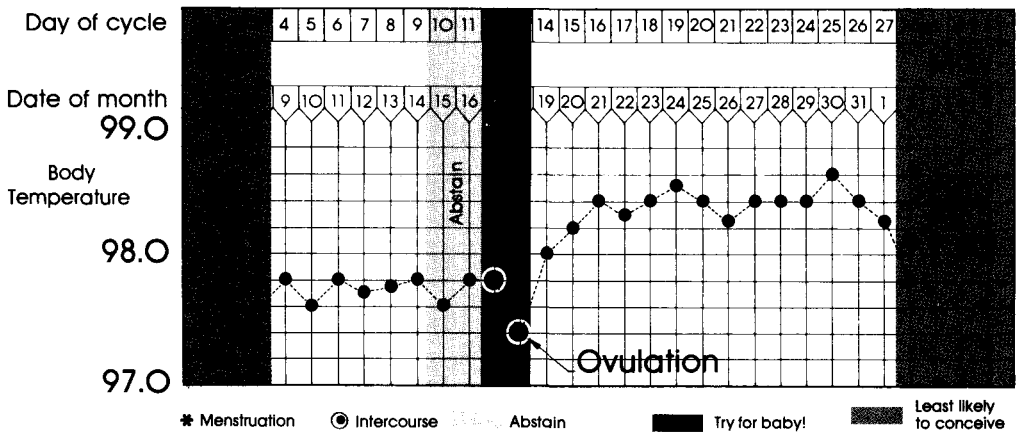
Editor's Note: Last month, Dr. Sherman J. Silber discussed how a couple can greatly increase their conception chances. A well-known fertility expert, he writes here about how couples can find hope when the husband's infertility cannot be cured.

Ten years ago, when a couple reached a dead end in their quest to have a baby, the solution would have been to adopt. Society was burdened with a relatively large supply of unwanted children. Since the increase in abortions and a wide variety of birth control measures, there are now very few babies available for adoption, and the wait for those couples who are successful is often more than five years. The solution today for couples who are unable to adopt a child (when the wife's infertility problem can be treated but the husband's cannot) is simply to "adopt sperm." Since unwanted babies are no longer easily available, the only choice, in a sense, is to adopt the baby at a much earlier stage, i.e., prior to conception. Artificial insemination, using the sperm of an anonymous donor, is now the most popular and realistic solution for couples in which the husband's infertility cannot be cured.

From a medical point of view, artificial insemination is extraordinarily simple. It was first successfully used in women by the famous physician John Hunter in England in the 18th century. A sperm specimen obtained from the donor through masturbation is drawn up into a syringe, and then simply squirted into the vagina near the cervix. Since the sperm are only capable of fertilization for 24 to 48 hours in the female reproductive tract, and since the egg is only capable of being fertilized within eight hours of ovulation, the insemination must be timed appropriately just before ovulation.

Artificial insemination was first successfully performed in the United States in 1866 by Dr. Marion Sims, but the sperm used was almost exclusively that of the husband. Later, in 1890, Dr. Robert Dickinson of New York started using artificial insemination with donor sperm when the husband had untreatable infertility. This early use of artificial insemination by donor was carried out in great secrecy. However, it has now become so popular that more than ten thousand babies are born every year in the United States as a result of it. Patients are accepting it when there is no other solution, and many of the psychological, social and legal fears about it are beginning to disappear.

Georgia, in 1964, was the first state to issue legislation that guarantees that a child conceived in this manner will be considered legitimate. Oklahoma passed a similar law in 1967, and Kansas in 1968. Even prior to these legislative decrees, common law provided some protection for the legitimacy of such children. Unless it is proved that the husband had no access to the wife, any child born of her is considered to be his by the law. Whether or not the husband is the true father, he is the legal father of any child born to his wife


Day of cycle
4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
Date of month
9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 1
99.0
Body Temperature
98.0
97.0
Abstain
Ovulation
* Menstruation
Intercourse
Abstain
Try for baby!
Least likely to conceive

A man wishing to impregnate his wife should abstain from sexual activity during the days shown in blue on the chart. This will allow his sperm to have maximum concentration in their attempts at conception during her most fertile period. The red color on the chart shows the fertile time, which is determined by temperature readings.

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while they are living together.

I recently saw a patient who had had a vasectomy performed in 1974, thinking he would not want to have children. Later, he and his wife changed their views and became very anxious to have a family. He had two attempts at vasectomy reversal elsewhere, which failed to restore any sperm to his ejaculate. Subsequently, his wife underwent artificial insemination with semen from an anonymous donor, and she became pregnant. They had a beautiful little baby by artificial insemination. She was three months old when the patient was first referred to me. I felt that by using microsurgical techniques we could restore his fertility, but wished first to explore his feelings about the daughter he already had. The patient clearly loved her very much from the minute that she was born, and if this surgery was not successful, he was perfectly ready to have another child by artificial insemination. The patient did not feel that the genetic contribution was as important as his devotion to the child, and so we performed a reversal operation. The patient regained a normal sperm count and impregnated his wife one year later. They now have two children and love them equally.

Prior to the wife's undergoing artificial insemination, the doctor will always have both wife and husband sign a special consent form which states: (1) that any children produced by artificial insemination will be their own legitimate children and their heirs; (2) that they waive forever any right to disclaim such a child as their own; and (3) that the nature of the agreement will make it confidential among the husband, the wife and the doctor. The agreement will state that the husband and wife rely upon the judgment and discretion of the doctor to choose a donor whose

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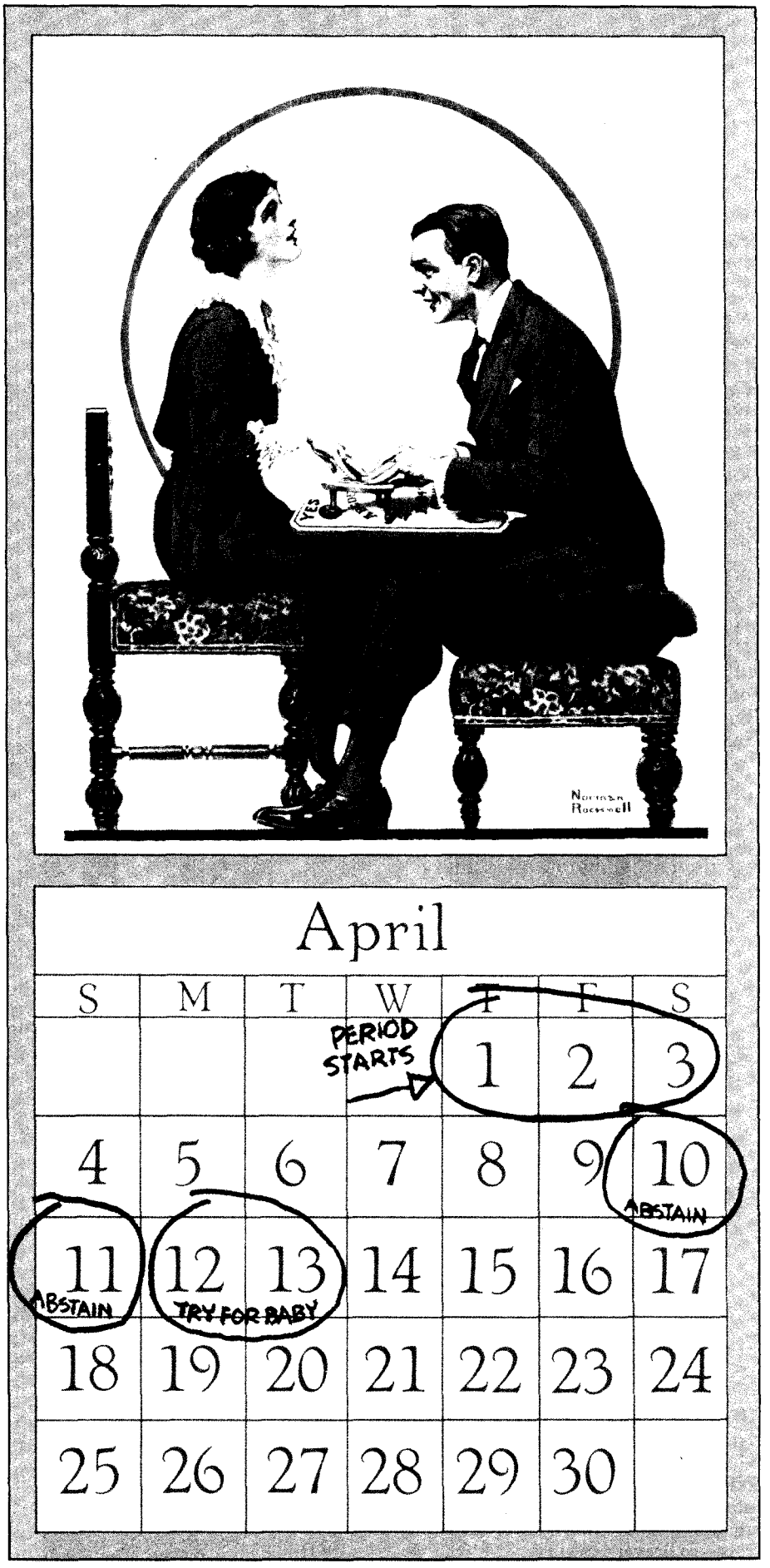

A woman is usually most fertile approximately 12 to 13 days after the onset of her period. It is now known that a man's sperm count is highest if he abstains from sex for a couple of days. By plotting the dates on a calendar and doing a little planning, a couple can greatly increase their chances of having a baby.

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PLANT A VINEYARD IN YOUR VEGETABLE GARDEN

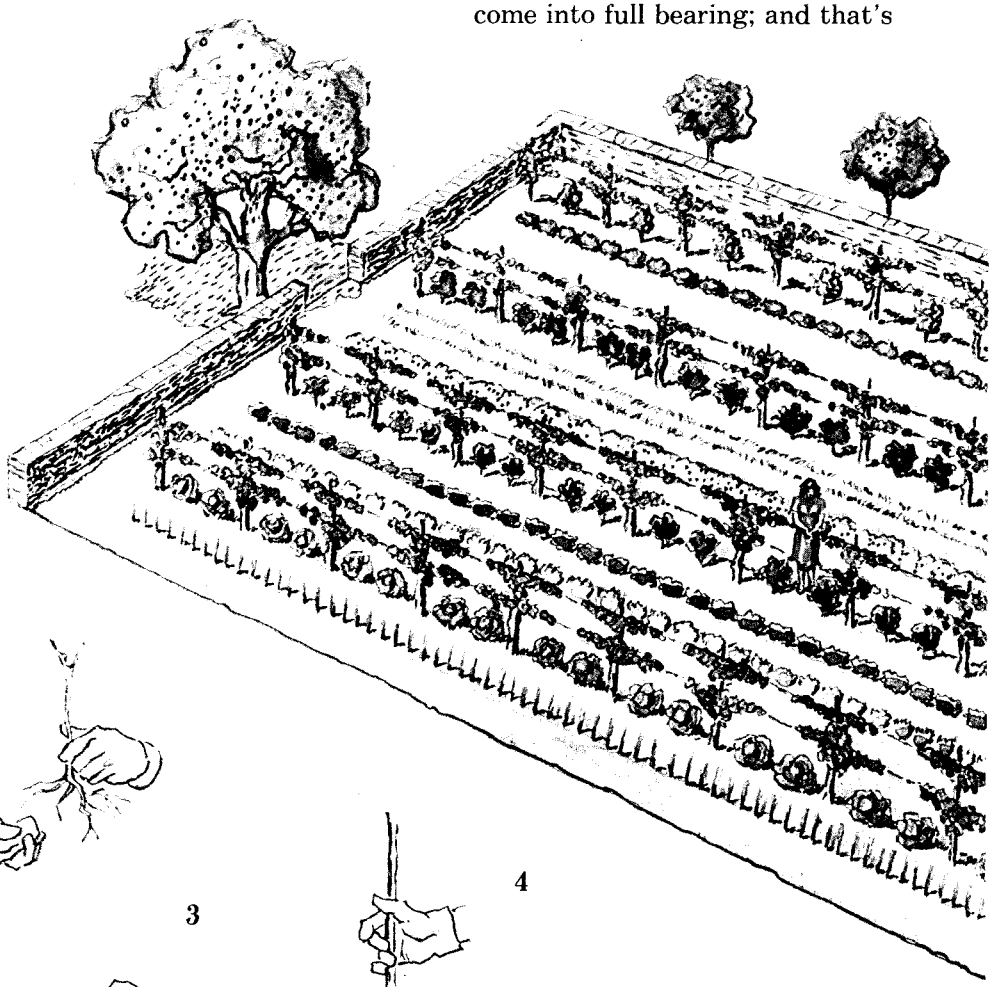
By sharing your garden with grapevines, you'll be harvesting your vegetables for three years while you're waiting for your juice and wine.

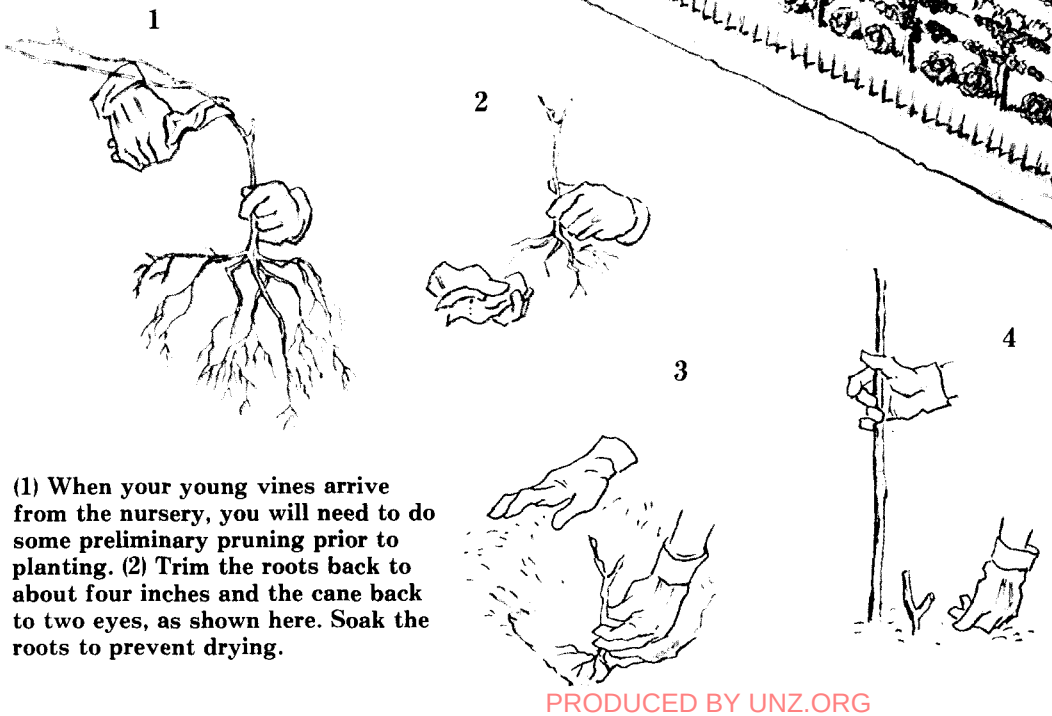
It is commonplace, in Europe, that wine-making is a domestic enterprise. What is the Chateau Mouton-Rothschild but a private dwelling with a magnificent vineyard around it? A private dwelling on the grand scale, to be sure, but a private dwelling nevertheless. And the hundreds of lesser so-called chateaux which are scattered all through the Bordeaux district—the *crus bourgeois*, the *crus paysans*, the *crus artisans*? Private homes as often as not, with *M. le proprietaire* holding down a workaday job and tending his hectare or two of vines in his spare time.

In the United States, we conceive of wine-growing as an industrial enterprise, involving heavy investments in plant and equipment, elaborate machinery for distribution and all the rest. And so, very largely, it is. But not necessarily. It is no accident that the very best of our American wines come from the smaller vineyards and wineries. And during recent years, more and more people, in many parts of the country, have ventured to establish their own small domestic vineyards—a few rows of vines of a suitable variety, a modest vintage every fall, ranging in quantity from 10 to 50 gallons of red or white wine.

To stigmatize such as "mere homemade wine" is to give an utterly false impression. On the contrary, these wines, if the vines were well chosen and certain rules are observed in the making, can be astoundingly good.

Grapevines take three years to come into full bearing; and that's





(1) When your young vines arrive from the nursery, you will need to do some preliminary pruning prior to planting. (2) Trim the roots back to about four inches and the cane back to two eyes, as shown here. Soak the roots to prevent drying.

(3) When planting, spread the roots at the bottom of the hole—just deep enough so the two eyes break the surface of the ground. (4) A pole will help support the vine's eventual growth.

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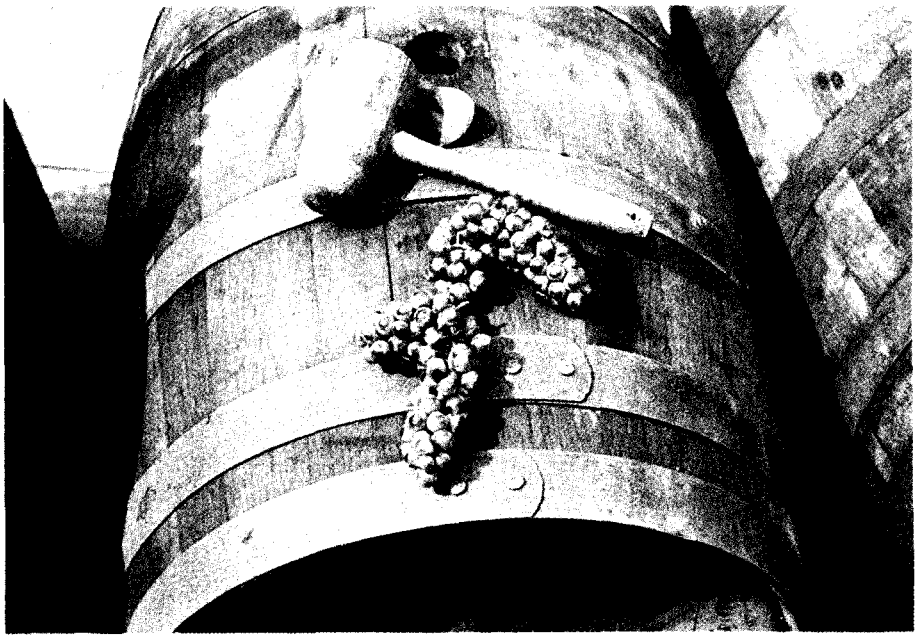
farther ahead then most people like to think. This, plus the false atmosphere of mystery that surrounds grape-growing, explains why the planting of small domestic wine vineyards has not expanded more rapidly.

Grow Your Own

That's where this year's expanded vegetable gardens come in. They can be laid out to combine the planting of a young vineyard with the growing of annual vegetables. All that is necessary is to see that the young vines are planted in straight rows, at a suitable distance apart. The annual vegetables are planted in conventional rows—but between the rows of vines. The young vines grow thriftly and compactly, and their cultivation is entirely incidental to the cultivation of the vegetables. When the vegetables retire gracefully from the scene, you have a young vineyard ready to be placed on trellis wires without more ado and to yield its annual vintage.

The accompanying sketch shows a tentative layout for such a garden. The suggestion may, of course, be varied in many ways.

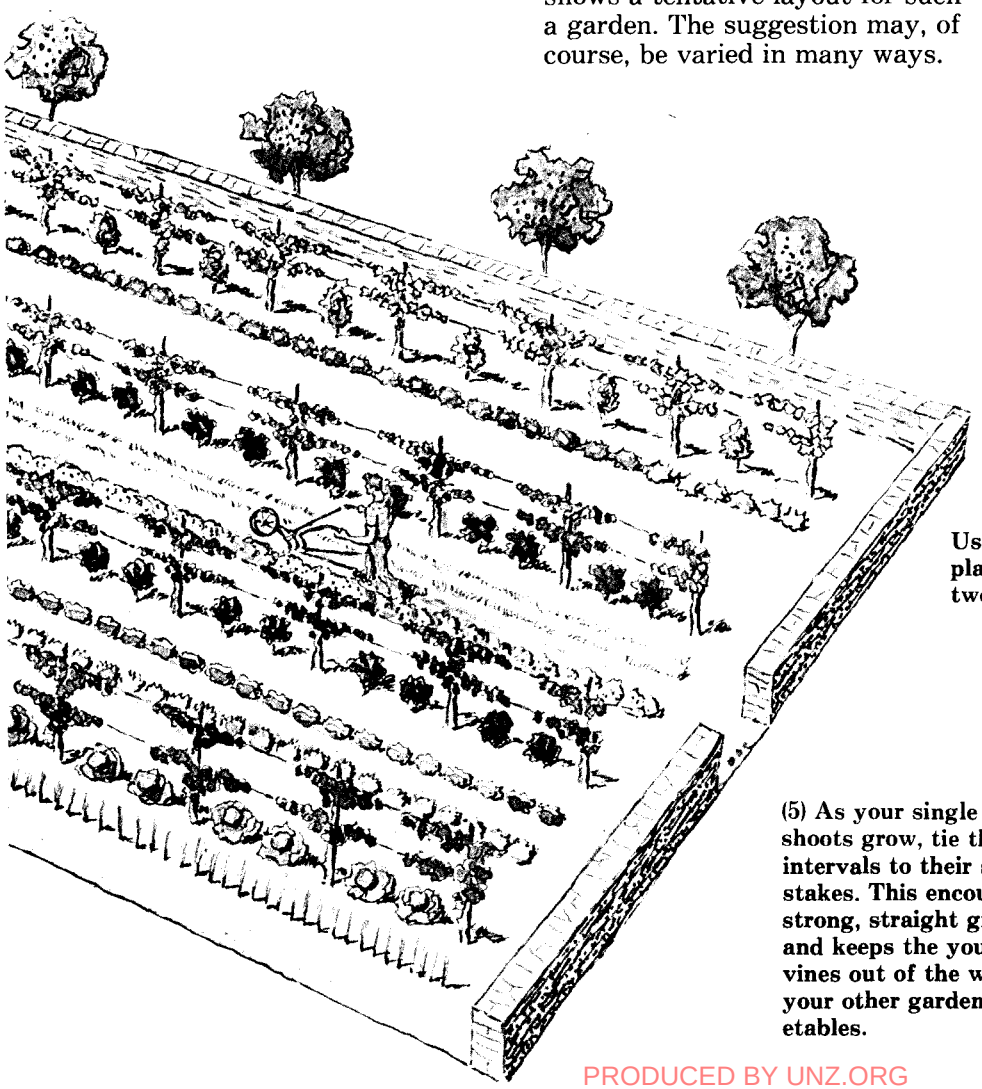


The wooden mallet is used to pound the bung (cork) into the bunghole atop the cask. Red wines are enhanced when aged in oak casks.

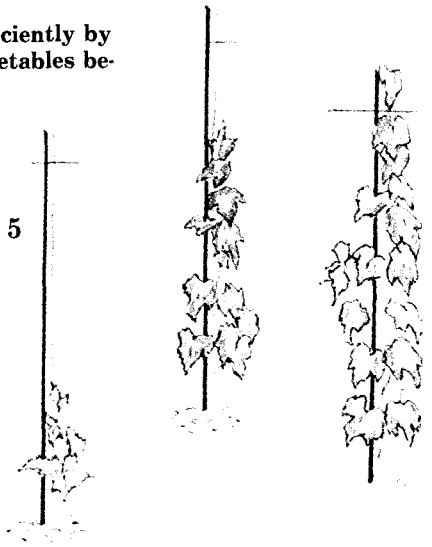
This layout demands an area of 32′ x 72′, in which the vines are planted in four rows eight feet apart, the vines being six feet apart in the row—48 vines in the four rows.

You may prefer to plant longer rows but fewer of them, or shorter rows but more of them. Layout is variable, provided only that the vines are given eight-foot alleys and are spaced from six to eight feet apart in rows, and the rows are straight.

What vegetables may be interplanted with the young vines in



Use land efficiently by planting vegetables between vines.



(5) As your single grape-shoots grow, tie them at intervals to their support stakes. This encourages strong, straight growth and keeps the young vines out of the way of your other garden vegetables.

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This physician-turned-vintner displays pleasure with his hobby. His press is atop the cask at left. In the foreground is his grape crusher.

this layout? All of the commonly grown vegetables, with the exception of the very tall-growing things such as sweet corn and pole beans. Root crops such as potatoes, carrots, beets and onions; bush beans, peas, lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower, tomatoes, peppers, broccoli, squash—all these may be grown as easily in this young vineyard as by themselves. It is best to plant not more than two rows in each alley, so as to give ample room for cultivation; and in the vine rows themselves, tomatoes, cabbages and pepper plants will help to use the land efficiently.

If You Want White Wine

First, you have to make up your mind whether you want to grow grapes for red table wine or white. Here are notes on a few of the best white-wine varieties:

Delaware: The most generally satisfactory of the white-wine grapes growing east of the Rockies. It is not vigorous and is less productive than some. But it will grow in nearly all locations, is hardy, resistant and dependable and yields a delicate, aromatic, soft white wine of very superior quality, not unlike some of the light white wines grown in the Loire Valley of France.

Catawba: This is the old standard, yielding a very agreeable, very dry white wine. It is productive, hardy and resistant. But it requires a longer growing season than Delaware and should not be planted north of New York City except in very favorable locations.

If You Want Red Wine

But perhaps your taste runs more to red wine. There are many, indeed, who don't call it wine unless it is red. And if red is your choice, it is especially important to be careful about the selection of the grape variety that you intend to plant. Possibly the principal reason why so few Americans make their own wine is the utter unfitness of the most common of all our grapes, the Concord, for wine-making. It is the variety of grape more than anything else that determines the character of the wine. And the man never lived who could make a good dry red wine out of Concord grapes alone. Most of the grape varieties commonly found in the East, though good to eat and good for jelly, have too much of the "foxy," or Concord, flavor to please those whose taste has been formed by European or California table wines. However, several of the older but less familiar varieties are very good and worth the search to track down through special-order nurseries. And there exist quite a number of new varieties that are excellent. The best of these will yield red wine fully comparable to all but the finest of those made in California and in France.

Baco Noir: This yields long clusters of small black fruit and makes a red table wine. It is highly productive and disease resistant.

Foch: This is a cold, hearty variety that yields a burgundy-type wine and ripens in early September.

Norton: This is one of the older American varieties that has no trace of foxiness. It yields a deeply colored, tart red wine which acquires some bouquet with aging. It is grown to perfection in Virginia (where indeed it was first introduced) and will ripen successfully as far north as New Jersey.

Clinton and Bacchus: Two names for the same grape—another old-timer. Will ripen successfully as far north as southern New England. It is rather acidic, but it can yield a tolerable *ordinaire.*

Delicatessen: This superb grape will ripen from central New Jersey south, requiring almost as long a growing season as the Concord. It is highly productive and resistant to disease. Its wine is very dark and heavy-bodied and has a perfume somewhat resembling raspberries.

Locating the Vineyard

It is an error to suppose that vines must be planted on a steep slope. A large proportion of the world's wine vineyards (including, for example, so famous a vineyard as *Le Clos de Vougeot)* are planted on land as flat as a pancake. Further, vines will do well on sand, gravel, loam: They will do well almost anywhere, in fact, provided the soil is reasonably well drained, though it is well to avoid frost pockets. What this means for you, who are thinking of combining the laying out of a young vineyard with a vegetable garden, is that almost any piece of land suitable for your vegetables will also be satisfactory for your vines.

Planting the Young Vineyard

Young vines may be planted any time during the dormant season. Some prefer to plant them in the spring, to avoid the offchance of

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The grape juice, which has been separated from the skins and pulp, is placed in glass carboys, where the early fermentation process begins.

their "heaving" during the freezing weather. Others plant them in the fall before the ground freezes, so that this particular task will be well out of the way when spring comes.

If you are not going to plant as soon as the vines arrive, dig a hole, put the bundle of vines in it, and cover it lightly with earth, so that the vines will not have a chance to dry out. When ready to plant, lay out your vineyard rows, uncover your heeled-in young vines, and bring them to the site of your vineyard with their roots in a bucket of water. Dig your first hole, select one of the vines from the bucket, and trim the roots back to about four inches in length and the cane back to two eyes. Then plant it in the hole, spreading the roots out at the bottom, covering with earth and packing well. The two eyes should be just above the surface of the ground. While planting the vine, insert a pole (I use ordinary building lath) alongside the young vine.

Care of the Young Vine

During the first year of growth, the object is to establish a permanent vertical trunk for each vine. Care of the vines this first season is simple. When the young vines begin to "push," each of the two buds will put forward a shoot. When these shoots are about two inches long, rub off the weaker of the two, so all growth is concentrated in the single shoot.

As this single shoot makes growth during the season, tie it at intervals to the accompanying lath. This encourages strong, straight growth and keeps the young vine out of the way of your vegetables. The first season this shoot will grow from 18 inches to five or six feet, depending on the variety and on growing conditions.

Nothing special is demanded of the vine in the way of cultivation, beyond the usual suppression of weed growth. Since your vines are being interplanted with vegetables, cultivation of the vine will be incidental to your ordinary hoeing or weeding.

Disease and Insect Control

One other point—and an important one. Grapevines are subject to certain diseases, of which black rot and downy mildew are those most frequently encountered east of the Rockies. The different varieties vary greatly in their susceptibility to these diseases, some of them being almost entirely immune. But to be on the safe side, it is always well to give your vines a certain minimum of protection in the form of spraying, starting when the shoots are two inches long.

Anyone interested in growing grapes to bother with planting the vines is very foolish indeed not to take the final precaution of protecting his vines against disease and insects. In nine cases out of 10, the necessary, and not particularly onerous, routine of spraying spells all the difference between a fine vintage of which you will be very proud and a crop of indifferent quality, necessarily yielding wine of indifferent quality.

Since growing conditions vary from state to state, your local nurseryman, extension agent or other authority should be consulted prior to planting for optimum results.

Final Words

Simple as these directions are, it is worth your while to follow them carefully for a successful vineyard. And by growing a combination vineyard/vegetable garden, you can experience the thrill of creating an entire meal, complete with wine, from the fruit of your own labor.

The wooden basket press is used to press the juice from the crushed grapes. Natural fermentation will then turn the juice to wine. Friends who share in the fun will later celebrate the wine together on a festive occasion.

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THE CHILD WHO WAS THROWN AWAY

All Laurie wanted was to know who she was. It wasn't enough to just be the little girl in the third bed from the fire door.

by Stewart Toland

Illustrated by James Bama

She hadn't meant to be a thief. But then none of us do, and all of us are, stealing time and taxes and other people's laughter, if nothing worse. Thieves. For "What is mine is mine and what is thine is mine" wasn't written of angels, but of men.

It began with her growing up. For seven is grown up when all you've been before is six or five or even four. So she was grown up more than she'd ever been, and she was wondering about things, and wanting things, not toys that any dime might buy, but things unseen, unknown, like grownups want. She wanted to know who she was, for how can you grow up to be someone you don't know? All she was was the little girl in the third bed from the fire door, a little girl in the looking glass. And that isn't enough to be. But it was all she was, for herself was the only family she knew.

Laurie went to the washstand and looked at the little girl in the looking glass. She had big, green eyes and black, black hair; there wasn't any curl to it, but it had a shine like shoes on Sunday. She knew her eyes would be green always, and her hair black and straight, but her face was the face of a stranger. She couldn't see the lady in it that she was going to grow to be. She pounded on the glass with her fists. She said, "Who are you? Are you pretty or ugly, fat or thin? Don't you love your little girl, or are you sick or lost? Why can't I know you? For I want to, I want to belong to you!"

But the little girl in the looking glass only pounded back with her fists that were as cold and hard and senseless as glass.

And Laurie knew she couldn't wait another day, and she ran to ask Miss Hanacher about her mother. For Miss Hanacher would have to answer her now that she was old. She couldn't say, as she had before, that Laurie was too little to understand. For Laurie knew about being poor and sick and lost; she was as old as that. So Miss Hanacher would have to say if Laurie's mamma was too poor or too sick. That was what most of the mothers were. They had to work, or they had to lie in hospitals, so their children lived in The Home until they got well or rich, except those who belonged to someone called The Court. But whatever it was, the children knew whom they belonged to. And Miss Hanacher knew, for she was head of The Home and knew everything about everyone.

The big girls said you couldn't have the smallest secret without Miss Hanacher's finding it out. It seemed that she could look right through you with the gray sharpness of her eyes—and if she couldn't see the secret, she could smell it with the sharpness of her nose that was so pinched it was like a finger pointing. Miss Hanacher looked like a witch, and she wasn't anybody's mother. She was just bells to tell you what to do, and rules to tell you what not to do, and she discovered secrets. And this day she told a lie.

She looked at Laurie looking at her and said, "Laurie, your mother is dead."

Laurie knew it was a lie. She pounded on Miss Hanacher. "Why do you keep me from her? All the other little girls have mothers! Why can't I have mine?"

"Oh, Laurie!" Miss Hanacher tried

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to take Laurie in her arms. She said, "You're not old enough to understand how things can't always be the way we want them. But if I could give you your mother I would!"

Which was the worst lie of all. For Laurie knew Miss Hanacher knew where her mother was. She was in the filing cabinets. And Laurie said to Miss Hanacher, "No!" And it was hate.

It was so quick and deep a hate, it was as though it came natural to her. Miss Hanacher shivered, and Laurie twisted free and ran out the door and out of The Home and across the lawn to where the weeds began about a troubled little path leading into the willow forest that was only two trees big. But they were so great, their branches swept over the ground, and inside you couldn't see from their beginning to their ending, so surely it was a forest. It was a dark and secret place, where the children always came to hide when they were hurt.

Miss Hanacher went to the window and watched as Laurie disappeared beneath the trees. She said, "I must learn to lie better."

Laurie didn't cry very long. For she knew what she was going to do. The only trouble was, she couldn't read. So she sat on the edge of the willow rest and watched the big girls walking by to see if any carried a book too small and thick to be a picture book. For today was Saturday, and if someone carried a reading book when they didn't have to, it must be because they could read real good. By and by, Gladys came with a book.

Gladys was ten, and she was here because her mother was sick in the hospital, but in two years they said her mother would be well, and Gladys could go home. Gladys was matter-of-fact. She said, "Of course I can read. I'm ten."

"Can you keep a secret?"

Gladys looked interested. "From whom?"

"From everybody."

"That can't be done. Miss Hanacher would find out."

"Would you tell her?"

"No."

"Then how would she find out?"

"Because she always does."

"Who says so? You only know about the secrets she's found out about; you don't know the secrets that are so secret she hasn't found out. I have secrets she hasn't found out."

"You have?" Gladys sat down in the leaves. "What are they?"

"I have the secret that I want to know who I am, and I'm going to. I have this secret that every night, when Miss Hanacher takes her bath, she lays her keys on the bed table, and I'm going to take them and look in the filing cabinet where the mothers are and find out who I really am."

"Thank you, and have a nice day."

Gladys was aghast. "You'd be skinned alive!"

"Why? My mother is mine, isn't she? I have a right to her, don't I? I'm her little girl!"

"But the keys are Miss Hanacher's!"

"She won't know. She takes long baths, and it won't take you long to read my mother's name and address."

"Me?"

"Sure. That's why I'm telling you!"

Gladys rocked back and forth and thought about that. She was bored and homesick, and it would be fun to have a secret; but the best would be fooling Miss Hanacher.

"When do you want to do it?"

"Tonight; she takes her longest baths on Saturday. You wait by the cabinets. Do you think you can find me in them?"

"Of course, stupid, you'll be under L."

"Why?"

"For Laurie, that's why. And if we get caught, I'll kill you." Gladys got up and walked away. She didn't want her friends to see her with someone only seven.

Laurie was first in bed that night. Miss Hanacher noticed that, for she always came to say good night to everyone. She kissed Laurie to see if she had fever, but all she had were eyes—they sparkled and looked everywhere but at Miss Hanacher. They were the eyes of a little girl with a delicious secret, and Miss Hanacher was so pleased she kissed her again. That was the wonder of being seven; yesterday's tears truly belonged to yesterday. Miss Hanacher tucked every one of the 20 little beds and turned out the lights, and by and by she said good night to the big girls, and all The Home settled down dark and still. Only Miss Hanacher couldn't settle down; she couldn't forget Laurie's eyes—the ones when she said, "No!" and the ones she took to bed with her. Maybe a nice hot bath would help.

Miss Hanacher laid her keys on her night table, just so they covered the crack in the marble, like she always did, and tested her flashlight. Then she got her slippers and gown and robe and a new book on child psychology and went into the bathroom and closed the door.

Laurie heard the door shut. She hardly dared breathe as she slipped down the hall and into Miss Hanacher's bedroom, where she nearly died of fright. As thieves often do. For there wasn't any noise in the

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tub. She almost turned and ran, but first she peeked through the keyhole, and Miss Hanacher was reading a book. Only suddenly Miss Hanacher looked around, as if sniffing the air for secrets. Laurie closed her eyes and held her breath, and in a moment she heard the soft swish of water as Miss Hanacher went back to reading. Laurie tiptoed to the table and got the keys and flashlight, and made sure the watchman wasn't coming; then she ran to Miss Hanacher's office. Gladys was waiting by the filing cabinets.

"Well, it's about time! Did you get the keys?"

Laurie held them out.

Gladys was a little scared, but this was the first excitement that had happened since her mother had gone to the hospital.

The sixth key opened it. Laurie snatched it right out of Gladys' hands. "It's mine!" She pulled the little drawer out, and sat down on the floor and laid it in her lap, carefully, carefully, as though it weren't made of tin but glass and would break, and Gladys knelt and held the light on the box as though that were the only thing in the world that mattered, just the box and the glow it laid upon their faces, for the inside of the box was white. It was goods. Laurie picked it up; it was a baby's slip. And on each shoulder was a little pin with four pretend pearls.

Laurie counted each one out, they were little drops of loveliness in her fingers; her hands moved so gently around them, for they were the first things she had ever known that her mother had known. For this was such a little slip it must be her mother who had pinned it on her, for she couldn't have been old enough to know anyone else.

Laurie said, "A mother would have to love her baby very much to buy such fine pins."

Laurie looked to see what else was hers. The next white was a diaper with two pink diaper pins pinned in it. And underneath the diaper was stiff paper, and she was so excited she just sat looking at it for a moment, for it was on paper that writing would be.

Laurie picked it up and unfolded it until it became a shopping bag,

Continued on page 84

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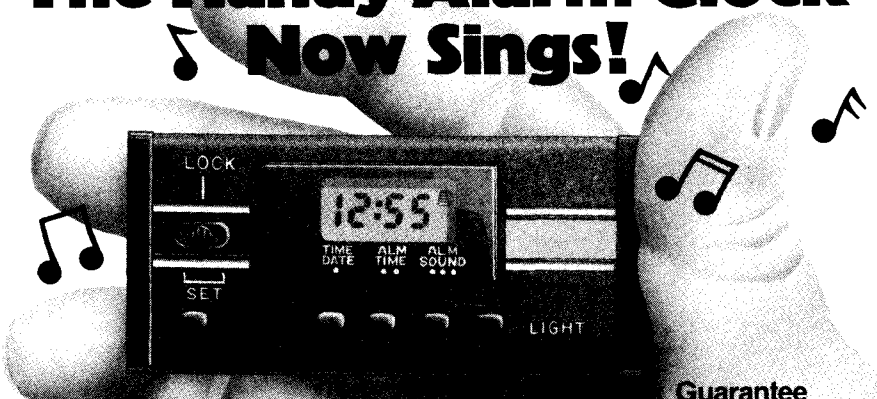

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POST SCRIPTS

You Said a Walletful!

The doctor's little daughter answered the door. "Is the doctor in?" asked the caller.

"No, he's at the hospital performing an appendectomy."

"That's a long word for such a little girl. Do you know what that means?"

"It means $750, and that doesn't include the anesthesiologist."

—B. Bader

Reflections

Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
You're not pleasing me at all;
I know you cannot lie, forsooth,
But can't you slightly bend the truth?

—Nora B. Kathrins

Hair-Raising Prayer

Kneeling on the floor one night,
I heard this fervent prayer—
"God, if You could spare it,
Would You give my daddy hair?
His head keeps creeping through on top,
It makes him most unhappy!
So, if You have some extra, God,
Please give it to my pappy."

—M. M. Johnson

Phone-y Deductions

The tax auditor was getting very frustrated auditing Mr. Johnson's form. For every item he thought he'd caught Johnson on, the wily businessman had a valid explanation. At last, however, the IRS man felt he had his quarry trapped.

"Now, just how do you justify taking the phone company as a dependent on your returns?" he asked smugly.

Johnson just smiled. "Simple," he replied. "I've got four teen-aged daughters!"

—Susan Burks

Needlework

I can bear the ordeal of my dentist's chair,
But his parting shots come equipped
With wry humor—like when I'm Novocained,
He'll say, "Keep a stiff upper lip."

—C. J. Vampatella

Horror Story

The talk around the campfire
Turned to the question, absurd:
"What's the most frightening sound
That you've ever heard?"

"A groan in the dark" was suggested.
"The growl of a wounded bear."
"The buzz of a rattler in the dark
When your feet are bare!"

Finally, an old-timer
Topped all the horrors bizarre:
"A long, low whistle," he countered,
"From a mechanic under your car."

—Ruth M. Walsh

Team Spirit

A man brought his elderly father to a psychiatrist. "I'm worried, Doc," he said. "My father has a junkwagon, and his horse's name is Joe. But he's getting confused. He'll drive the poor horse down the street, and say, 'Come on, Joe! Come on, Steve! Come on, Sam!' "

The psychiatrist said to the junkman, "Your son says the horse's name is Joe."

The old man nodded. "Certainly it's Joe, but if he thought he was pullin' the wagon all by himself, he'd have quit long ago!"

—Kenneth E. Hall

No Escape

As I watch my investments grow,
And in turn my income waxing,

"I really feel bad about the whole thing. My feet were too far apart, I lifted my head too soon. Didn't follow through. . . ."

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I find, though it takes neither toil
nor sweat,
The end result's always taxing.
—*Bert Murray*

Heinrich Schnibble and the Outdoor-Sign Man

"Is this Mr. Heinrich R. Schnibble?"

"Ja. Ich ben Schnibble."

"Glad to know you. I'm J. Paul Glimis, Practical Outdoor-Sign Company."

"Goot. Insiden gecomen mit sitten."

"Uh—Mr. Schnibble, what I've come about is our sign on your property, just down the Burlboro road."

"Ach! Das sign mit der fraulein."

"Mit der——Yes, that's the one. Our contract with you states that the view of this signboard shall be unobstructed."

"Ja."

"But, sir, somebody has planted a huge vine of some sort that has almost covered an essential part of the sign."

"Himmel! Das part ben needen der coveren!"

"Well, now, Mr. Schnibble, that's just your opinion. Our advertiser thinks——"

"Meinself ist protecten mein oinkenporkers."

"As I was saying, our advertiser thinks——Yourself ben protecten your what?"

"Mein porkers mit maken der oink-oinken."

"Oh, der oink-oinken. You mean your pigs? What in the world have they got to do with our sign?"

"Ich ben also protecten Hans Obermeyer. Der fraulein ist scramblen Hans und der porkers und also das honkenmobile."

"Das oinkenmo—I mean, honkenmobile, is it ben just maybe a car?"

"Ach, ja! Und mit watchen der fraulein, Hans ist sooner dreamen und forgetten das driven!"

"You mean he's ben——"

"Mit grosser braken-screechen das car ist ausgangen der road und smashen mein fence und oberschlompen mein cornfeld und——"

"Ach, Mr. Schnibble! We'll have to do something right away! Do you think he'll sue?"

"The motor is Japanese, but the sis-boom-bah, the razz-a-ma-taz and the get-up-and-go are American."

"Und das car ist oberturnen und geschlammen mein porkers! Himmel! Der oinken ben awfulisch!"

"Himmel, Mr. Schnibble! It sounds awfulisch! I'll have that sign down by tomorrow! Do you think he'll sue? When did all this ben happening?"

"Meinself ist expecten der geschlammen soonisch, unlessen der fraulein ben——"

"You mean der geschlammen hasn't—der fraulein didn't ben—der oinkers ist not——"

"Ach, nein. Mein protecten mit der vine ben worken goot."

"Ach and also himmel, Mr. Schnibble! Das protecten ist ben worken goot! Now, Ich ben sooner starten mein own geschlammen! You just get ready mit protecten yourself!"

—*Dave Morrah*

Hooked

People addicted to TV admit
It's absurd to kill so much time.
But always, as a criminal does,
They return to the scene of the
crime!
—*Bert Murray*

What's the Catch?

An elderly man made the mistake of driving on a noted freeway. The oldster suddenly found himself beset by missilelike automobiles. He was creeping along, much below the minimum speed, when a police car stopped him.

"I suppose you know what I stopped you for," said the officer.

"Yeah," said the oldtimer, "I was the only one you could catch."
—*Rose Sands*

Sound of Music

Most folks don't really listen,
A trait we all condemn.
Yet people rarely interrupt
When someone's praising them.
—*Evelyn Amuedo Wade*

Sheer Disaster

I paid through the nose
For the best pantyhose,
In a creamy shade of honey.
What I wanted to get
Were the nicest legs yet;
What I got was a run for my
money.
—*Jill H. Walker*

Taxing Malady

Of all the causes of strain and
stress,
Heading the list is the IRS.
—*Frank Tyger*

Taking Ad-vantage

Two businessmen were talking with each other. "Is your advertising getting results?" one asked.

"It surely is," moaned the second man. "Last week we advertised for a night watchman, and the next night we were robbed!"
—*G. G. Crabtree*

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Child

continued from page 81

and she stuck her head inside to see if there was anything in there. There wasn't. On the outside there was printing. And slashed beneath in black letters were the words, NOBODY BUT NOBODY.

Gladys read them out, then she read the paper that had been under the shopping bag in the very bottom of the drawer.

July 23, 1953. Infant, female, Caucasian, about three days old, weight 6 pounds 3 ounces, found abandoned in a shopping bag against the N.E. lamppost of 37 Street and Park at 3:20 a.m. The baby wore a white lawn slip with two shoulder pins of imitation pearls and a white diaper with pink diaper pins. There was no note or identification. Officer Logan gave the report. On admission to the hospital the child was listed as No. 1376421. On admission to The Home she was named Laurie.

"What does it mean?" Laurie beat on her arm. "What does it say about my mother and father?"

"It doesn't. They aren't here. They didn't tell on themselves at all. They only threw you away. That's what 'abandoned' means, something you don't want and you throw it away like trash. You were put in a bag like trash, too. I guess this one, and that's why it's here." She stuck her head in to see how it was for size. "You were left in the street against a lamppost, and your mother and father didn't put their names on you, for if they'd wanted you back, they wouldn't have thrown you away."

Gladys fingered the slip, "There isn't any lace on it, so your mother must have been very poor. I guess that's why she threw you away. My baby things have lace and embroideries."

Laurie's lips were trembling so she couldn't speak. She pointed to the bag, to the printing on the outside that she wouldn't believe didn't belong to her.

Gladys said no. That was the name of a store. Her mother had taken her there once when she was little to see Santa Claus.

Now Laurie was a little girl who had wanted to know her mother and knew her mother had thrown her away. And Gladys didn't know what to do about it. But then, Miss Hanacher hadn't known what to do about it either.

She stood there now in the doorway watching in the darkness of the room and the darkness of truth. For she had got there too late to stop the reading of the note, and what is read can't be unread. The flashlight lay on the floor and made a small slash of white in the night. It made ghosts of two little girls; one who didn't know what to do, just sat there with the tears running down her cheeks and making no sound at all. Miss Hanacher wanted to take her in her arms and tell her it was all right, but those weren't words you could tell to thieves in the night, or even to broken hearts.

Infinitely slowly Miss Hanacher moved back and away and out of her door. She tiptoed to her bathroom, and set up a great sloshing in the tub, for she was the one who discovered the secrets and told the lies. And after a little while, when she peeked and saw the keys back on her table, she came out and listened to the crying of the little girl who was in the third bed from the fire door.

Miss Hanacher waited until the crying stopped. Then she went and held Laurie in her arms, not tight enough to waken her. How could you tell a little girl who knew she had been thrown away that that was a good thing to be?

Miss Hanacher laid Laurie in bed, and went and pulled the blind so the street lamp couldn't touch her.

Laurie had fever the next day. Miss Hanacher said she guessed it was a cold coming, but not a bad one, so she didn't make Laurie go to the infirmary, she only made her put on a sweater and told her to stay all day in the sun and drink lots of warm milk and cold juice, and she kept sending them out to her all day and the day after. Laurie didn't say she had fever only because she cried so much. She couldn't tell about the tears without telling the why, and she wouldn't tell that.

And Laurie hated street lamps. Everywhere she looked she saw them, for The Home was a block square, and all around it were lamps. Before she had thought of them as lollipops, but now she saw them as watching eyes watching her, because they knew who she was. She ran into the willow forest to hide.

That is how it happened that it was Laurie who found the kittens, because all the other children were in school. She found them in a nest of leaves, three black babies without even their eyes open, but their mouths, wide and pink and yelling, with the tiniest, sharpest prickles of white teeth and real whiskers all around. Laurie knelt and was afraid even to touch them. But she did, and the baby hissed! It was so precious, so tiny and fierce and helpless. And all around it a great, strange world waited to pounce upon it, as worlds do on the very young.

Laurie waited most all day, but the mamma cat didn't come for her babies, and on account of The Home dog running loose, Laurie didn't dare leave them in the willow forest. And on ac-

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count of their crying so much, for they were hungry all the time, she had to take them to bed with her, which was a warm and wonderful thing to do. Only the beds were just a table apart, and the children around heard them mewing, and they made such happy noises that Miss Hanacher came out of her room.

Everyone popped into bed, and Laurie curled about the kittens, that began to purr so loud she was sure Miss Hanacher would hear. Only Miss Hanacher had a handkerchief in her hand and was blowing her nose as she came in the door, and she saw 20 little girls lying stiff and still.

For Miss Hanacher did have a cold. Her door never opened except to let the doctor in and great trays of warm milk and juice. And sometimes if you walked down the hall real slow you could hear sneezing and sometimes coughing and blowing. And it was wonderful, for with her eyes watering like they must be, she couldn't see secrets; and with her nose stopped up, she couldn't smell them; and with her door closed and her inside, the whole Home was free.

So 70 little girls learned to know and love three little kittens. But the third day the biggest kitten died. It had opened one little blue eye, and it had tried to go around and see the world. It had walked the length of the dormitory where the cleaning woman had scrubbed; then it crawled into Laurie's lap and washed its feet so it would be a clean kitty, as kittens like to be. But in just a little while, a terrible pain seemed to come to it, and it screamed and twisted and then lay very still.

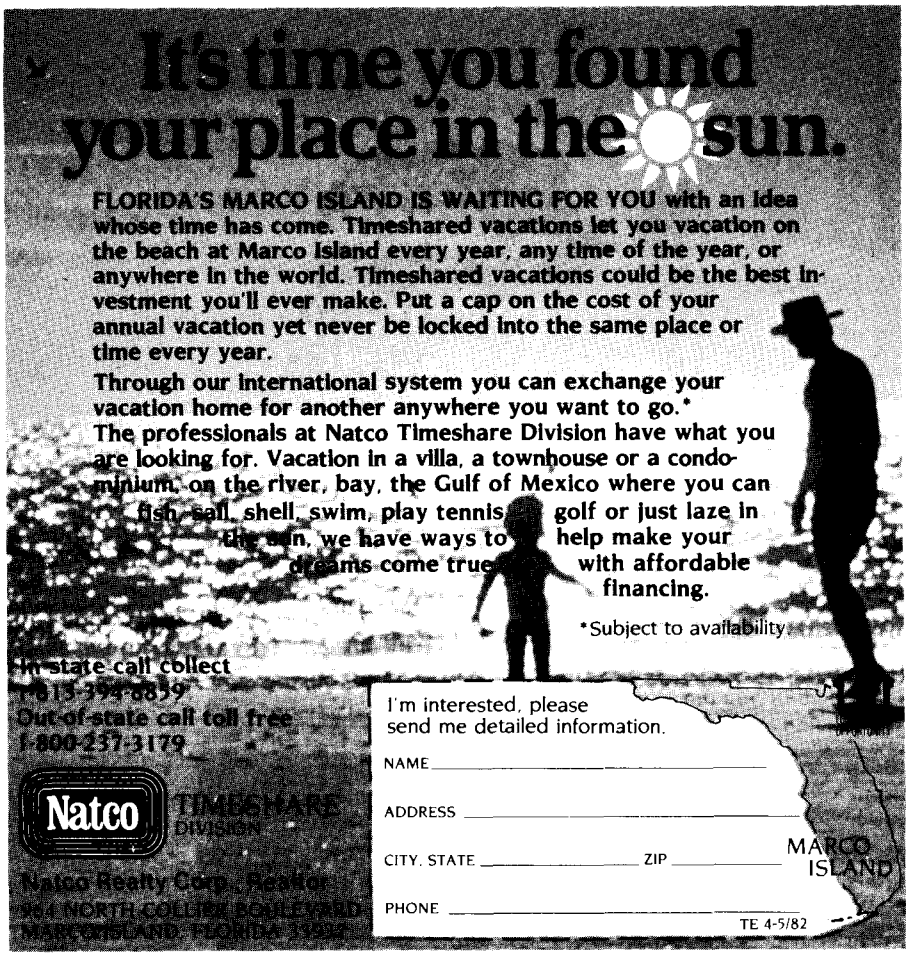
Then the cleaning woman came and said it was dead. She took Laurie and the kittens right into her lap and covered them with her apron and said, "Honey, baby, The Home isn't a place for kittens. We have to keep it clean, and we have to use the things the city sends us, for none of us are rich, and the cleaning things we use are fine for cleaning floors, but they can kill kittens if they wash them off their feet. I'll tell you what, I've got a wooden box in my closet, and we'll make a little house out in the yard for them! Yards is where the kittens love most of all to be."

"But what about the dog?"

"Oh, he's a nice old dog; besides you can put him on a leash, and with all of you girls watching, the kittens will be safe."

Only they weren't. For even with everyone watching a thing, sometimes someone forgets. The day after the day of the funeral of the first kitten, the second kitten lay torn and dead.

Continued on page 89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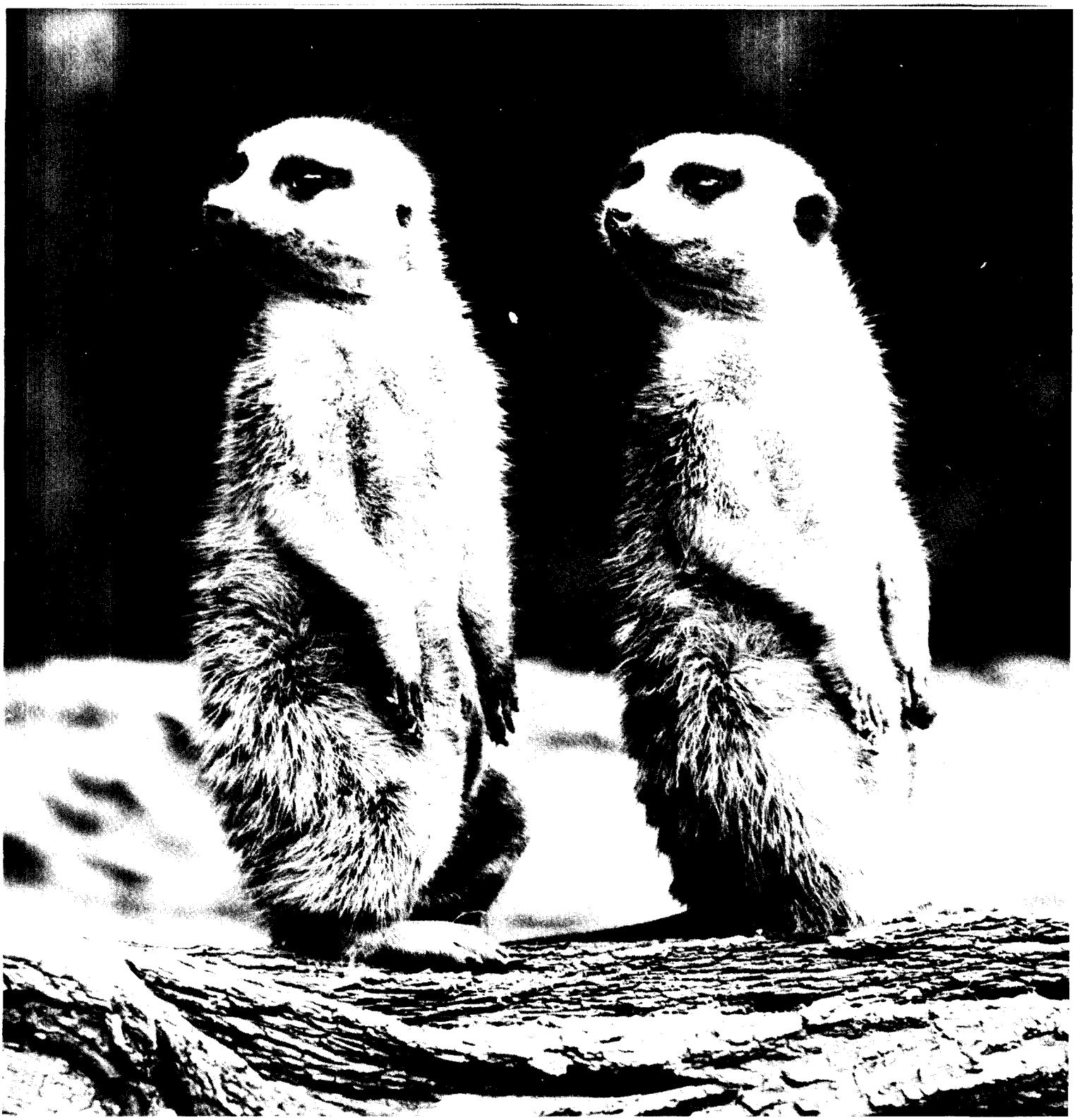

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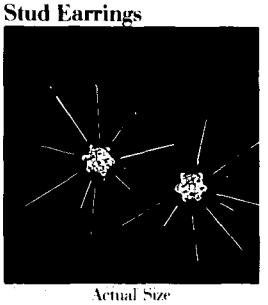

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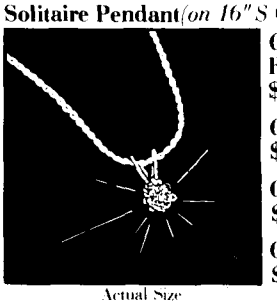

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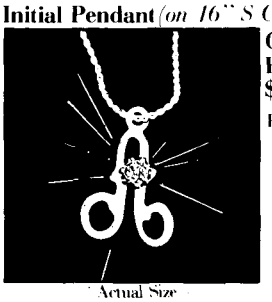

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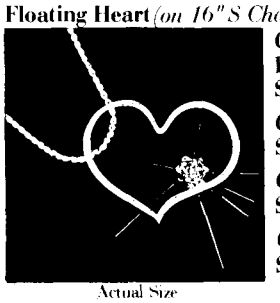

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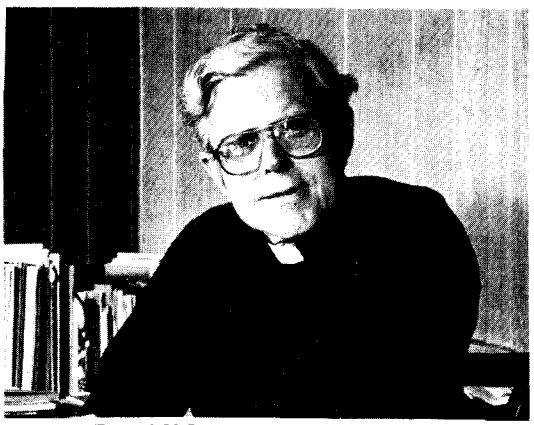

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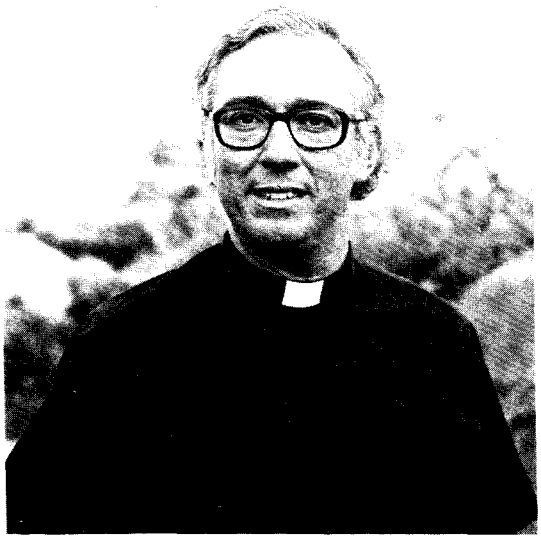

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Child

continued from page 85

Laurie couldn't stop crying. She cried so that the big girls got frightened and ran to get the nurse. All except Gladys, who once upon a time had shared a secret with Laurie. And she had thought about it a lot; but she hadn't told.

Gladys dug a quick hole and buried the kitten. She snatched the last one and stuffed it down her dress. She said, "It's our secret." And she disappeared in the shadows of the willow forest.

The nurse put Laurie to bed in her own bed and called the doctor, and the doctor gave her something to make her sleep. But first he asked for an extra blanket to make her warm; only all the blankets were being used, until the nurse remembered a new one brought into the supply room that very day, and she sent one of the girls for it. It was so new it still had the price tags and pins and was in a shopping bag. The nurse threw the tags and the bag in the wastebasket and pinned the pins in her collar. Then she spread the blanket; Laurie went to sleep.

It was past midnight when Laurie woke. She watched the fire-door light watching the night. She looked at the floor shining red as blood beneath it, and so clean it could kill. She sat up. What if Gladys hadn't understood! Laurie ran down the hall and up the stairs, and she found Gladys asleep and the kitten wandering around the floor. Laurie snatched it and ran and washed its feet in the washstand. She all but drowned it washing it and all but choked it drying it. But she waited and waited, and it didn't die. It only snuggled in the curve of her neck as if it knew it belonged there and was safe. And Laurie held it close and loved it with a heart that had waited seven years to belong to someone, and have someone belong to it. It was a fierce and powerful love, as loves that have been hurt can be.

But Laurie knew it couldn't be. That was why she had cried so. The moment she held the second dead kitten she knew there was no safe place in all her world for the little one that was left, the littlest one that had needed her more than any other. No matter how much she loved it, she couldn't keep it safe. And the strangest stirring stirred within her as she thought that out, how love isn't enough.

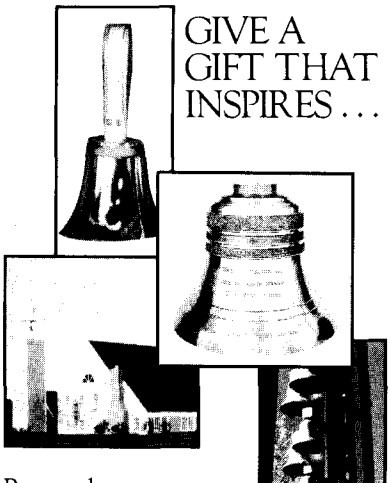
She would have to give the kitten away, but there wasn't anyone to give it to. She didn't know any grown person who could just keep a kitten because they wanted to but Miss Hanacher. But Miss Hanacher was the one who made the floors be clean, and she was rules and don'ts and filing cabinets.

Laurie sat very still as she thought of a tiny baby that had to be given away, not because it wasn't loved, but because there were worse hurts to come to it than being thrown away. But it was so small it would be lost in any dark. And she thought about that. She thought of a place where there wasn't ever any night. She really didn't think it all up on her own, for she was too young to do big things like that. But she knew about street lamps, how they watched the night, and about babies in shopping bags.

Laurie sat cross-legged on her bed and stared at the wastebasket where, thrown half in and out and upside down, there was a shopping bag. Very slowly Laurie climbed down off her bed and got the bag. She folded her sweater in the bottom, put in a doll bottle of milk and ran out the fire door.

The night was so big and dark outside that Laurie was afraid to be in it. But it wasn't as dark as the brightest day would be if the third kitten lay dead in her hand. She hugged it closer and ran across the grass to the gate she thought she would have to climb—only it was unlocked! So she slipped out to the street lamp, where the night was

Continued on page 100



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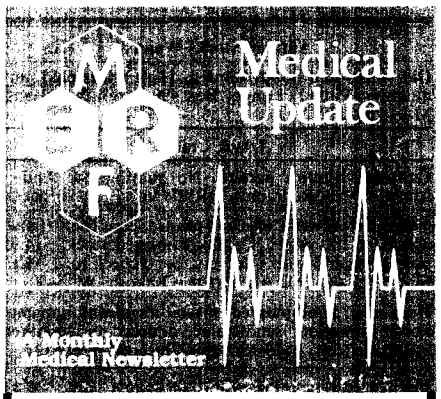

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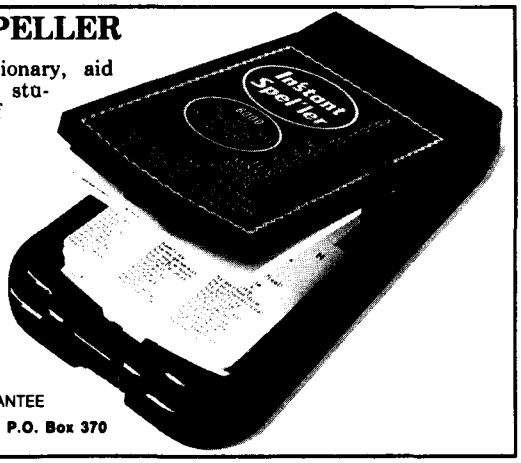

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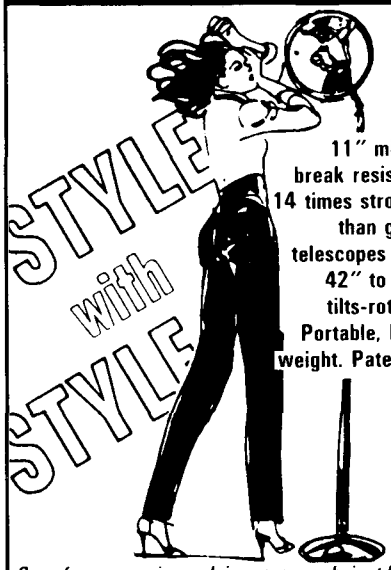

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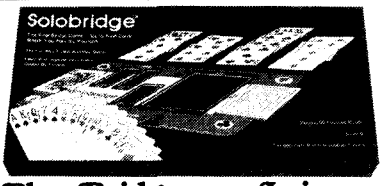

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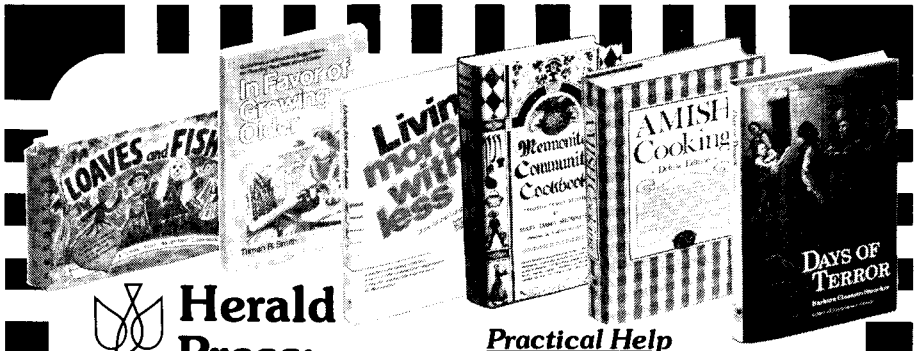

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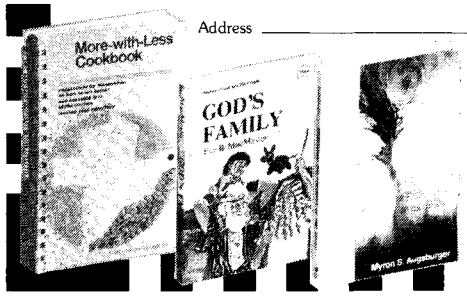

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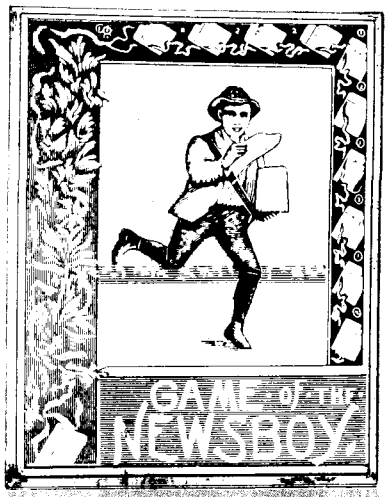
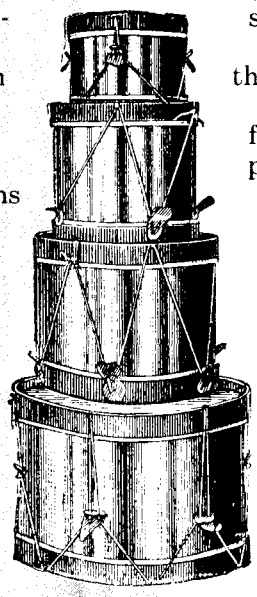


Whether it's from an innate longing for the toys we had (or were denied) in childhood, a means of escaping the pressure of the "grown-up" world of today or an exciting means of making money, toy collecting has become a popular hobby.



When we learn, from reading *Collecting Antique Toys*, by Joseph Doucette and C.L. Collins, that antique toy battleships may cost as much as $21,000 and that a rare mechanical bank is auctioned for $18,000, we are reminded of Ben Franklin's witticism: "Old boys have their playthings as well as young ones; the difference is only in the price."

Consider one incident of a wind-up train set, manufactured in 1907, which originally sold for $1. A coauthor of the aforementioned book recently bought the locomotive and three cars separately for a combined cost of $300. "I can now sell the set for $1,000," he says—"if I can bring myself to part with it."

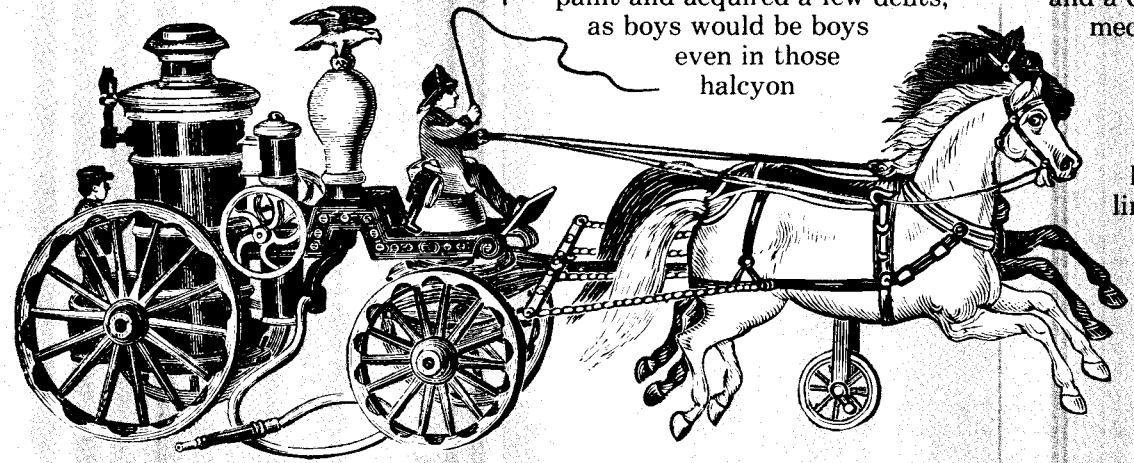
Why would anyone pay a thousand bucks for a dollar train set? No one reason. Perhaps it's best explained by the fact that toys are representative of actual objects in real life, such as trains, trolleys, boats, airplanes, etc. Since space limitations in most homes make the real thing impractical, the miniatures have to suffice. And, like peanuts and potato chips, who can stop with just one locomotive . . .or bank. . .or paddle-wheeler?

Once the collector has established just where his interest lies—be it in cars, fire engines, mechanical banks, still banks, comic-strip toys, jigsaws or whatever—how does he go about collecting them? Well, he *could* come up with a treasure that's been kicking around the house of a noncollecting friend or relative. Old attics are even more fertile ground for toys long forgotten. Flea markets and yard sales have been known to yield a battered toy (most old toys have lost some paint and acquired a few dents, as boys would be boys even in those halcyon days of yesteryear) mistakenly thought by the uninformed public to be of little value. Catalogs and newspaper ads occasionally offer an item the collector seeks. And then there are auctions.

One or two words of caution about auctions. The collector should know what he wants, he should arrive in time to review the collection, and he should be guided in his bidding not only by price but by space limitations. This latter suggestion becomes most important should the collector choose, say, the Lionel or Ives line of trains to decorate the hobby room of his house.

Joshua Lionel Cowen's production of 2⅞-inch-gauge streetcar models dates back to the year 1900. In his New York facilities he began turning out a model of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad tunnel locomotive and both an open and a closed trolley. A mechanized gondola, derrick and an express car also bore the Lionel name.

Six years later, Lionel abandoned this line in favor of the first standard-gauge model to be introduced. The O-gauge line followed in 1915, although standard-



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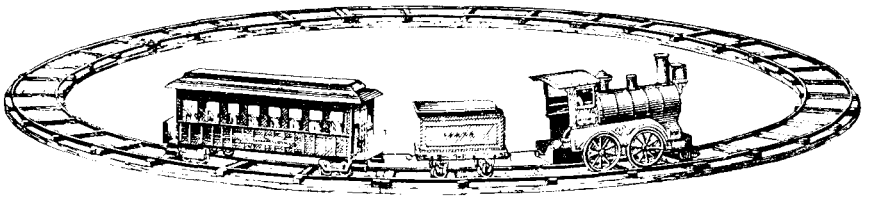

gauge models continued in production until the early '40s.

The serious collector would have to include, of course, such accessories as the gantry crane, gang car, banjo signal, water tank, lumber conveyor, coal ramp and hopper, water tower, barrel loader, coal loader, and more and more.

The Ives people, from 1904 to 1915, produced the O-gauge passenger series, the Limited Vestibule Express; the Ives Railway Lines; the No. 1 gauge line, the Twentieth-Century Limited Express, which was changed to New York Central Lines; a freight set; a larger, four-wheeled No. 60 series of freights; and a series of eight-wheel freights known as "in-born trucks." Then, Ives dropped its tin-engine line and went in for a whole new series in cast iron.

Anyway, a warehouse will come in handy for anyone setting out to accumulate the complete Lionel or Ives output.

The antique-toy buff limited to a little old 14-room house might therefore consider early tin banks. After all, how many forms of tin banks could there be? Some of the least imaginative were actually made to look like banks, of course. But there were also buildings. And drums. And lions. Oh yes, and bulldogs. And Teddy bears. And then there were African natives. And globes. And Harold Lloyd. And baseballs. And we mustn't forget monkeys. And elephants. And rabbits. And ducks. And owls. And. . . .

Perhaps mechanical banks. They not only are more fun than still banks, but are fewer. From the Owl on Stump (1880s), the Tammany (ca. 1875) and the Speaking Dog (1885), mechanical banks progressed to the Eagle and Eaglets (1886), manufactured by the J.E. Stevens Company.

Put a penny in the mother eagle's beak and press the lever, and mother feeds her babies.

Although of all the collectible toys, trains constitute the largest group, there are collectors who find more fascination in sleighs, boats, calliope wagons, toy cannons, toy villages (especially the Milton Bradley of 1910), games, puzzles, fire engines and cap pistols (the most imaginative of which released a top to drop to the floor and spin when the cap exploded).

Whatever the choice, antique toys offer not only a challenge but many rewarding hours of pleasure. If one is willing to do the research and become well informed, it also is a hobby that can prove most lucrative.

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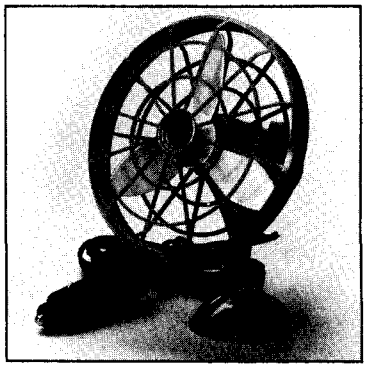

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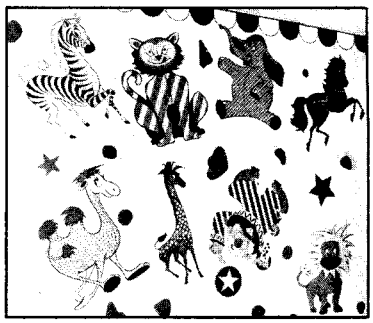

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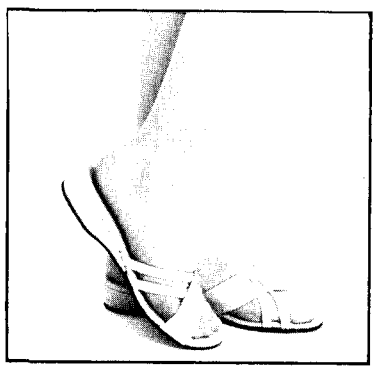

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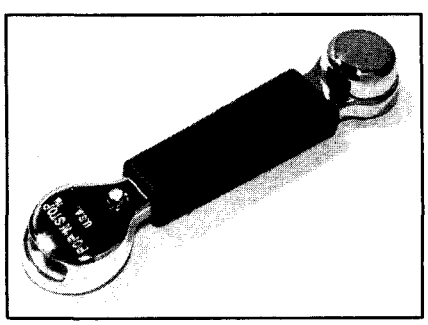

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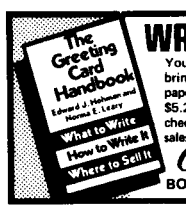

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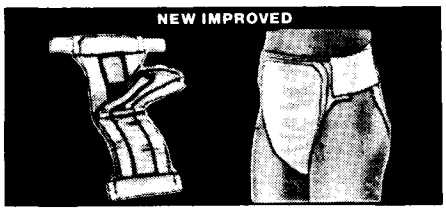

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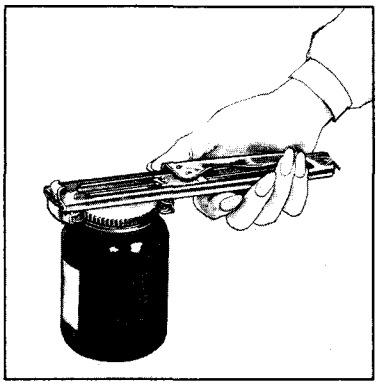

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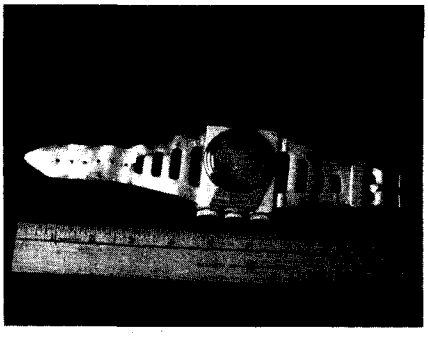

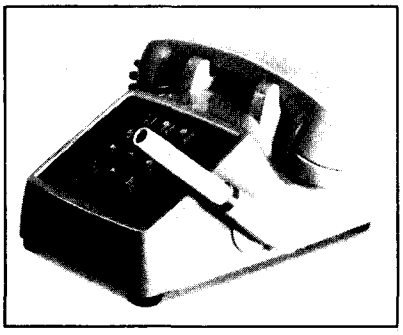

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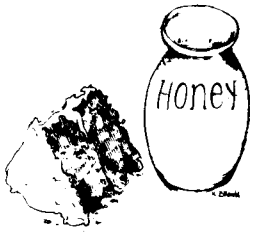

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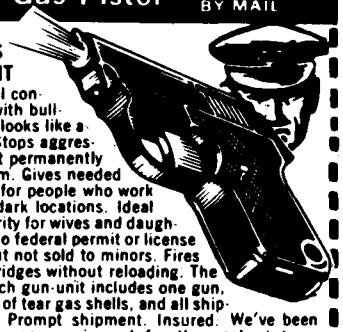

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Child

continued from page 89

gone. She kissed the kitten, kissed it so hard its tiny little eyes opened, just little cracks that looked at her as though they wanted to remember how she was. Only just then there was noise. It was the watchman with his big feet and bright lantern, and he would find the fire door open! Laurie laid the kitten in the shopping bag and quickly but carefully placed the shopping bag against the lamppost and then ran for the fire door. She didn't see Miss Hanacher standing in her window. She didn't hear her dial a number on the telephone and say a single word. Miss Hanacher said, "Now."

But Laurie didn't see or hear, she was crying so much. She just ran down the dark length of her room and raised the blind, and watched a shopping bag sitting alone by a lamppost in the middle of a night. And the strangest thing—in just a minute or so a young lady came walking down the street, even though it was so late. She was such a pretty lady, with long curling hair and real high heels. She was walking so fast she would have walked by anything in the dark, but the light was so bright, she stopped and looked and felt inside the bag and brought out a tiny black kitten. The lady was so surprised that she laughed out loud. And she kissed it! There where anyone might see, she kissed it, and then she found the doll bottle and put it in the little mouth, and she said, "Oh, you precious, precious child!" She said it out loud, as though the night might be listening and like to hear. She let it nurse for a little, and then she cuddled it in the sweater, where it would be warm and safe, and she walked on down the street and out of sight, slowly and carefully, as though the kitten slept.

Laurie was still standing there watching when Miss Hanacher came and put her arm around her. "Laurie, are you all right?"

Laurie said, "Oh, yes!" And she was. She could feel it inside, how all the hurt she'd felt was gone, for she understood now how things aren't always what they seem. She looked at Miss Hanacher, who was so rosy and so rested she didn't look like she'd had a cold at all. She looked soft and pretty in the lamplight. Laurie said, "Miss Hanacher, could you please leave the blind up, for with it up the light comes clear across to touch my bed, and I like to see it there."

"Do you like street lamps, too?" Miss Hanacher was so pleased that Laurie could tell she liked them, and, without half thinking about it, Laurie hugged her, and Miss Hanacher hugged her back and picked her up, even though she was so big, and carried her off to bed. She pulled the new blanket close and said, "My, this is a lovely blanket! It's soft as kitten's ears. I think we'll have to let you keep it for your very own."

Laurie petted the blanket. She touched the satin border that was softly white, as pearls shining in the night, like pearls all around her. She watched Miss Hanacher tucking it about her, and she saw her mother pinning pearls on her baby shoulders because they were the nicest things she had. She could see her mother standing there in that shining light, a lovely, sparkling someone holding back the night. Her mother, who had loved her as much as that, to take her from the hurts that must have been and leave her where even as tiny a baby as she was couldn't ever be lost. Laurie lay there smiling, thinking about it, for it made such a pretty picture.

Miss Hanacher looked at her and smiled, too, and said, "Do you know Laurie, you look very lovely tonight. You're going to grow up to be a very pretty girl."

Laurie smiled even more and said, "Yes, I know. I'm going to grow up to be a lovely lady who loves her family very much."

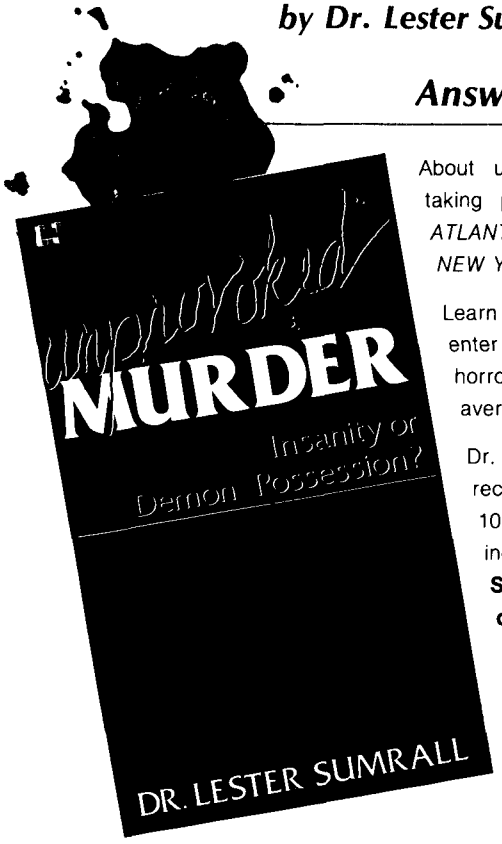
And Miss Hanacher said, "I'd like to be that, too, Laurie. I think I'd like it most of all."

There is a murder in America every 26 minutes . . .

UNPROVOKED MURDER

Insanity or Demon Possession?

by Dr. Lester Sumrall



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POST PEOPLE

Holly Coors

Commitment to their faith, family and country are Tulsa residents Otis and Ann Winters' special ingredients for successful living. Otis is owner of Avanti Energy and volunteers countless hours to Junior Achievement, Oral Roberts University and United Way. Ann lacks no "energy" either, and devotes her time to their four sons, serves as docent at the Gilcrease Museum of Western Art and is active in Christian outreach.

We all have thoughts about what makes life good, but little Alex Eisenhower appears to feel the good life consists of sitting in an easy chair and having his tummy rubbed by his sister Jennie. The grandchildren of one president and great-grandchildren of another, the tykes are living it up in Philadelphia with their parents, Julie Nixon Eisenhower and Dwight David Eisenhower III. Both infants have yet to announce their candidacy for office.

The same week that our national debt topped $1 trillion and Congress struggled with a $700 billion budget, two Congressional subcommittees told EPA head

Anne Gorsuch that perhaps her agency should loosen purse strings and spend *more* money in 1983. But Gorsuch would not budge on her budget and rebuked the Congressmen. "President Reagan has decided it will *not* be 'business as usual' at EPA and throughout government," she said, sticking to her figures. . .and to the President's side.

Mary Crowley is a businesswoman with a lot of heart. Founder and president of Home Interiors and Gifts, Inc. of Dallas, Texas, Mary determined from the outset to build her company on the firm foundation of Biblical principles. Her successful enterprise, which now includes over 35,000 sales representatives,

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has placed Mary in high demand as a keynote speaker and author. But whether giving a motivational speech or writing a heart-warming article, Mary gives God all the credit for her success.

When the military took over Poland late last year, Ambassador Romauld Spasowski and his wife decided they could do more for their native country on this side of the Atlantic. Their religious conversion and the

Holly Coors

realization that the Socialist system was working against the interests of the Polish people sparked their defection. The former ambassador, with many years of service in the highest ranks of the Polish government, recently told the Council for National Policy in Dallas that Americans must wage a war of ideas against Communism by means of radio broadcasts into Poland.

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FOOD

HEALTH FOOD CONTEST WINNERS

Winners of the Post's original recipe contest demonstrate through their kitchen creativity how cooking for health can be a tasty, rewarding experience. Bon appetit!

First Prize

Mary Covella
La Canada, California

When Mary dropped her recipe into the mail, she never thought she'd win. After all, she'd never won any other contest she had entered. But this time, she did win. . .and did win *big*.

"My first thought was one of shock!" she said, speaking of the telephone call informing her that the luxurious mink was hers. "Then I went through a stage of being absolutely thrilled, and I called all of my children right away."

Later, she thought the news was too good to be true. It must all be some kind of hoax, she feared. So her husband of 31 years contacted *Post* offices the following morning to confirm the original phone call and the prize. Yes, Mr. Covella, it paid off for your wife to *think mink*.

The mother of four grown children, Mary works full time as a library assistant at nearby Glendale High School. After work, she heads straight for the kitchen. "I always had a desire to be an especially good cook, and I raised my children to be wise eaters. They never ate junk food, candy or soft drinks. And when I made cookies, I always included a good portion of wheat germ!"

In her cooking, she uses a lot of fresh vegetables and hardly anything canned. "I was influenced by my father," Mary said. "He was a great gardener, and we always had fresh vegetables around the house when I was growing up."

When told that she had won a mink, Mary thought it was all a hoax. Her husband called the *Post* the following day to confirm the great news.

Her diet now includes a lot of fish, cracked wheat and very little beef—a fact which undoubtedly prompted her to create her unique recipe for Stuffed Ocean Perch for the *Post* contest. "This was not something I had in my files," she said. "I actually experimented and made this recipe especially for this contest."

In her spare time, Mary enjoys drawing, painting, golfing. . .and reading the *Post*. "In the library where I work, we have bound issues of the *Post* going back to the '50s. And it's a good thing for me, too—that's how I read about the contest in the first place!"

Ala-Vegetable Stuffed Ocean Perch with Almond Sauce
(serves 4)

4 large pieces ocean perch, cut in half to make 8 pieces
Paprika
1 cup vegetable stock or water
½ cup ala (bulgur wheat)
¼ cup oil
¼ cup green pepper, finely chopped
2 tablespoons minced shallots (green onions may be used)
¼ cup finely chopped celery
¼ cup coarsely grated carrot
10 medium-sized mushrooms chopped
⅛ teaspoon thyme
⅛ teaspoon rosemary
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
4 tablespoons kefir cheese
Almond Sauce:
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup sliced almonds
4 tablespoons apple juice
2 tablespoons lime juice
Lime wedges (lemon may be used instead)
Watercress

In saucepan, cook ala with the liquid on low heat until liquid is absorbed (about 20-25 minutes—ala will be "chewy-crunchy").

Sauté vegetables in the oil until just tender, stirring often to prevent burning. Add thyme, rosemary and pepper last few minutes of cooking. Add ala. Cool. When cooled, add kefir cheese and mix.

Spread 2 tablespoons oil in baking pan. Pat fish dry, and oil *one* side of each piece by moving it around in oil in pan. Place half of pieces, oiled side down, in baking pan. Spread stuffing mixture on

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top, then place remaining pieces, oiled side up, on top of stuffing. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake at 400° F. for 20-25 minutes, depending on thickness of fish, until fish flakes easily.

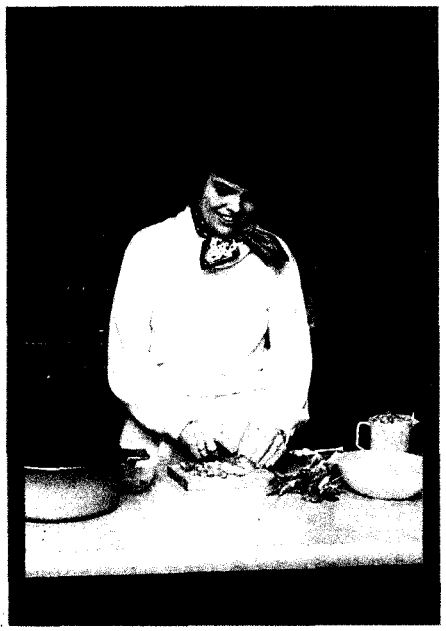
Meanwhile, prepare Almond Sauce as follows: Melt 4 tablespoons butter or margarine in pan. Sauté almonds until golden brown, being careful not to burn. Stir in 4 tablespoons apple juice and 2 tablespoons lime juice. Spoon over stuffed fish. Garnish with lime wedges and watercress.

Second Prize

Sharon Sailor
Verona, Wisconsin

Sharon's last name seems to be especially appropriate in view of the prize she won for her Turkey Stew recipe. She and her family will be sailors indeed when they step aboard the Windjammer that will take them on their fun-loving cruise! When Sharon submitted her recipe to the *Post*, she included a letter the editors thought should be included here in its entirety:

"Two years ago today, my husband was in the hospital recovering from a heart attack. He was 34 years old at the time. Subsequently, he underwent four-vessel coronary-bypass surgery and is now progressing well.



The *Post* wishes Sharon and her lucky family "smooth sailing" on their fabulous Caribbean cruise aboard the luxurious Windjammer.

"However, we were instructed by his doctors that he needed to drastically change his diet from the 'American red meat and sugar diet' to one restricting (or if possible, eliminating) salt, fat, sugar, caffeine and cholesterol. The change was not all that difficult as it was mandated by my husband's and my family's health. (We have two young boys whose doctors suggested they also be on this diet for their present and future health.) The difficulty was in finding recipes that adhered to these restrictive needs.

"We began to experiment and have found a few original recipes that are meeting our needs quite well. The enclosed is one of these.

"The Turkey Stew that I am entering has many advantages beyond tasting good and being low in fat, salt and cholesterol. Leftover turkey meat and defatted turkey juices can be used to good advantage, stretching into at least two additional meals. I am a working mother; this recipe is quite simple to prepare the night before and place in a timer oven. There are no preservatives of any kind in this recipe.

"I thank you for the opportunity to share the enclosed recipe with you. If a cookbook is being developed from this contest, please let me know. I am *always* looking for recipes to aid in our diet. Thank you!"

Well, Sharon, thank *you*! Your words are a healthy inspiration for all—almost as inspiring as your tremendous recipe. Happy sailing!

Turkey Stew

4 cups turkey (dark meat), cut up into small pieces
2 cups turkey juices (if more needed, broth can be made from turkey bones defatted and boiled in water)
2 cups celery plus celery leaves, chopped
2 cups carrots, sliced thinly
2 cups corn (removed from boiled cob or frozen)
2 medium onions, quartered and sliced
2 cups potatoes, peeled and sliced
2 teaspoons dried parsley flakes
1½ teaspoons onion powder
1 teaspoon paprika
2 teaspoons sage
1 13-ounce can evaporated skimmed milk
1 cup water

Remove the skin and scrape off fat from uncooked turkey. Place, unstuffed, in roaster lined with foil. Cover with foil. Bake at temperature and for amount of time for poundage of the turkey as specified in any cookbook. Remove turkey from bones. Cut up darker meat. Remove juices from pan and place in refrigerator. When crust of fat has formed on top, remove and discard the fat.

Place the ingredients in a 5-quart casserole. Stir together and place in 375° F. oven for one hour or until vegetables are well cooked. Serve with whole-wheat or whole-grain crackers or bread.

Third Prize

Karen Woodson
Urbana, Ohio

It's a good thing that Karen has a good relationship with her neighbor, because it was her neighbor who first informed her of the *Post* contest!

Karen and her husband Alan started exploring whole foods while in college 11 years ago. "We thought our diets were pretty good, even considering our daily trip to the local Dairy Queen!" Their first step to better eating habits? The purchase of a juicing machine.

"What a wonderful shopping spree we had! We purchased some of each fruit and vegetable in our local market and rushed home to turn them all to liquid. Cranberries were our biggest shock—no amount of water or honey could make them palatable. That's when we began to wonder what really *is* in that stuff we used to buy at the store?"

Later, Karen's husband mailed away for plans to make a wheat grinder that they used to make fresh wheat flour from wheatberries. "That seems like such a long time ago, but we've continued to explore and experiment and have settled into a whole-foods diet I prepare, accented by light meat for

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a couple of meals each week."

Karen said that one of her biggest joys in the kitchen has been learning how to balance vegetable proteins. "Our whole family participates. And as the mother of two, I feel quite good about sharing this information with them—very different from the stuff that my mother passed to me via Betty Crocker 25 years ago!"

Karen also shares her knowledge by teaching whole-foods cooking classes in her home. One of her favorite entrées when guests drop in is her Thymely Lentils creation for the *Post*. "I've often served it to people not too experienced in 'all that bean and rice stuff,'" said Karen. "It has never let me down!"

Thymely Lentils

¾ cup brown rice
¾ cup dry lentils
1 cup chopped onions
½ teaspoon thyme
½ teaspoon basil
¼ teaspoon oregano
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
⅛ teaspoon sage
12 ounces shredded cheddar (or other) cheese
2⅔ cup chicken stock (broth) or 2 bouillon cubes in 2⅔ cups water

Combine all ingredients. Put into 1½-quart casserole. Bake at 350° F. for 1 to 1½ hours until rice and lentils are tender. Stir twice and serve.

Third Prize

Beth Parks
Sarasota, Florida

There are those who enter contest after contest and never win a thing. And then there are those who enter continually and always seem to win. Beth, a former nurse, is one of those who seems to fit the latter category.

"If I were to describe myself, I'd say I was a regular sweepstakes entrant. You might say I'm 'contest aware,' and I enjoy entering as a pastime." Her booty to date? A whopping 22 gifts. . .make that 23 now that a Jenn-Air microwave oven has been added to the top of her list.

"Let's see, I've also won a color movie camera, a set of cookware, two hats, five novels, a dartboard, three makeup kits, two beach bags, a check for $20. . . ." Her voice fades away as she tries to remember all of the telephone calls and all of the letters she has received notifying her of the many prizes she's won.

Of her winning entry to the *Post*, Beth said, "I just jotted down the recipe on a lark. I thought that because it wasn't typed, the judges would throw it out. But every time I went for the mail, I just kind of held my breath, hoping. . . ."

Beth, the mother of three grown children and a 7-year-old daughter, has been married to her husband Charles for 32 years. In recent years, she said, their diets have changed drastically. "I enjoy making salads—salads that are a meal in themselves like the one I entered in the *Post* contest. I no longer like to cook the huge, heavy meals that we used to eat—the kinds of meals that would take 1½ hours to prepare." She said their age was a key factor in that decision. Having crossed the half-century mark, they both are determined to remain slim. Their move to Florida three years ago also has affected the decision about what shows up on their dining-room table. "Living in a warmer climate, we just don't enjoy heavy meals any longer. We're eating lighter and healthier than we ever have. . .and enjoying life more!"

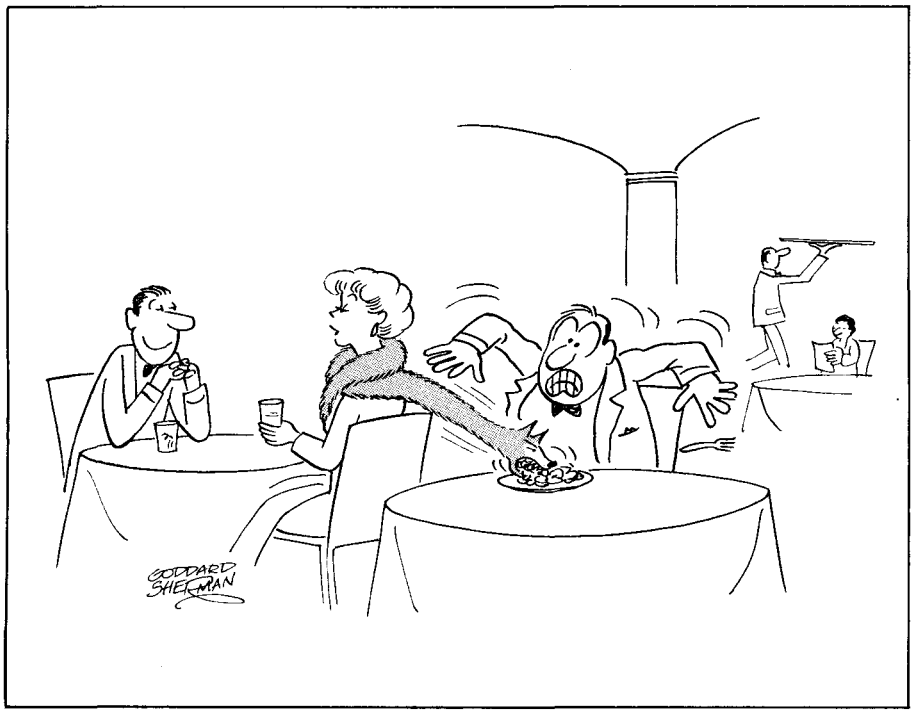
A-plus! Salad

2 large avocados peeled, cut into bite-sized chunks
2 cups parsley, chopped
1 cup watercress, chopped
3 large carrots, grated
1 large onion, chopped
¾ can large whole black olives, chopped (reserve six whole olives to top on salads)
1-pound box mushrooms, halved
1 cup cauliflower flowerets
6 lettuce cups
Paprika
Dill weed

Yogurt and Honey Dressing

1 large container of yogurt
½ cup honey
⅓ cup apple-cider vinegar

Gently mix first eight ingredients in large salad bowl. Place in mounds on lettuce cups. Put a whole black olive in the center of each mound. Sprinkle lightly with paprika and dill weed, then spoon yogurt and honey dressing over salads.



All winners have been notified. For a complete list of our Health Food Contest winners, including the 10 Fourth and 25 Fifth Prize winners, send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Health Food Contest Winners, c/o *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

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Spoofer

continued from page 29

ning out of the kitchen yelling, "Daddy's at the organ! Daddy's home!"

"Where is he?" somebody asked. "Where is Norman?"

"He's playing the organ!" Candis sang out, as she started to push her way through the crowd.

"That's not your father playing the organ," someone said.

"It is!" she insisted. "That's the way he plays!"

Candis finally reached the organ and saw Dr. Morton at the keyboard.

That was when the disguise was penetrated. The grumpy "Dr. Morton" smiled broadly through his beard. He continued to play, this time an old popular number, "All the Things You Are," and we knew we had been had. Norman had turned our surprise party right around.

Dev Freeman told us the reason we had all been fooled was that Norman had stopped off at Universal Studios where Dev had arranged, at Norman's request, for Norman to have a professional makeup job. Norman had made Dev his confederate, then had gone to the famous movie lot after his visit with Bucky Fuller at the hospital. It was such a complete disguise that, when Norman stopped at Dev's house, Dev was unable to relate to Norman in any way—even though he knew it was Norman standing there.

I know how Dev felt. I still can't believe Norman could fool me so completely, could hold my hand, and that I wouldn't recognize him—after 43 years of marriage. But he did and I didn't. It developed that we were betrayed by all the chickens the night before the party. Norman had guessed the surprise when he came into the kitchen. That was when he decided to turn the tables.

He never fails to surprise me. Everyone else at the "surprise party" felt the same way.

Conceive

continued from page 73

physical and mental characteristics are compatible with those of the husband. They then must agree that they understand the doctor cannot be held responsible for any physical or mental characteristics of any child so produced. At the moment of conception the husband must automatically accept the child as his own.

Frequently, the husband has a very low sperm count, one which would have a very small chance of ever resulting in conception, but at least there are a few sperm present. Such a patient can never be sure that a child

Continued on page 112

POST TRAVEL CENTER

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British Columbia's island city harbors the extremes: from refined to rugged, from genteel to bold, from traditional to pioneering.

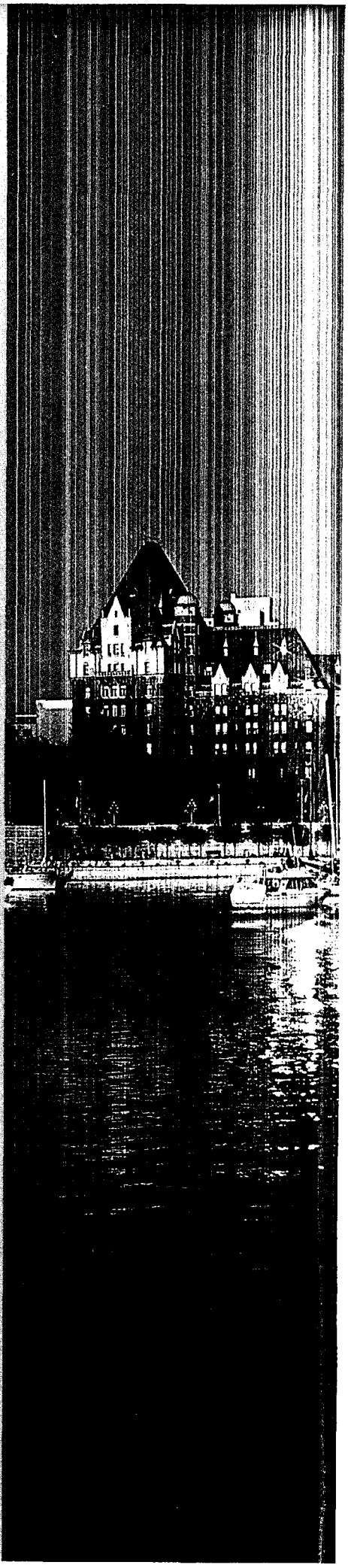
all it a living altar to the Victorian spirit. Call it a pioneering outpost and gateway to wilderness territory. Call it a stage-set for some British-style acropolis. You'll be right every time. Victoria, British Columbia, the island city that wraps itself around a sheltered harbor and has the mildest climate in all of Canada, is all that—and more.

As soon as you think you understand this city, out pops another aspect that you didn't expect. Its flowering baskets hanging from antique blue lampposts, London double-decker buses and bagpipes playing in front of a fairy-tale Parliament building are all unmistakably English—and *so* civilized, some residents might smugly add. But down the block from the Parliament building, within sound of the bagpipes, loom mysterious totem poles, symbols of a still-present native culture.

Once the chief Western outpost of the British Empire, Victoria became, as the popular song goes: "A little bit of England, far across the sea,/With an English garden, there to take your tea. . ./A little bit of England on the last frontier,/Preserving English customs, those that we hold dear."

Extremes of the refined and the rugged, genteel and bold, traditional and pioneering get all mixed up. A city suffering such an identity trauma presents the visitor with delightful paradoxes. Victoria is home to descendants of British settlers and American adventurers. Translated into visible elements, that means tailored English tweeds and tight designer jeans; antique shops and sawmills; cricket and lawn bowling as well as football and baseball. At a bus stop, you might find a gentleman in a bowler chatting with a backpacker in hiking boots. In the Crystal Gardens, couples still dance the fox trot under a glass conservatory roof and waltz by Victorian palms and unimpressed flamingos, while in the basement of the Empress Hotel, disco reigns, and around the corner at Harpo's on the wharf, reggae music explodes from the continent.

With such diversity, Victoria has become a city preoccupied with its own image. Victorians talk for hours about their city becoming more or less English. Disciples of the tea-and-crumpet school of thought insist that Victoria is still more British than Britain. The image, whether true or not, brings over $10 million yearly in tourist business. Still another group affirms Victoria



Wrapped around a sheltered harbor that boasts the mildest climate in Canada, the island city of Victoria attracts millions of travelers to its splendors each year.

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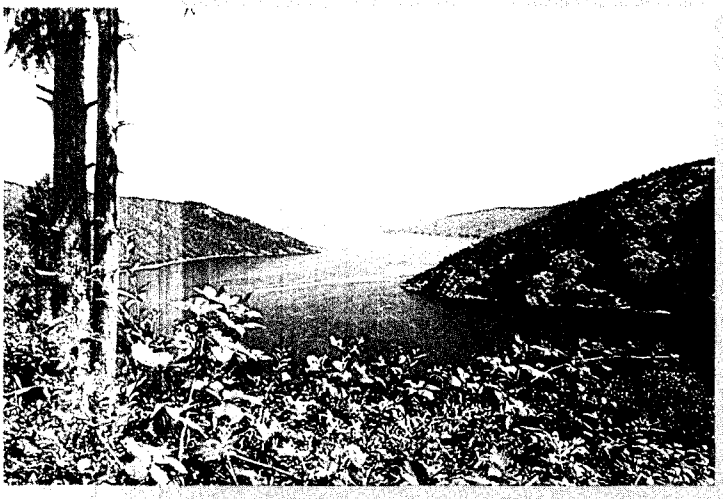
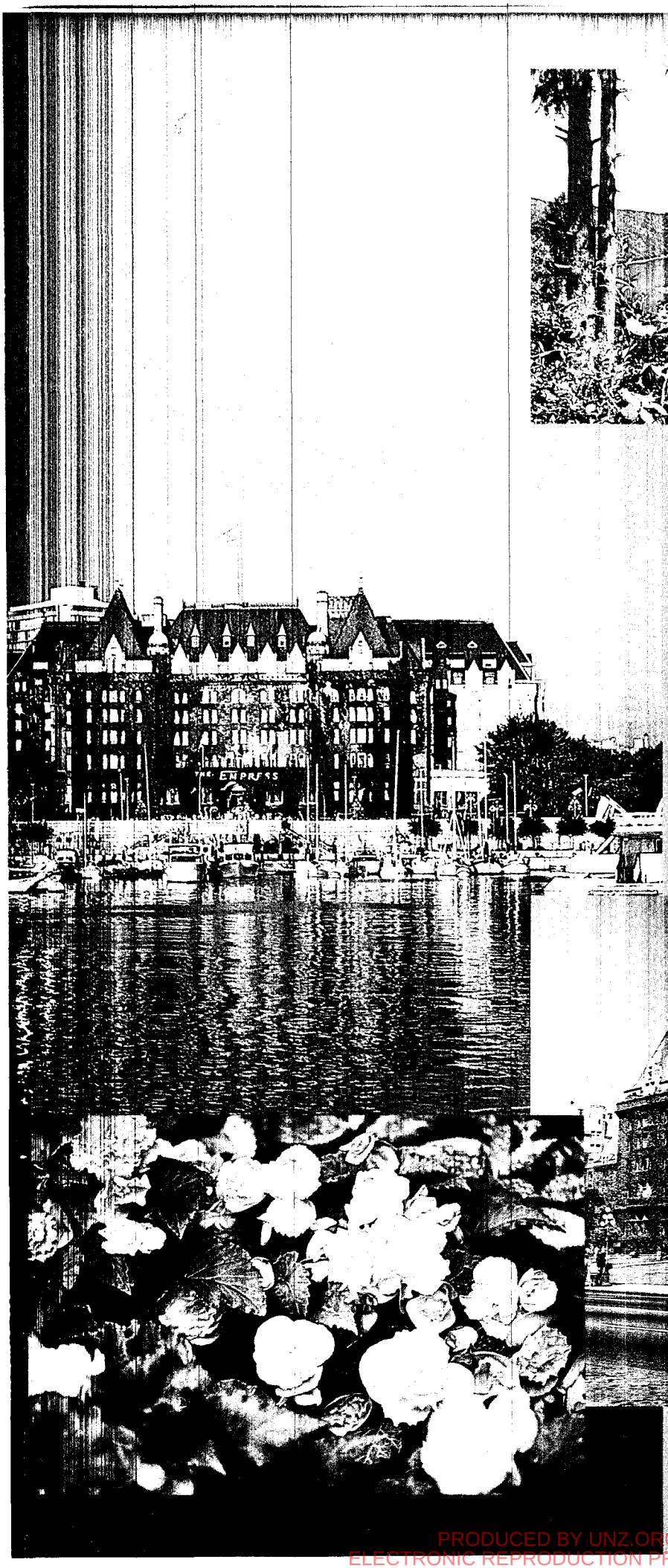


Where American miners once sought gold and British sailors pursued adventure, retirees now seek the serenity of the British Columbian landscape.



can stand on its own as Canadian without being limey in order to survive economically.

Regardless, the teetotalers have some visible proof to support their pro-English testimony, particularly beyond the Tweed Curtain in Oak Bay, where, on warmish afternoons, retired gentlemen wrapped in woolen scarves walk the sea front and, on cool ones, peer out at the horizon from

London-style double-decker buses, the stately old Empress Hotel and the prim English gardens confirm that Victoria is possibly more British than Britain.

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under woolen blankets on lounge chairs.

Further testimony for the more-English-than-England contingent are some very English gardens. But don't be surprised to find that some small gardens turn out to be movable feasts of colorful blooms. On second glance, they're not Victoria's famed baskets spilling over with lobelia, nasturtiums, geraniums and petunias, but only angular ladies beneath flowered sun hats pedaling bicycles. Their quaint decrepitude is so forgivable because it's so English.

Perhaps more than any other single institution, it's The Empress Hotel, built in 1908 when the Victorian Era was in its decline, that has contributed to the Englishness of the city. For years, this "pet hotel of the British Empire" was confused by tourists with the adjacent Parliament building. Somewhere between a French chateau and an English manor house, it has a history almost as long and venerable as the reign of its namesake. As Victorian historian Godfrey Holloway explains, "In a very special way, The Empress Hotel *is* Victoria. The reverse, too, is true, that Victoria is The Empress Hotel."

Though locals may laugh at the hordes of Americans trooping through the potted palms for their taste of crumpets at teatime, they accept without question that any government dignitary having business at the Provincial Parliament will certainly stay at The Empress.

Its glassed-in conservatory, 12-foot-wide corridors and ornate ceilings, portraits of wives of Canada's governors-general, the hotel's green expanse of lawn separating it from the carnival of displaced London double-decker buses and tour guides dressed like the Union Jack—all this is what locals mean when they admit, "We're proud of her." In some queenly way, the hotel provides the city with one of its identities. "If not a red-hot mama," says Holloway, "it's at least a dowager with a difference."

In spite of all this Englishness, one must give equal time to Victoria's Canadian image. While our northern neighbor has no "Canadian dream" in the sense that we have an "American dream," a core of Canadian images is emerging. In fact, it's almost a Canadian enterprise, this "what's our identity?" business, with conferences, government committees, TV and radio programs and stand-up comics all giving their opinions. The Victorian media present Canadiana as a pair of men in plaid wool shirts squatting around a campfire, flipping Canadian bacon with a snowshoe in a huge iron skillet.

Such an image, rough-hewn and rather Western, originates from the other half of the Victorian paradox: its rugged history as a pioneering outpost. Guides at the Parliament building love to tell how politicians used to complete their debates with fist fights on Government Street. The town boomed with American miners looking for gold in the 1840s and British sailors looking for fun always.

Victoria's history can best be assimilated by experiencing the Ring of Time, an outstanding series of walk-through sensory exhibits at the Provincial Museum, adjacent to the Parliament and The Empress. The exhibits show how native cultures adapted to the province more than 10,000 years ago. Film clips document ancient Indian war canoes with the lead man in huge feathered wings chanting his prayers. Between 1843 and 1862, Fort Victoria was headquarters for Hudson's Bay Company. In the museum, you can board *HMS Discovery*, smell the pitch, feel the ocean's coolness and imagine Captain George Vancouver negotiating Spain's withdrawal from these waters.

An exotic 32-acre flower garden now greets tourists where once lay a limestone quarry filled with rocks and stagnant water.

Walking on cobbled streets, you'll find yourself in a restored Victorian Victoria. A gentle tapping comes from the telegraph office and silent films are shown at the Roxy Theater. Around the corner, the blacksmith is working late into the night, and the sound of hammer on anvil mixes with bellows, crickets and distant train sounds.

Not only can the Provincial Museum make you feel heat and cold, but sorrow and appreciation for the native culture that 19th-century Victorians sought to convert and all but obliterate. In the museum and in nearby Thunderbird Park, modern-day Victorians have counteracted the narrowness of their predecessors by displaying the curious totem poles. Strange because their symbols are beyond our comprehension and awesome because of their size, the totems made the supernatural world visible for the Indians and served as a vehicle to relate myth.

In 1907, while crews were imposing English culture on the wilderness, Emily Carr, an eccentric woman who could not stomach the Victorian contempt for the "heathen" Indian, learned the Indian tongue, immortalized their potlatches in bold canvases, dared to elevate the misunderstood totems to an appropriate subject for art. She hated hypocrisy and the Victorian society that spawned it. From her writing and the paintings that celebrated the native culture, we have a more complex Victoria today, one more fully a product of the native and the superimposed.

Another woman also played a vital role in shaping Victoria. In

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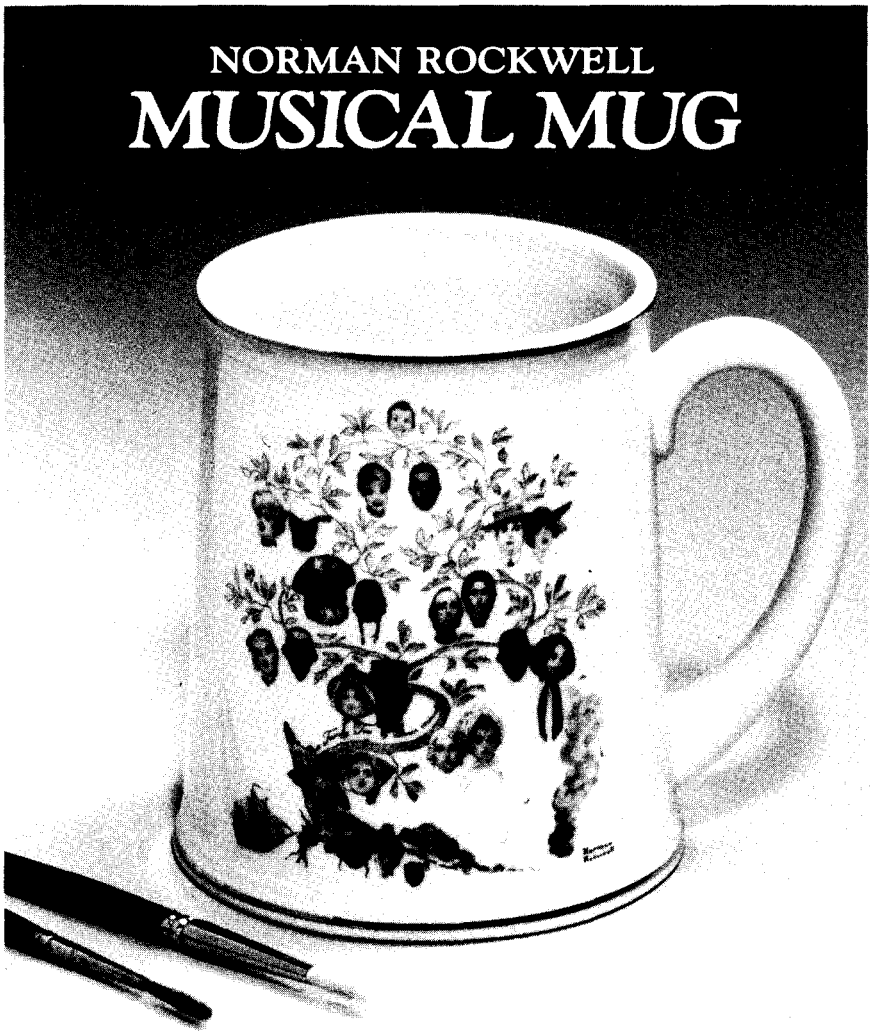
1905, the Butchart cement plant and limestone quarry just north of Victoria seemed to be creating a massive area of geologic waste. Fifty feet below the mansion of Robert and Jenny Butchart, the quarry floor lay littered with chunks of rock and stagnant puddles. Mrs. Butchart developed a garden in the desolation below. Gradually, there grew a Japanese garden, an Italian garden with a star pond, hanging begonia gardens, a rose garden and expanses of lawn edged with brilliant color. The quarry floor, an ugly scar gouged deep into the stone, was transformed into a small lake fed by a waterfall. Mrs. Butchart, lowered in a basket, planted the quarry walls by tucking ivy into the crevices. Now, some 70 years later and open to the public, Butchart Gardens are 32 of the most walked upon acres on the island.

Not exclusively does the fame of Victoria's gardens rest with the indomitable Jenny Butchart. Victoria isn't called "The City of Gardens" just for her accomplishments. A drive through the Uplands in Oak Bay will show that, for Victorians, gardening is not so much a hobby as a passion, a requirement of residence and a mark of propriety. With the benign features of moderate climate and artistic rocky outcroppings, gardens called rockeries flourish in sculptured patterns of red, deep blue-purple and Cariboo gold shaded by gnarled oaks.

The way to come, especially for first timers, is through the Inner Harbor where the SOHO ferry makes its dramatic entrance—with the Parliament building on the right and The Empress on the left. Before you is a city for walking, with the melody of bagpipes and a carillon set against a backdrop of the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

Most people come to visit, probably not to stay, for work is hard to get. Some come to buy woolens, English bone china or sculpture. Others come to glory in the anachronisms of a vanished empire. But all come to drink some tea, "carry on" in the English sense and absorb the Victorian paradoxes. ✱

NORMAN ROCKWELL
MUSICAL MUG



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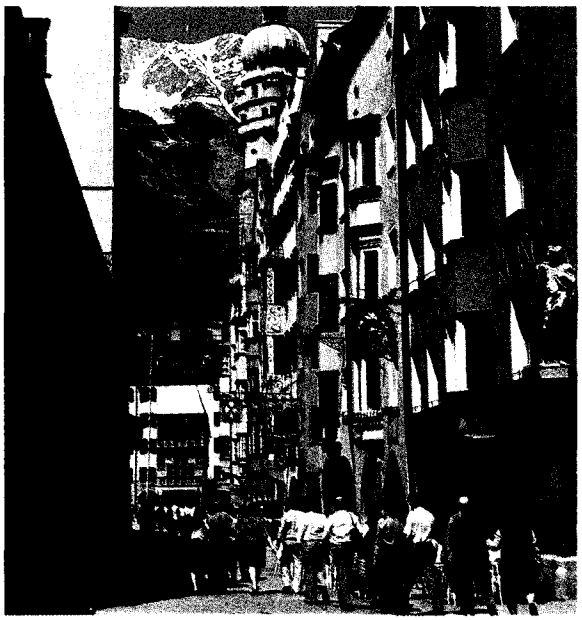
WHERE IN THE WORLD?

A statue from a legend; a mountain split in two; a golden-roofed palace; and a riverfront rendezvous. Can you place them on the map? If not, read the clues.

1 ☐ **Nova Scotia** ☐ **Quebec** ☐ **Alaska**
Longfellow's poem inspired this statue of a legendary French Acadian expelled from her homeland in the 1750s.

2 ☐ **New Orleans** ☐ **San Antonio** ☐ **St. Petersburg**
The river in this downtown area was such an eyesore that residents planned to hide it beneath a highway and turn it into an underground sewer. Now restored, the "River Walk" is this southern city's foremost attraction.

3 ☐ **Australia** ☐ **New Zealand** ☐ **Java**
Without any warning, Mt. Tarawera blew its top one day in 1886, burying Indian villages in mud and creating a boom heard hundreds of miles away at the far end of this austral island country.



4 ☐ **Bulgaria** ☐ **Italy** ☐ **Austria**
The "Golden Rooflet" lends regalness to this mountain town, though rooms beneath are apartments.

(Answers on page 116)

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Healing

continued from page 48

tion and release of a patient's healing resources in which robust expectations of full recovery play an important part.

Many brain researchers agree there is probably enough reserve capacity in the brain to meet problems far more demanding and complex than any that have so far confronted the species. The fact that most humans do not use more than 15 to 20 percent of their available intelligence seems to indicate that the principle need of humanity is not for a better brain but for a way to make better use of the brains we have.

The concept of reserve brainpower waiting to be unlocked is comforting at a time when philosophers are asking whether the human race is smart enough to survive. The conditions of life have been running down. The dominant intelligence, however, has been trained on tribal business rather than on the operation of human society as a whole. It is possible that this challenge is related to the need for a new consciousness. It is a consciousness that can take into account the condition of the species rather than the condition of any of its subdivisions.

Ethical questions exist on concentric rings. Any break, especially in the outer ring, produces breakdowns on the inner rings as well. By the outer ring, I have in mind the management of society. An illustration of a breakdown in human values is the decision by government to manufacture nerve gases and to breed and stockpile virulently toxigenic bacteria as weapons of war. Not even war relieves us of the obligation to distinguish between essential ingenuity in a fight for survival and the exercise of random and unlimited malevolence.

Consider the question of moral integrity inherent in a situation in which the government appropriates large sums of money to subsidize those who grow tobacco but at the same time warns its citizens that tobacco can cause cancer. Can the medical profession regard such actions casually? Does the profession have no function except to wait for the casualties to be trundled in?

To practice medicine at a time when the earth has become a single geographic community calls for an enlargement of the Hippocratic Oath. In today's world, the physician must make his commitment not just to individual life but to the institution of life. To the extent that medical societies are concerned only with professional questions, they restrain physicians from involvement in ethical issues. Insulated in that manner from his central role, the physician can trail happily after illness while ignoring his obligation to help humanize society and make it safe for human beings.

Truth-telling to patients is often debated as though the only issue is whether physicians are obligated to tell what they know. Far more consequential are these issues:

Does the physician always know the truth?

What is the effect of truth on the patient? To what extent can total candor undermine the physician's effectiveness in dealing with the ravages of disease? How does unvarnished disclosure affect the quality of life—and the quality of dying?

Is the fear of malpractice suits causing some physicians—understandably, perhaps—to be explicit to the point of overkill?

Walter Cannon, one of the great figures of American medicine in the 20th century, once wrote a paper about the hex of the voodoo doctor and why it was that people died on cue. What Dr. Cannon concluded was that it was not the hex that killed people but their own acceptance of the certainty they were going to die. The will to die replaced the will to live. If people can keep an appointment with death, they can keep an appointment with life. If they can be programmed to die, they can be programmed to live.

The best physicians are not just superb diagnosticians but men who understand the phenomenal energy (and therefore curative propensity) that flows out of an individual's capacity to retain an optimistic belief and attitude toward problems and human affairs in general. It is a perversion of rationalism to argue that words such as "hope" or "faith" or "love" or "grace" are without physiological significance. The benevolent emotions are necessary not just because they are pleasant but because they are regenerative.

Hans Selye has been primarily concerned with the *overworked* or exhausted adrenal glands. But what about the effects of the *underworked* adrenal glands? Adrenal insufficiency, whether from depletion or atrophy, is the problem. Are we to assume there are no hazards in inaction and purposelessness? Does the body pay no price for emotional, mental and physical lethargy and stupefaction?

I can imagine no greater satisfaction for a person, in looking back on his life and work, than to have been able to give some people, however few, a feeling of genuine pride in belonging to the human species and, beyond that, a zestful yen to justify that pride. ✖

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Post Bingo

Green Bingo Card Winners

The following new Green Family Bingo card numbers have been drawn:

Prizes	*Numbers*
1st—Plymouth Reliant Station Wagon	**N-68**
2nd—Entex Electric Baseball	**B-47**
3rd—Norman Rockwell Bible	**N-83**
4th—*Fiber & Bran Cookbook*	**0-51**

Check your Green Family Bingo cards from your May/June 1981 *Post* to see if you are a winner. Remember: Winning cards have ONLY ONE NUMBER which differs from nonwinning cards. If you have a card with a number in the place that matches one of those listed below, you win!

Red Bingo Card Winners

The following New Red Family Bingo card numbers have been drawn:

Prizes	*Numbers*
1st—Winnebago Motor Home	**B-29**
2nd—Conrad Caribbean Cruise	**I-37**
3rd—Toshiba Stereo Sound System	**B-58**
4th—President's Book	**N-85**

Check your Red Family Bingo cards from your September 1981 *Post* to see if you are a winner. Remember: Winning cards have ONLY ONE NUMBER which differs from nonwinning cards. If you have a card with a number in the place that matches one of those listed below, you win! If your card is a winner, SIGN IT and SEND IT to: *The Saturday Evening Post* Bingo Contest, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. All letters must be postmarked by Monday, May 3, 1982. No cash equivalency will be awarded for any prize. Contest is void where prohibited by law.

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Conceive

continued from page 105

conceived while his wife undergoes artificial insemination is not a product of his sperm. The wife is often told to have intercourse with her husband shortly after artificial donor insemination. There is always the possibility, however slight, that a sperm of the husband's may very well be the one finally to fertilize the egg.

How Is It Done?

The woman's ovulatory pattern as determined by basal body temperature charts, cervical mucus production and dilation of the cervix are required to pinpoint the time of ovulation so that the sperm can be introduced on the best day. However, sometimes the precise timing of ovulation becomes impossible, because the emotional stress placed upon the wife affects her hypothalamus to the extent that she may ovulate late, or she may even fail to ovulate. For this reason, the bedside manner of the physician is very important. If the wife is terrified by an inadequate understanding of what is being done, she may very easily stop ovulating altogether. In such cases, ironically, when the program of artifical insemination is abandoned, her periods often return to normal and she begins to ovulate again.

Because of the difficulty of pinpointing the exact time of ovulation under the psychological stress of artificial insemination, the physician may place the wife on Clomid or HCG to induce regular ovulation. Women treated with Clomid tend to ovulate right at midcycle, around day 14 or 15, despite the emotional stress that might otherwise interfere with their cycles. The patient is placed on one Clomid tablet each day for five days beginning on the fifth day of her cycle. Then about five days after completion of the Clomid treatment, usually day 14 of her cycle, artificial insemination is performed. Using this approach, a number of doctors have reported a higher pregnancy rate within a fewer number of cycles than when the time of ovulation is not artificially controlled.

Regardless of whether ovulation is induced with drugs or allowed to proceed spontaneously, the woman must continue to take her basal body temperature. The doctor will inseminate her on what he thinks is the day before ovulation and again two days later if her temperature has not risen one day after the first insemination. Since the sperm are only able to fertilize the egg for a period of 48 hours, if the temperature does not rise one day after the first insemination, she will be inseminated again with the hope that, even though she is ovulating somewhat later than expected, the second insemination may allow her to conceive as planned.

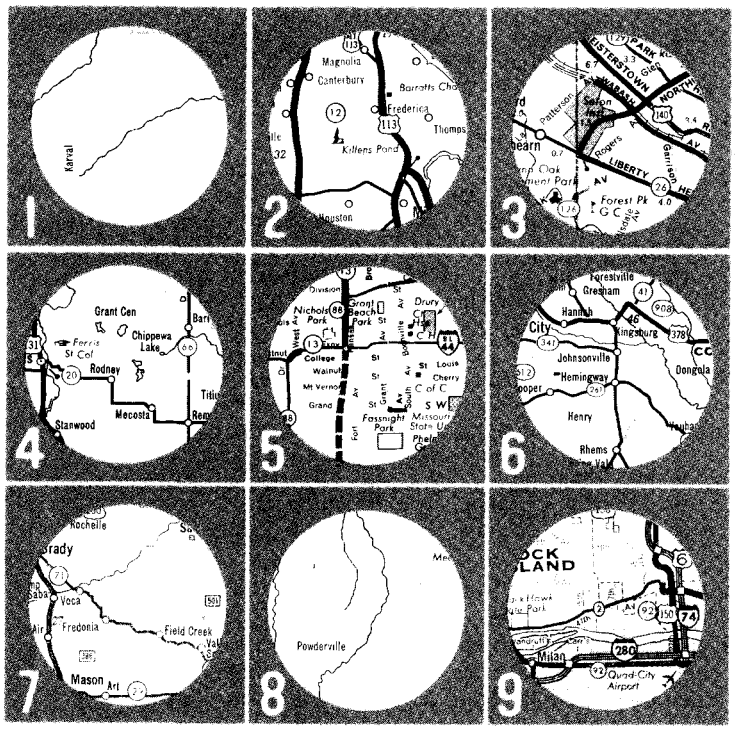
The actual technique of artificial insemination is simple and entirely painless. The patient is placed in position as for a routine pelvic exam and the vaginal speculum is inserted just as though she were having a Pap smear. The donor's semen is then either squirted against the cervix into the recesses of the vagina or placed in a plastic-type cap which is then put over the cervix and allowed to stay in position for a half hour to three hours. Whichever method is used, the patient is usually requested to remain in position for one half hour, allowing plenty of time for the sperm to gain access to the cervical mucus. After that first half hour, most of the sperm that would have any chance of reaching the egg will have already entered, and the patient is then allowed to leave. Insemination is only performed if the woman's cervix opening is dilated and if she is about to ovulate. If her cervix is not yet "ripe," the physician may ask her to return one or two days later. If on the other hand her cervix appears "ripe," and she undergoes insemination but her temperature does not go up, she will have to be inseminated again in two days.

Donor Selection

Selection of an appropriate donor is probably the physician's heaviest responsibility in artificial insemination. Obviously the donor has to be of excellent physical and mental stock, with proven fertility. Skin, hair and eye color should match the patient's husband as closely as possible, and their blood types should be compatible. The donor is asked to abstain from intercourse for two days, and then masturbate into a clean container. A tiny portion of this specimen is examined microscopically to make sure that he has a good sperm sample and to make sure there are no bacteria such as gonorrhea in the specimen. The remainder is used for the insemination.

The donor must always be anonymous. Occasionally the couple may request a particular donor, but many problems exist when the biological father is known to the couple. In actuality, most donors turn out to be medical students or interns who are healthy and readily available in the medical community. Donors are paid for their

Continued on page 126



Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 116)

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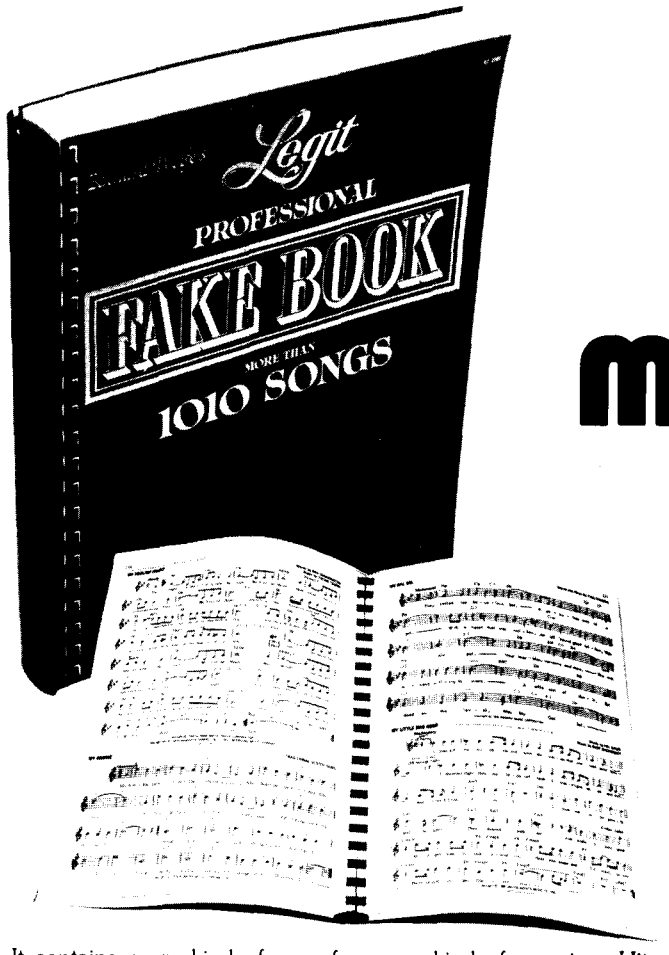

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City of New Orleans • El Paso • You Made Me Love You
Peg O' My Heart • Killing Me Softly With His Song
On A Clear Day • Who Can I Turn To • Bouquet Of Roses
Oklahoma • Bye Bye Love • Ruby • Somewhere My Love
Don't Be Cruel • Over The Rainbow • Unchained Melody
The Shadow Of Your Smile • If Ever I Would Leave You
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Crosby

continued from page 61

there in the rain, playing after school or on weekends. Alone, or with his father.

"I had a very close relationship with him," explains Nathaniel. "Maybe more so than other children have with their fathers because we had the same interests. Whenever we were both free, we played golf. He loved it, and so did I." Even when Nate, as his friends call him, beat the old man.

While some parents in successful families push their children toward professions like law or medicine, Kathryn and Bing "suffered" through stroke-by-stroke dinner-table accounts of the boy's latest golf round. "Never once did they try to get him to give up golf," says a family friend. "When Nate said he wanted it as a career, Bing encouraged that goal."

Bing was also impressed by the kid's game. "He has a beautiful swing," the crooner told a friend when Nate was 12. "He has a good attitude, and he works at it. He's going to be a fine player." Nate, however, knew when to listen to his father and when to make decisions on his own.

At the age of 15, he was playing for the Burlingame club championship against a much older and more experienced player. But at one point, he hit a drive into a clump of trees. Bing ambled up and advised his son to play it safe, chip out and virtually concede the hole. Instead, Nathaniel pulled out a one iron, slammed the ball with a hook to get it around a corner and laid it right next to the green. An easy pitch and putt took the hole and the club championship.

It was one of the last such instances, for Bing died the next year, in 1977, suffering a heart attack while on a golf course in Spain. His last letter to his son contained a "critique" of Nate's golf swing. And though the father left his son with plenty of memories, there was also much more. Indeed, the slender youth suddenly found himself in charge of a major golf tournament.

Bing had started the Crosby National Pro-Amateur golf championship back in 1937. The first few were held at Rancho Sante Fe in southern California, but after the war it was moved up the coast to Pebble Beach. A quaint gathering of Bing's show business and other buddies, along with the top players in professional golf, the "Clambake" has a friendly and relaxed atmosphere. A forerunner of the now-common celebrity sports events, it is the only stop on the professional golfer's TPA Tour where amateurs play with the pros on all four tournament days, instead of just two or three. It is a special tournament, with casual class—like its founder. There were, however, worries that it could not continue in this manner without Bing.

"I've known Nate as long as anybody," says Ted Durein, who has handled press relations and publicity for every Crosby Clambake. "But the initial reaction among the tournament staff was: 'How are we going to replace a world famous entertainer with a 16-year-old kid?' I'll confess, we had our fears; but as it turned out, they were groundless."

"My father loved this tournament," a clearly nervous Nathaniel said to a gathering of tournament volunteer officials that first year after Bing's death. "And I know he'd want to keep it going just the way it has always been. I hope you'll help me do that."

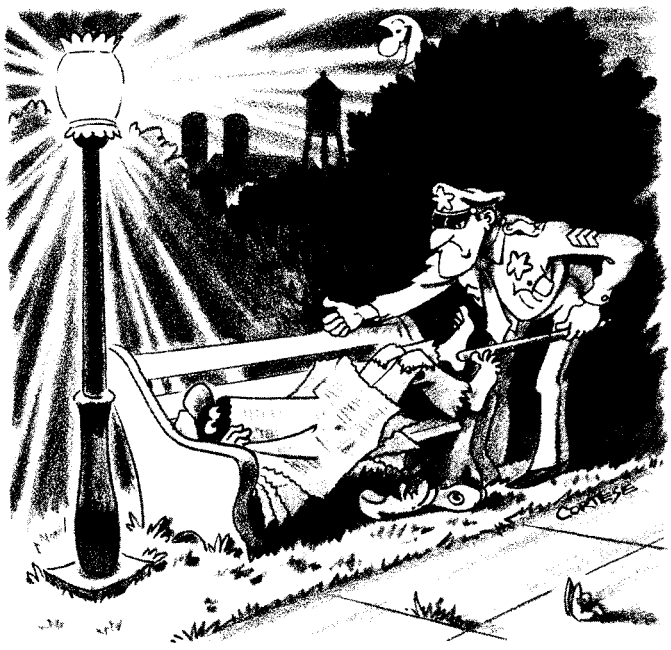
First, however, the Crosby corps had to resist another attempt by the professional golfer's organization to keep amateurs out of the last day of play. The response: Amateurs are still as important to the tourney as the pros. But then there was the matter of the coveted invitations.

Indeed, there are only 165 spots for amateurs, and in past years the Crosby has received as many as 7,000 applications. They are highly prized, such is the allure of the Clambake. Actor Jack Lemmon, for example, even turned down a movie role he wanted because filming would conflict with the tournament's early February dates. But now, Nate, with some help from his mother, had to decide on the invitations.

In the first couple years, the young tyro started inviting some of his high-school friends. But rather quickly, he realized this wasn't going over well with the experienced Crosby officials. "It never got that far out of line," says Durein with a laugh, "because for a kid, Nate was pretty smart. He *listened* and let the experienced people guide him. A lot of grown-ups won't listen, but he did. And always, he's asking himself, 'What would my father do in this situation?' "

"The hardest thing to do is say no to people," says

Continued on page 128



You be the Judge

by John A. Ritter

Earl was a modern-day hobo who rode the rails throughout the South. One night in a quiet southern town, Earl was asleep on a park bench when he was awakened by a policeman's night stick tapping on his bare feet. "You're under arrest," said the policeman. "There's a city ordinance against sleeping in a public place." In court the next morning, Earl's public defender told the judge that a man can't be guilty of a crime for peacefully sleeping in a public place. The prosecutor argued that a city has the right to protect its citizens from derelicts.

If you were the judge, would you uphold the conviction?

The judge ruled that the law was illegal and that Earl was free to sleep in the park. "The city ordinance punishes innocent conduct," he said, "but only conduct which is calculated to cause harm can lawfully constitute a crime."

(Based on a 1972 Florida appeals court decision.)

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Gospel

continued from page 22

trouble with the syncopated beat and a jazz or rock idiom. But lyrics centering on a "cozy," personal devotion to Jesus turn them off.

On the other hand, gospel music that mixes evangelism and words of piety is in tune with the tradition of most fundamentalists. Yet the tempo and rhythm, as well as the artists, offend some.

There is no unanimity about how to neatly categorize gospel-music form. It crosses age barriers, and it is readily accepted by a large segment of the population.

Evie Tornquist Karlsson rocked the Christian music world in the mid-1970s while she was still a teen-ager. Evie packed concerts around the country. Now 25, Evie and her Swedish husband, Pelle, record more traditional albums.

Another rising star, who records mostly in the contemporary realm with Benson Co., is Sandi Patti, 25. For the past three years, Patti has toured with the Gaithers; last year, she was on the road 225 days for 170 concerts. This year, she is also booked for 40 dates with the Imperials, a front-running contemporary gospel quartet.

Prominent black-gospel artists include the Walter Hawkins Family, Daniebelle Hall, James Cleveland, Leon Patillo, Jessy Dixon and the Winans. Country-and-southern-gospel artists include the Rambos (also daughter Reba and husband Dony McGuire), evangelist Jimmy Swaggart, the Happy Goodmans, the Blackwood Brothers, Johnny Cash and Barbara Mandrell. The Resurrection Band, a Jesus rock group, plays progressive Christian music. DeGarmo and Key, Gary Paxton, Larry Norman and Barry McGuire are others in this category.

Many believe that the mass sale of gospel ultimately will depend on strong promotion and clever commerce in the secular marketplace. Posters, buttons and promo T-shirts are now accepted. And jumping into the gap to harmonize and hustle the new sounds and personalities are a host of booking agents and public-relations hypsters.

Stan Moser, executive vice president of records and music for Word, expressed the belief that music, money and ministry aren't necessarily incompatible. "Nothing ministers like music," he told a reporter. "It's a way in which a lot of people reach a spiritual decision. We also have found that the performers with the highest level of commitment to Christ are those who reach the top."

Begat

continued from page 55

printing shop in order and trained a few raw hands. But one of them, Hugh Meredith, so admired Franklin that he persuaded his father to put up the funds to start the two of them out on their own.

The business went so well, Franklin and his partner soon managed to take over a failing newspaper started by Franklin's former employer, Keimer, who had stolen the idea from Ben in the first place. Franklin named the paper the *Pennsylvania Gazette.*

His description of the *Gazette* appeared in the very first issue, October 2, 1729:

"There are many who have long desired to see a good News-Paper in Pennsylvania; and we hope those Gentlemen who are able, will contribute towards the making This such. We ask Assistance, because we are fully sensible, that to publish a good News-Paper is not so easy an Undertaking as many People imagine it to be. The Author of a Gazette (in the Opinion of the Learned) ought to be qualified with an extensive Acquaintance with Languages, a great Easiness and Command of Writing and Relating Things cleanly and intelligibly, and in few Words; he should be able to speak of War both by Land and Sea; be well acquainted with Geography, with the History of the Time, with the several Interests of Princes and States, the Secrets of Courts, and the Manners and Customs of all Nations. Men thus accomplish'd are very rare in this remote Part of the World; and it would be well if the Writer of these Papers could make up among his Friends what is wanting in himself.

"Upon the Whole, we may assure the Publick, that as far as the Encouragement we meet with will enable us, no Care and Pains shall be omitted, that may make the *Pennsylvania Gazette* as agreeable and useful an Entertainment as the Nature of the Thing will allow."

In 1729, the town of Philadelphia, created out of the wilderness in 1681 by William Penn's surveyor, was still a raw, backwoods settlement of only 7,000 people. Philly still had plenty of small game frisking about its unpaved streets. At night, the howls of wolves on the edge of town echoed through the dark streets and alleys. Philly was still so young that the first child born there lived until 1767, 44 years after Franklin's arrival. It was this sleepy place which Franklin proposed to thrust into the mainstream of the other colonies and of the world beyond.

It is not easy for us to think back that far and still connect the time to ourselves. But for those alive in 1729, the world was in a turmoil of excitement. The Rennaisance was over, its golden glow past: Now the Industrial Revolution was coming to create a new age that would stay vital until it went up in the sparks and currents of our own time, the Electronic Age.

In Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin was to wed the world and its people to his neighbors with his *Pennsylvania Gazette.* He set styles in publishing that were imitated all over America. It is doubtful if he had not come along with his "bill of rights" on how he proposed to handle the *Gazette* that the other colonial newspapers would have grown up as they did.

It would not be too many years before publications that were once limited to old wives' tales would be flaunting the bylines of men such as Washington, Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, Noah Webster, John Hancock, Roger Sherman and Thomas Jefferson. Paul Revere, a Boston silversmith who liked to ride horses, was also a specialist in fine engravings and became the most famous illustrator of his time. Franklin himself wrote for a number of newspapers he did not publish.

The odds were all against Franklin's success. Newspapers of the day had little *news*, one reason being that urban settlements were so small. So it was good Franklin had his reserves as a creative writer, literateur and humorist to fall back upon, for entertainment and diversion were to be his chief stock in trade at the beginning.

He disposed of his predecessor on the *Gazette,* Keimer, with a typical thrust of light humor. Recalling that Keimer had promised the *Gazette's* readers the impressive bonus of an entire encyclopedia, run piecemeal from issue to issue, Franklin dryly noted: "We find that besides containing many things abstruse or insignificant to us, it will probably be 50 years before the whole can be gone 'thro' in this manner of publication. . . . Since it is likely that they who desire to acquaint themselves with any particular art or science would gladly have the whole before them in much less time, we believe our readers will think such a method of communicating knowledge to be a proper one."

In the space gained by discarding the encyclopedia, Franklin inserted more reading matter of a general nature. One of his basic rules was to include an article of literary merit in nearly every issue. He also published a growing volume of advertising. His publication rapidly became a business success and an influential factor in the public thinking of the period.

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Volunteerism

continued from page 71

gather such momentum that it will destroy the country. At least I am paraphrasing what I have read that he said in his veto message. We didn't have any real massive help until the New Deal. I think that it had to come, but the government's involvement in social programs has become such a gigantic part of the budget.

Some cities that I go to have unemployment rates of eight to ten percent, and yet the newspapers are filled with want ads for people to work. But people want to do their specific thing—they're not willing to do anything. During the Depression, people in our area were willing to do anything to earn money. They were almost embarrassed to take federal help, even if they worked for it through a government program such as the Works Progress Administration. Today, one hears stories of people driving up in new cars and using food stamps.

Everybody I know wants others in this country to have their shares of the economy, but these have to be worked for, to be earned. If I have a child and I continue handing everything to him, he never learns to take care of himself. He becomes an invalid. I think you can have economic invalids, and that's why the church can find out and meet people's real needs.

Post: Are you suggesting that the government should ease out of social programs entirely, and that the neighborhood churches should shoulder that responsibility?

Graham: No, I think we are still going to have programs that can only be done by government, such as Medicare. And these will have to be carefully monitored, because we find unscrupulous people taking advantage of them now.

Post: Dr. Graham, there are those people who feel that Mr. Reagan's campaign for volunteerism is basically a lot of political rhetoric. Their attitude is: Why do anything now; just wait until 1984 and elect a president who wants to furnish the goods and services we're accustomed to receiving. Your response?

Graham: I would seriously doubt if that can happen because the economy is in such a recession. Even with the proposed cuts, a $100 billion deficit would bring about an inflationary spiral that will hurt the poor even worse. But I'm not an economist, and I don't mean to get into the political side of this. I'd like to stay on the spiritual side. We as Christians and devout Jews have a serious responsibility of moving in and taking up the slack where the government is pulling back. We really need to study the lives of our forefathers and past generations. They didn't have government help to do anything. And yet they built a great nation by just plain hard work. But our country has become so leisure- and pleasure-oriented that this becomes an important factor. ✠

Can You Name This Star?

This three-year-old was born in Paris and, appropriately, won her initial film fame dancing with Gene Kelly in *An American in Paris.* Although she had toured Europe and Asia as a ballet dancer, she decided at an early age to combine her talent for dancing with her acting ability and establish herself as a film star. Other films in which she appeared include *Daddy Long Legs, The L Shaped Room* and *Gigi.* After several years away from films, she recently made a comback in a critically acclaimed performance in a film made in Poland. Can you name her?

Answer: Leslie Caron

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

(Continued from page 110)

1 Grand Pre National Historic Park near Wolfville, Nova Scotia, preserves a site of early Acadian history made famous by Longfellow. French descendants who failed to swear allegiance to the British were expelled. Evangeline went to New England, her lover to Louisiana.

2 After years of neglect, the two-mile downtown stretch of the San Antonio River in San Antonio, Texas, was transformed into the Paseo del Rio, a pedestrian's paradise, rimmed by tropical gardens and lined with nightclubs, restaurants and shops.

3 New Zealand lies on a zone of structural weakness known as the Circumpacific Mobile Belt where volcanic eruptions are common. Mt. Tarawera stands near the resort town of Rotorua, noted for its sulfur springs.

4 The narrow Herzog-Friedrich-Strasse in Innsbruck, Austria, leads to the famous Goldenes Dachl, a two-decker Gothic balcony with a gilded copper roof, which adorns the 15th-century Furstenburg palace.

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Continued from page 112)

1. Colorado
2. Delaware
3. Baltimore, MD
4. Michigan
5. Springfield, MS
6. South Carolina
7. Texas
8. Montana
9. Davenport, IA

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Giant Step

continued from page 14

by her ankles and shaking her, and although I managed to dislodge a monstrous chunk of kasha, she seemed ungrateful. Wolfsheim suggested that we might try slapping choke victims on the back and pointed out that important back-slapping concepts had been suggested to him by Fermi at a symposium on digestion in Zurich 32 years ago. A grant to explore this was refused, however, when the government decided in favor of nuclear priorities. Wolfsheim, incidentally, has turned out to be a rival in my affair with Shulamith and confessed affection for her yesterday in the biology lab. When he tried to kiss her, she hit him with a frozen monkey. He is a very complex and sad man.

March 18. At Marcello's Villa today, we chanced upon a Mrs. Guido Bertoni in the act of choking on what was later identified as either cannelloni or a ping-pong ball. As I had foreseen, slapping her on the back did not help. Wolfsheim, unable to part with the old theories, tried administering a glass of water but unfortunately seized it from the table of a gentleman well placed in the cement and contracting community, and all three of us were escorted out of the service entrance and up against a lamppost, over and over.

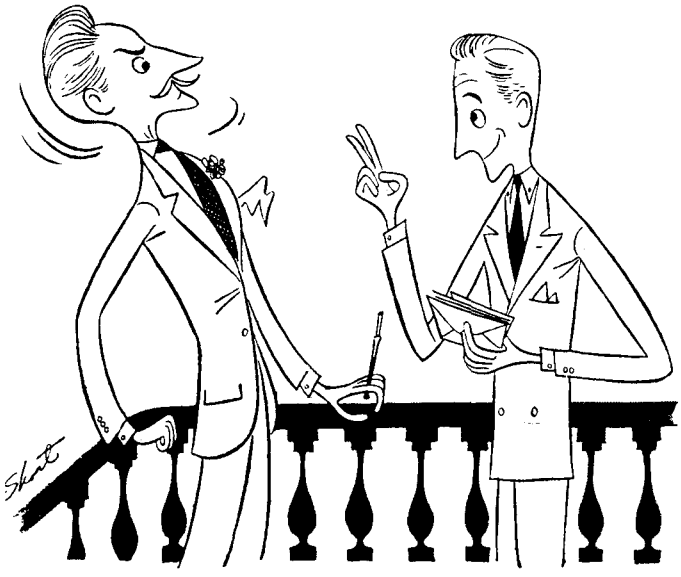
April 2. Today Shulamith raised the notion of a pincers—that is, some form of long tweezers or forceps to extract food that falls into the windpipe. Each citizen would carry one such instrument on his person and be educated in its use and handling by the Red Cross. In eager anticipation, we drove out to Belknap's Salt of the Sea to remove a badly wedged crabcake from the esophagus of a Mrs. Faith Blitzstein. Unfortunately, the gasping woman became agitated when I produced the formidable tweezers and sank her teeth into my wrist, causing me to drop the instrument down her throat. Only the quick action of her husband Nathan, who held her above the ground by her hair and raised and lowered her like a yo-yo, prevented a fatality.

April 11. Our project is coming to a close—unsuccessfully, I am sorry to say. Funding has been cut off, our foundation board having decided that the remaining money might be more profitably spent on some joy-buzzers. After I received the news of our termination, I had to have fresh air to clear my head, and as I walked alone at night by the Charles River, I couldn't help reflecting on the limits of science. Perhaps people are *meant* to choke now and then when they eat. Perhaps it is all part of some unfathomable cosmic design. Are we so conceited as to think research and science can control everything? A man swallows too large a bite of steak and gags. What could be simpler? What more proof is needed of the exquisite harmony of the universe? We will never know all the answers.

April 20. Yesterday afternoon was our last day, and I chanced upon Shulamith in the commissary, where she was glancing over a monograph on the new herpes vaccine and gobbling a herring to tide her over till dinnertime. I approached stealthily from the rear and, seeking to surprise her, quietly placed my arms around her, experiencing at that moment the bliss that only a lover feels. Instantly, she began choking, a portion of herring having lodged suddenly in her gullet. My arms were still around her, and, as fate would have it, my hands were clasped just under her sternum. Something—call it blind instinct, call it scientific luck—made me form a fist and snap it back against her chest. In a trice, the herring became disengaged, and a moment later, the lovely woman was as good as new. When I told Wolfsheim about this, he said, "Yes, of course. It works with herring, but will it work with ferrous metals?"

I don't know what he meant, and I don't care. The project is ended, and while it is perhaps true that we have failed, others will follow in our footsteps and, building upon our crude preliminary work, will at last succeed. Indeed, all of us here can foresee the day when our children, or certainly our grandchildren, will live in a world where no individual, regardless of race, creed or color, will ever be fatally overcome by his own main course. To end on a personal note, Shulamith and I are going to marry, and until the economy begins to brighten a little, she and Wolfsheim and I have decided to provide a much-needed service and open up a really first-class tattoo parlor.

Woody Allen turned to professional humor writing after he was ejected from both New York University and City College. His one regret in life is that he is not someone else. The above was reprinted from *Side Effects* (Random House, © 1980 Woody Allen). Originally in *The New Yorker.*



The Perfect Squelch

Some years ago at The Players, a famous club on New York's Gramercy Square, there was a member who was generally disliked because of his quarrelsome habits at the bar.

One afternoon, Oliver Herford—the man who first said his wife had a whim of iron—was standing at the mailboxes on the mainstair landing, looking over his mail. From the bar below arose the racket of an argument, and in a moment, the unpopular member came steaming up the stairs.

Seeing Herford, he paused and fumed, "I've never been so insulted in my life! I've just been offered a thousand dollars to resign from the club!"

Herford looked up from his mail. "Hold out," he advised. "You can get two."

—*John Chapman*

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Shroud

continued from page 67

fire scorch have similar optical properties. The image was not affected by the heat of the 1532 fire or by the water thrown on the Shroud to extinguish it. The scorch theory could account for the superficiality, unsaturation, thermal stability and stability in water that characterizes the Shroud image. Neither heat nor water would affect a scorch in any way.

However, the optical properties of the Shroud image and the fire scorches are not identical. The fire scorches are visually redder than the body image, and the two areas of the cloth fluoresce somewhat differently under ultraviolet light. The team thought that these differences would be present if scorches had occurred under different conditions. In 1532, the Shroud was burned while sealed inside a metal box. Such a scorch, occurring in a substantially oxygen-free environment, would be visibly redder and would have different fluorescent properties than a scorch which occurred in the presence of oxygen. Indeed, Vernon Miller and Samuel Pellicori demonstrated this fact experimentally. They burned cellulose in an oxygen-depleted environment, and the scorch this experiment produced fluoresced in a way similar to those of the fire-damaged areas of the Shroud. It thus seemed probable to many members of the team that the image on the Shroud is a scorch, slightly different than the known scorches on the Shroud, but a scorch nonetheless.

The conclusions of the Shroud of Turin Research Project about the process which formed the image on the Shroud have a tentative aspect to them. The team's strongest conclusion was a negative one: that the image did not result from applied pigment. The testing showed no evidence for any foreign material which could account for the image. On the positive side, it achieved a chemical description of the image which ruled out pigment, dye, stains, powder or ink. The image consists of yellowed cellulose fibers, which have been yellowed by some dehydration process.

So far a *completely natural explanation* of the image of the man buried in the Shroud has eluded the scientists. Nevertheless, the characteristics of the Shroud image are the characteristics of a scorch.

As a team, the Shroud of Turin Research Project avoided the question of the identity of the man in the Shroud. The question of the man's identity did not even arise in the team's report.

For those of us who do want to address the question of the man's identity, it is important to stress the fact that the 1978 research provides considerable evidence that the image on the Shroud was formed by a real corpse in a real tomb. The scientists could not decide how this happened in a pure, "technologically credible" way, but that this happened is the unescapable conclusion.

The scholarly consensus is that the Shroud of Turin is a real burial garment which once held the corpse of a Jew who was crucified by Romans and buried in general accordance with Jewish burial practices. The data point toward first-century Palestine as the likely time and place of his execution.

It is revealing to compare the wounds inflicted on the man buried in the Shroud with the New Testament concerning the crucifixion procedure used with Jesus. The correlation is quite remarkable.

Before he was crucified, Jesus was subjected to a variety of punishments. The Roman soldiers scourged him (Matthew 27:26; Mark 15:15; John 19:1). The man of the Shroud was beaten severely.

The gospels also relate that Jesus was repeatedly struck in the face (Matthew 27:30; Mark 15:19; Luke 22:63-64; John 19:3). Such a beating can be observed in the image on the Shroud.

The gospels say that the soldiers did not break Jesus' legs, as was the normal crucification procedure, because he was already dead. Instead, a Roman soldier stabbed him in the side in order to assure his death. Blood and water flowed from the open wound (John 19:33-34). Similarly, the man in the Shroud did not have his legs broken, and he was also stabbed in the side. Amazingly, a mixture of blood and water is ascertainable on the Shroud.

This comparison of the gospel accounts with the sufferings and burial of the man of the Shroud points to the strong likelihood that the man is Jesus Christ. The evidence is consistent at every point. The man of the Shroud suffered, died and was buried the way the gospels say Jesus was.

The New Testament asserts that Jesus' body did not undergo corruption (Acts 2:22-23) but that he was raised from the dead. There are no signs of decomposition on the Shroud.

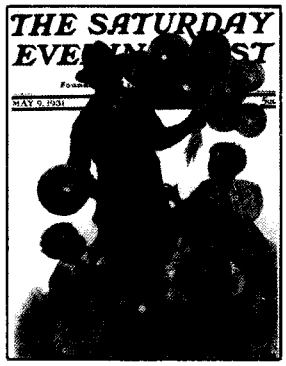
The gospels say that irregularities were present in Jesus' death and burial. The Shroud evidence says they were also present in the death and burial of the man of the Shroud. Estimating the probability that they happened to someone other than Jesus, deliberately using skeptical and conservative estimates, we have one chance in 82,944,000 that the man buried in the Shroud is not Jesus.

Our figure would have been much higher if we included the fact that there are no contradictions between the gospel and the Shroud, an indication of an even closer correspondence. Since there are no contradictions, then it is even more probable that the Shroud is the actual linen cloth in which Jesus was buried.

Thus we conclude that, according to high probability, the man buried in the Shroud is Jesus. The Shroud of Turin is his actual burial garment, a conclusion strongly supported by the facts.

Long ago in the Post

Chastising the antics of the politician:



"Empty Pockets,"
an editorial, May 9, 1931

"Spending other people's money is a pleasant pursuit. It is the favorite pastime of the politician. When he has cleaned up and out everything and everybody in sight, it does not occur to him that the time to go slow or to stop has come. He simply considers how he can jack up old taxes and sleuths out whatever there is in the picture that he has forgotten to tax. The one idea that he refuses to entertain is the sensible and obvious one—to stop living beyond the means of the country. For we are doing just that."

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Mandrell

continued from page 53

string of awards and ask, what else is there? She's done it all.

"I cringe when I hear that. It's simply not true. I feel like a beginner, like I've just scratched the surface. I have more intensity, drive and determination today than when I started," she insists.

Besides being a performer, Barbara's an observer. She's tracked other entertainers and their careers and recognizes the value of leaving fans wanting more. She claims there's a difference between satisfying an audience and wearing it out. There's also a difference between being an entertainer and being a personality, and she hopes to graduate from one to the other.

"I'm in a youth-oriented business," she says. "I'm hoping I have years and years left, but the fans will decide. I'd like to be considered a personality because a personality doesn't have to have a hit record or a hot television show. A personality continually draws people to Vegas, appears on Johnny Carson and does the game shows."

To achieve personality status, a performer has to have a core of totally loyal fans. Barbara does, and the loyalty works both ways. She has the reputation of putting the public first, filling in for ailing entertainers rather than disappoint an audience and keeping concert dates herself when suffering from flu, colds and, once, viral pneumonia. She also gives freely of her time on a one-on-one basis. At various points last summer, she took six terminally ill children under her wing, visiting them in the hospital to cheer them up. They were fans, after all.

"My husband said, 'You're tired and you don't feel well; you don't have to do this.' But I *did* have to, because it would hurt me a whole lot more if I didn't. The most important thing I've learned in my life—and I didn't learn it until just a few years ago—was that in order to be at peace with myself and with God I must love everyone. You can't ask for forgiveness if you don't forgive others. I'm touched very much by people. I find it hard to say no, and that's why I get so much done."

"I'm only satisfied if I feel I've delivered the goods to the people," she says. "I want to feel that way after every show. I try to make each concert, each record better than the last one. Usually I come up short, but every once in a while, I think, 'Well, girl, you did it tonight. You were really cooking.'"

At times like that, she's Barbara the entertainer. . .and for her talents, the public's appetite is insatiable.

Family

continued from page 37

tion he provides.

"The most dangerous threat to family life is one seldom mentioned," says Dobson. "We can talk about alcoholism, drug abuse or infidelity, but a more common threat is the simple matter of overcommitment. I'm talking about the husband and wife who are too exhausted to take walks together, understand one another, meet each other's needs, have time for play, have time for children, have time for devotions. The husband often moonlights to maintain some standard of living; the wife works and tries to oversee the home; everyone is on the brink of exhaustion. I see that as the quickest route to the destruction of the family, and it can happen so easily.

"Sure, we have to make a living, but there's more to overcommitment than that. Why do we have to have a standard of living today that we didn't have 30 years ago? I think we're sacrificing things that are absolutely irreplaceable. Things like relationship with the family, the loving interaction between husband and wife, parent and child. When you lie on your deathbed and look back over your life, you won't remember the new automobile, the new couch or the neighborhood you lived in. You'll remember who loved you, who cared for you and where you fit into somebody's life. If those things matter then, they should matter now, and we ought to live like they do."

Some people might find dealing with other families' problems discouraging, but Dobson sees it as fulfilling. He's a man of principle and those principles are the heart of his message.

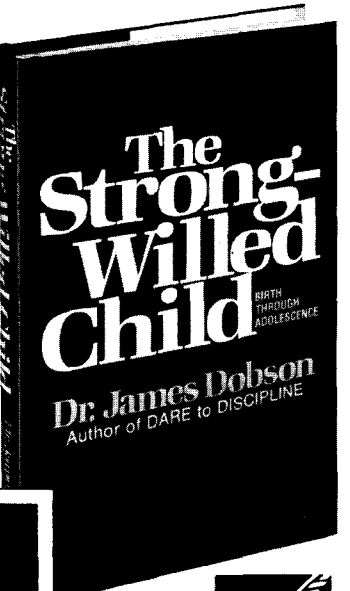
"They work when people live by them rather than allowing their own needs to dominate everyone else in the family. At one point, people were taught to scream for their rights. This is disastrous when it's applied to the national level. What works best is when I say to you, 'I care about you as much as I care about myself. Your needs are my needs.' That's what makes life worth living. It's not when I clench my fists and grit my teeth and set out to get my own way."

Dobson's way is quieter, and it's winning converts every time he presents his case on a talk show, at a seminar, through a film or another book.

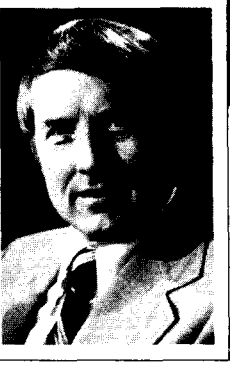
"I find it tremendously exciting to have an opportunity to express creativity in figuring out where people's needs are and where the hurts are and how to help them. I don't see myself as a crusader trying to change the world by myself, but I can do what I can. I can do my part."

Urgent Advice To Parents

Dr. James Dobson, in his bestselling book, **The Strong-Willed Child,** gives urgent advice to parents. This valuable book focuses on the care and training of the assertive boy or girl (from birth to adolescence) whose natural inclination is to test and challenge the limits of authority. The strong-willed child is a precious human being who needs a special kind of understanding and discipline by his parents. This book is devoted to those needs, and is written in the warm and humorous style that has made Dr. Dobson one of the best-loved authors in America. Cloth, $9.95. (Add 75¢ postage if ordered by mail.)



Dr. Dobson is Associate Clinical Professor of Pediatrics at the University of Southern California School of Medicine, and is on the Attending Staff for Childrens Hospital of Los Angeles in the Division of Medical Genetics. He lives, with his wife and two children, in Arcadia, California.



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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

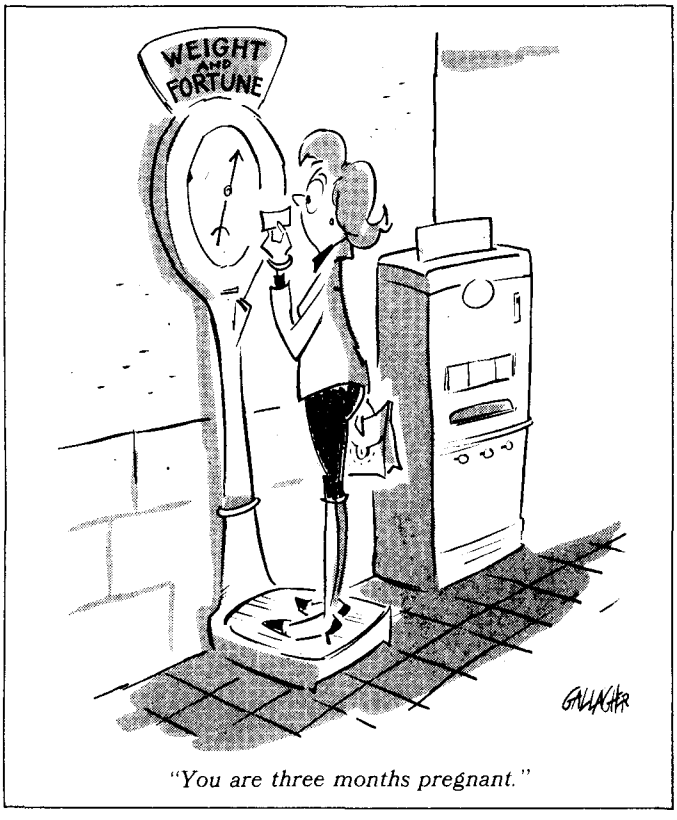
"The Greeks have given us one of the most beautiful words of our language, the word 'enthusiasm'—a God within. The grandeur of the acts of men is measured by the inspiration from which they spring."
—Louis Pasteur (1822-1895)

Mary Kay and the Demon Shingles

Mary Kay Ashe thinks everyone should be able to recognize the early blisters of shingles. She called me from her sick bed to tell me that we should alert people so that what happened to her won't happen to them. Mary Kay told me this morning that she had been bedfast since last November with an extremely painful case of shingles, and all the doctors who have tried to help her have repeated the same thing: "With shingles, you have to catch them early."

She laments that she hadn't the slightest knowledge of shingles when her first symptoms appeared. She thought the painful blisters on her back were something bad. She told her doctor, "It must be a scorpion bite." Alas, it had appeared on Friday in late afternoon. She didn't bother to see her doctor until Monday because she thought it must have been a bite. By Monday, the pain had increased and the diagnosis was made. By then the blisters had spread, and as she soon was to discover, her problem had multiplied.

Her doctor in Houston, who fortuitously does research with interferon for treatment of shingles, told her that had she gotten to the hospital on Saturday instead of later, he could have cleared it up. He told her, "We have done this time and again here, with interferon, after just four shots."



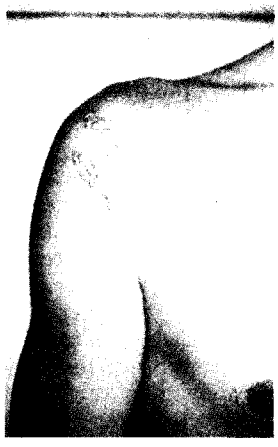
"You are three months pregnant."

We promised Mary Kay Ashe that we would print a picture of shingles so that victims will recognize them early and run not walk to a physician. The gentleman shown in the photograph below has typical shingles blisters.

Other doctors have also had success treating early shingles with interferon, but it is very expensive and hard to come by. Coincidentally, research performed in Japan supports the belief that vitamin C may increase the body's ability to manufacture interferon. If this is the case, it would add credibility to the rationale of giving vitamin C intravenously or orally as treatment.

After Mary Kay's sad story, I immediately called Dr. Fritz Klenner in Reidsville, North Carolina, who uses intravenous vitamin C daily, morning and night, along with adenosine injections before and after each I.V. in his treatment of shingles. "If this treatment is started within the first week, it will clear up shingles within a few days," he said. Since Mary Kay's shingles have had her bedfast since November, he thought it might take a couple of weeks to turn her case around.

By coincidence, a few weeks before Mary Kay called, my husband asked me to look at a couple of blisters just to the right of his spine at his waistline. The blisters were small, and they looked exactly like shingles to me. I sent him off immediately to our dermatologist to confirm the diagnosis. We put him on 10 grams of oral vitamin C per day, and the blisters all disappeared without


Should you get such blisters on your torso, think *shingles*, and see a doctor immediately. They hurt like insect bites and last longer.

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spreading at all. As a dressing on the blisters, we used only calamine lotion. In my husband's case, oral vitamin C was the only treatment, except for the calamine for palliation.

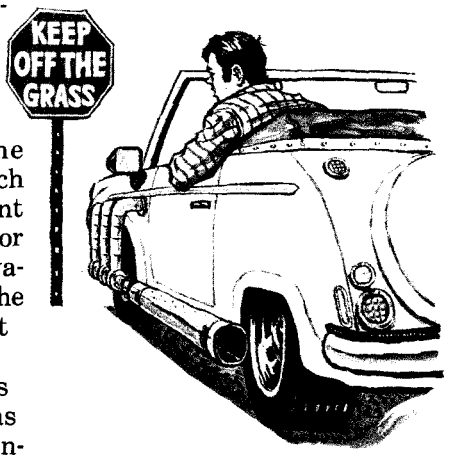
Before Mary Kay got shingles, she had been traveling extensively on an author's tour promoting her new book and was fatigued. It is well known that stress, which can be caused by travel, does deplete the body supplies of vitamin C. Therefore, it would seem that taking extra vitamin C when traveling is a worthwhile precaution. Powdered vitamin C can be added easily to orange juice or other fruit drinks while traveling.

Free Films for Viewing

Throughout the country over a year's time, hundreds, perhaps thousands of screening events take place in which whole populations of people are examined for possible high blood pressure. Ten to 15 percent of the thousands screened are discovered to have high blood pressure. Many of these people were not aware they had a problem, and a great majority of them have no doctor. To motivate them to seek a physician immediately after they have been discovered, the Medical Education Research Foundation (MERF) has developed a video-tape cassette, available for use in screening booths in churches, shopping malls, schools and clinics.

The brief video program, which can be viewed during or after the screening procedure, tells a patient what he should do to arrest his high blood pressure. It is motivational; designed to persuade the patient to seek the care of a physician.

After screening 6,000 persons in a blind test, it was found that of those who were discovered and merely told by a nurse that they should consult a physician, only 23 percent actually did so. Of those who saw the film, and then were helped to make an appointment, 78 percent, or almost three times as many, saw a physician. A great deal of money is spent screening for hypertensives. But unless a large percentage of the hypertensives actually reach a physician and are placed under some sort of care, the cost of the screening is much higher per patient who gets to a doctor without the motivational film than the cost per patient who sees the film. That is why this particular film has proven to be instrumental in increasing the number of hypertensives who seek medical care.



There's danger ahead if the driver has been smoking pot.

Members of the Saturday Evening Post Society may borrow these cassettes free of charge to show in churches, schools or shopping-mall screening centers.

Nonmembers may obtain the tapes by enclosing a

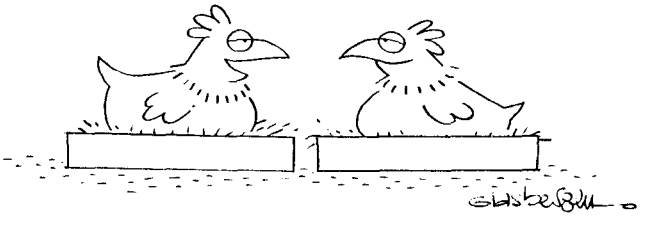
Dawn Stephens and nurse Julie Roberts

Frank Stephens' main concern after his 12-year-old daughter Dawn's arm was severed in a tractor accident was to get her to the hospital. He gave little thought to the arm itself. On the way to the hospital, a flat tire forced him to stop at a diner to get help. At a nearby service station, Julie A. Roberts, a recent nursing-school graduate, was attracted by the commotion, saw the pale girl in the truck and heard Stephens yell, as he placed the girl into the borrowed car, that his daughter's arm had been cut off. Had anybody thought of the arm? Stephens was gone too quickly to ask. Julie rushed to the diner and found out the Stephens' address. She took two garbage bags and some ice and begged a ride to the Stephens' farm from a station mechanic. Along the way, she enlisted the help of a local policeman.

Julie located the arm, put it into an open plastic trash bag, which she submerged in another open bag of ice water, propped the bags in a bucket and gave it to the officer, who rushed it to the hopital. The arm arrived just in time to be reattached in a nine-hour operation. Dawn would have gone through life with only one arm. Now, the prospects are good that she will recover full use of the limb.

We are happy to present this month's Benjamin Franklin Award to Julie Roberts for her quick thinking and action in a medical emergency.

Readers are invited to nominate candidates for the Benjamin Franklin Award. Nominations should include a description of self-help medical feats performed by the person or group. Recipients receive a certificate and a $100 grant from the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Foundation. Both amateurs and professionals are eligible.



"Frankly, I get a great deal of satisfaction *knowing the eggs they steal from us are loaded with cholesterol."*

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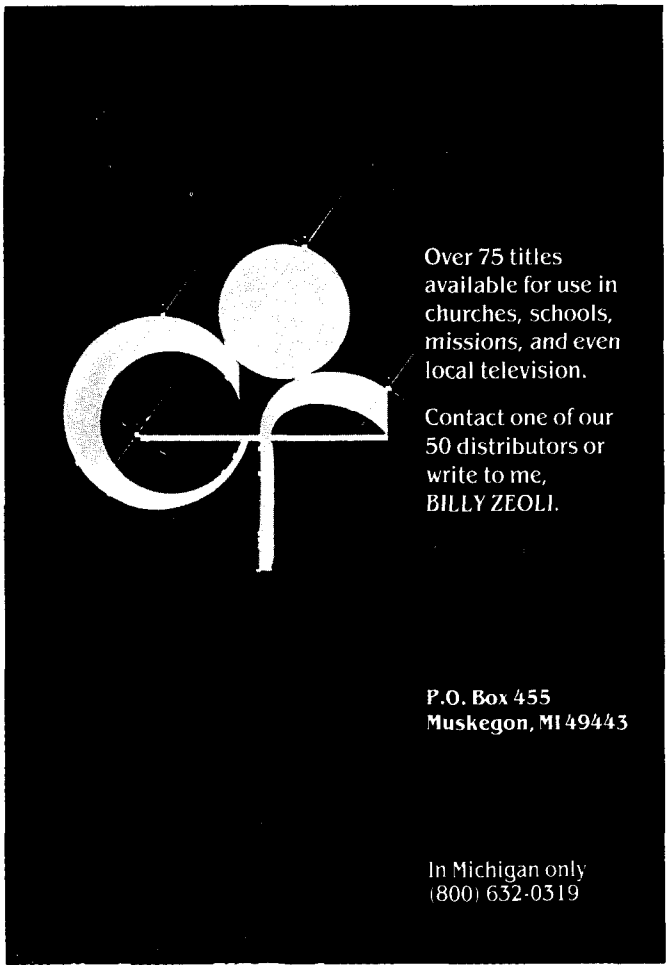
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$10 contribution to the Medical Education Research Foundation with their order. The video cassettes are made in ¾" tape.

Also available on a loan basis to high school audiences at no cost is a film entitled "High on the Campus." This film is particularly useful for showing to teen-aged groups and their counselors. It is available on film or cassette on a first-come, first-served basis.

Constipation and Breast Cancer

Around the turn of the century, doctors blamed all sorts of diseases on constipation. It was thought that a slow transit time through the intestines caused toxic waste to build up, enter the bloodstream and affect various organs of the body. This theory was laid to rest after researchers, using the primitive techniques then available, had failed to identify any toxic substances in the blood of constipated sick people.

However, recent statistical correlations suggest that there may be something valid in this discarded theory after all. Physicians Nicholas L. Petrakis and Eileen B. King of the University of California, writing in *Lancet,* have found that women who have two or fewer bowel movements per week have four times the risk of breast disease (benign or malignant) as women who have one or more bowel movements per day.

The doctors studied more than 5,000 women by employing nipple aspiration (a variation on the use of the breast pumps nursing mothers use) to get small samples of breast fluid, which is normally secreted by these glands. The presence of large numbers of abnormal (dysplastic) cells helps to identify women who are at a higher than average future risk for breast diseases—including breast cancer.

Dr. Petrakis reviewed the history of past researchers who failed to identify constipation as a factor in the development of malignancies. As a matter of curiosity, he chose to include questions concerning bowel function in the research protocols developed for his studies of breast-fluid chemistry and cytology.

To quote Dr. Petrakis, "We found that five percent of women having one bowel movement per day would have abnormal dysplastic cells, while 10 percent of women having fewer than one bowel movement a day would have this abnormality and 20 percent of women having two or fewer bowel movements per week would show these dysplastic changes in the cell character of the breast fluid."

In his view, these findings reactivate turn-of-the-century questions concerning an association between constipation and, in this particular instance, breast disease. He added a concern that this supposition should not be allowed to create a cancer panic among constipated women.

Dr. Petrakis added that "We found that 70 percent of the women we tested had exogenous (foreign) chemicals in the breast fluid. We don't know why they are there, but we do know that the breast cells are in contact with the bloodstream, which will contain foreign substances absorbed into the circulation system from the skin, lungs and the gastrointestinal tract."

Dr. Petrakis also cited dietary consideration of in-

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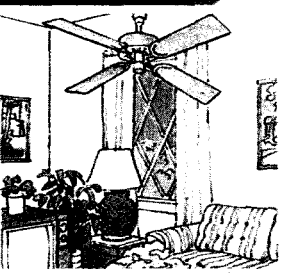

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Conceive

continued from page 112

services. Just as their identity is never revealed to the couple, the couple's identity is never revealed to the donor.

Pregnancy Rates With Artificial Insemination

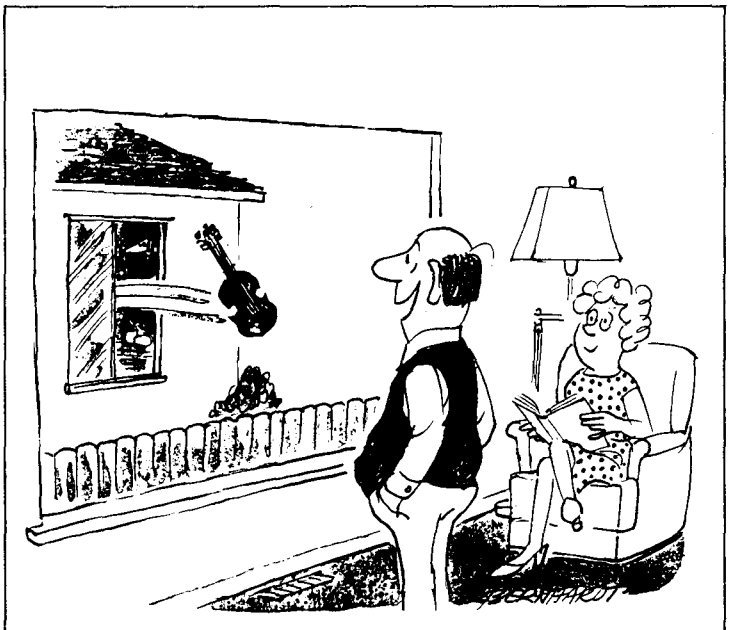
In most artificial insemination clinics, 90 percent of the women who eventually get pregnant do so within the first six months. This has led to the erroneous notion that if the woman is not pregnant within six months, it might be wise for her to give up, since she is not likely to become pregnant with future inseminations. Patients are frequently warned that 80 percent will achieve pregnancy within one year, but very few pregnancies will occur after that. Because the majority of women become pregnant relatively soon, and the percentage of women who achieve pregnancy after six months is relatively small, many patients who are fertile (and who should have a normal 20 percent expectation of pregnancy with each insemination) are erroneously told that they might as well just give up and not go through the frustration of more failures. However, pregnancy rates with artificial insemination are as good as normally occurring pregnancy rates in an otherwise fertile population.

Frozen Sperm and Sperm Banks

All men dream from time to time about the possibility of immortality. Science-fiction novelists frequently toy with the idea of human beings being placed in a deep freeze just prior to the moment of death, to be revived perhaps 200 years later, at which time science may have better treatments for illnesses and a way of prolonging life indefinitely. Life is, in a sense, a series of chemical events proceeding irreversibly toward death, and these chemical events cannot take place at -400°. Thus if an organism can be placed in a deep freeze, it could be preserved until a future century and revived with subsequent warming.

Of course, freezing large animals would kill them immediately because of damage created by crystallization of water within their cells during the freezing process. However, it has been known since 1776 that human sperm are remarkably resistant to the damaging effects of freezing. In that year, an Italian scientist exposed spermatozoa to freezing temperatures and noted that after warming, some of them regained their motility. A full 90 years later, another Italian scientist again demonstrated that human sperm can be frozen and survive thawing, and he speculated that in the future (remember, this was in 1866) frozen semen might be used not only in breeding the finest farm animals, but for saving the sperm of a man going off to war so that his wife might have a legitimate child from him even though he died on the battlefield.

Although these relatively crude early studies established that sperm could survive freezing and thawing, the number of sperm surviving was so small (fewer than 10 percent) that there was no possibility of practical application. But in 1949, British scientists discovered completely by accident that if a relatively common chemical, glycerol, is added to the semen before it is frozen, the majority of the sperm survive freezing and thawing uneventfully. The researchers who made this discovery were so surprised to find live, healthy sperm in large concentrations after thawing that they had to go back to their laboratory shelf to find out which of the chemicals accidentally added to their sperm suspension was the one that protected the sperm against freezing. They finally discovered that it was glycerol. It took very little time after their remarkable discovery in 1949 for frozen-sperm banks to rapidly find acceptance in the field of cattle breeding, and today the vast majority of calves born in the world are the result of artificial insemination from frozen bull semen.



"I see little Jimmy Johnson finally got the right pitch on his violin."

In 1953, four years after this discovery, it was demonstrated that frozen and thawed human sperm could result in pregnancy and the delivery of normal babies. The first human-sperm bank was established in 1954. Doctors originally thought that, using this method of freezing sperm, a husband with a very low sperm count could have as many as 50 ejaculates frozen and stored for use in artificial insemination of the wife; they hoped that with such a large number of sperm, the wife would be more likely to get pregnant. These hopes were dashed by the discovery that sperm from infertile men tolerate the freezing process very poorly. There is so much sperm death caused by freezing, even with glycerol, that a decent specimen could never be obtained for inseminating the wife. Doctors have since come to understand that some men's sperm do tolerate freezing better than others. Even men whose sperm usually would freeze well will have variations from ejaculate to ejaculate. Sometimes their ejaculates freeze and thaw without any significant loss, and at other times, they freeze and thaw very poorly.

The technique for freezing and storing the sperm is extremely simple. A fresh semen specimen is collected in a sterile container, and several drops of glycerol, equal to one-tenth of the volume of the specimen, are added to the jar. This mixture is then drawn up into a straw. The specimen is held over the vapors of liquid nitrogen to freeze it, and it is then inserted into the liquid nitrogen bath for permanent storage. When the time comes to thaw the frozen sperm, the plastic straw is simply removed from the liquid nitrogen bath and either placed in warm water for one minute or left on a table at room temperature to thaw.

Although some doctors report no loss of viability of sperm for a period of at least 10 years in liquid nitrogen, others have demonstrated a definite though slow loss of fertility in an increasing percentage of the samples after three years of storage. If the patient's sperm tolerate a rapid freeze-thaw test well, then most of his samples, though not all of them, are

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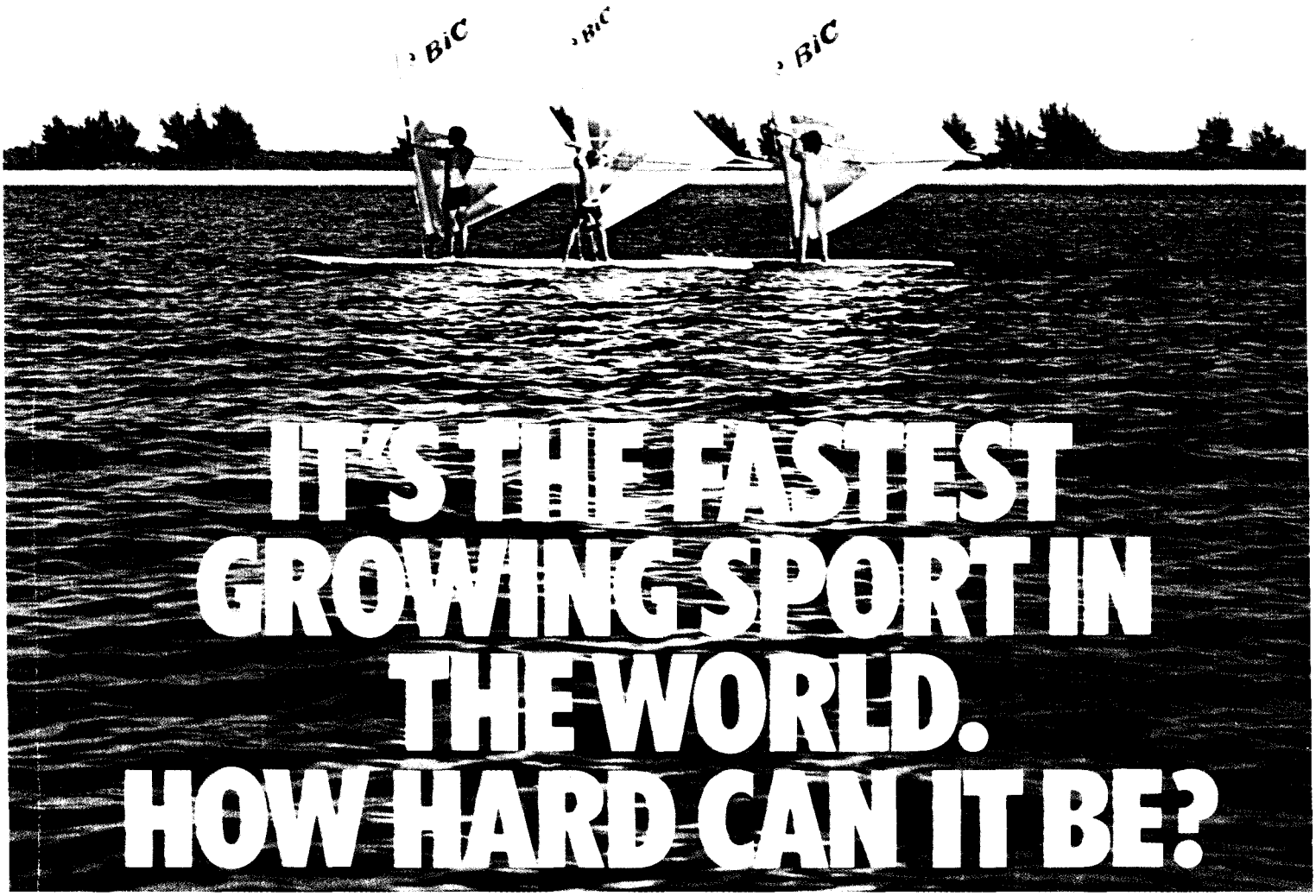

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Suffice it to say, once having experienced sailboarding it's easy to understand why it's sweeping the world.

But there's another reason for its popularity: it's easy. You don't have to be a great athlete to master it. In fact, you don't even have to be in great shape. One or two lessons and you've learned it. The rest is practice. Women are particularly good at sailboarding. Men in their 30's and 40's and even 50's have little trouble. And teenagers, not surprisingly, pick it up in no time. It's one of the few sports that parents can really share with their kids.

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likely to survive well for at least three years in liquid nitrogen. There have been births of normal children from sperm that have been stored more than 10 years, but this is the exception rather than the rule.

The major benefit of sperm-banking at the present stage of our knowledge is to create easier and more convenient programs of artificial insemination in cases where the husband's infertility is not treatable. The ability of sperm freezing to preserve our genes indefinitely, for use at a future date, is presently limited to the few lucky individuals whose sperm freezes and stores consistently well.

Artificial Insemination of the Husband's Sperm

Many doctors have tried to increase the chances of pregnancy in a woman whose husband has a very low sperm count by placing his semen directly on her cervix. Unfortunately, many studies by doctors around the country have shown that, except in certain special cases, this approach is no better than natural intercourse for getting the wife pregnant and certainly is less enjoyable.

Of the sperm deposited in the vagina, 99.9 percent never reach the uterus. Therefore, a number of gynecologists have attempted to solve the problem of low sperm counts by introducing the sperm directly into the woman's uterus, eliminating the wasteful invasion of the cervical mucus. Doctors experimenting in Northern Ireland have reported a 38 percent pregnancy rate in wives of men with sperm counts under 10 million sperm per cc.

This approach is potentially dangerous. Only a small volume of semen can be instilled into the uterus safely. If the entire ejaculate were to be instilled into the uterus, it would cause severe cramps and a very painful reaction. Despite these difficulties, the idea of instilling sperm directly into the uterus to overcome the cervical barrier sounds like an attractive concept.

Conclusion

Naturally, most couples prefer to have a baby conceived with sperm from the husband. But this is impossible for some couples when the husband's infertility cannot be cured by surgery or medication. For them, artificial insemination with donor sperm offers hope for a healthy family.

The legal and moral problems associated with artificial insemination have, for the most part, vanished. Literally tens of thousands of babies have been born in this country alone by artificial insemination. This method of impregnation may be a second choice, but children born by artificial insemination usually bond closely with the husband and wife and are integrated into the family as closely as any routinely conceived biological child.

Medical Mailbox

continued from page 124

terest to vegetarians, including the observation that the bowels of people who eat meat contain greater amounts of mutagenic substances than do the bowels of those who abstain from eating meat. Also cited were observations that the intestinal bacterial flora of meat eaters include certain species that interfere with so-called glucuronide linkages necessary to complete the excretion of estrogen delivered to the gut in bile. It is theorized by some that such "unlinked" estrogens are reabsorbed in the large bowel of meat eaters, a circumstance leading possibly to higher estrogen levels and a greater chance of cancer-producing effects.

"Now there was an investment."

Nathaniel Crosby

continued from page 114

Nate today. "But just because someone isn't invited this year, it doesn't mean they're banned forever from the tournament." And as Crosby has matured, he's taken on greater responsibility in his host role.

"He had to grow up quickly when he realized that, as host, all eyes were on him," says Durein. "But he's shown poise and class. And I can't think of a single time he's stubbed his toe."

Speaking of class, Crosby is now a junior at the University of Miami, a school he chose in part to be close to Toney Penna, a famed golf-club designer and teacher. But while college life for most students is beer, books and frisbees, for Nathaniel it is an off-campus apartment, weekend golf lessons and occasional trips to play in tournaments. "We have trouble finding him half the time," chuckles an employee of the school's sports-information department.

Still, Crosby manages a B average and is majoring in political science. And though the classifieds list few positions for political scientists, he's put getting a degree as his top priority. As for professional golf, "In a couple years, my game will let me know if I can make it," he says.

On the university team, Crosby usually plays in the No. 3 or No. 4 position. He is not yet a collegiate standout. "I didn't know he could play that well until the U.S. Amateur last year," says Ver Brugge. "I've never seen him so pumped up or show so many emotions. But he showed great determination in match play."

The U.S. Amateur win has brought Crosby automatic invitations to several major golf tournaments, including the U.S. Open and the Masters. "It has been a dream of mine to play in those tournaments," says Crosby. "But I think I've been intimidated by some of the Tour events I've played in so far." Still, these events, approached properly, can only serve to elevate his level of skill.

There is some pressure on him to succeed, this child of Bing. But he diffuses such matters with humor. "My father was successful, my mother (an actress) is successful and so is my brother Harry. My sister even shot J.R. I *had* to win the U.S. Amateur."

So he did. And that, along with taking increasing responsibility for his father's—no, make that *his*—tournament, is bringing Nathaniel Crosby out from under the long shadow of Bing. Although the kid may not be able to sing a lick, the old crooner could never play golf as well as his son has. Nate is indeed going his own way, nooo doubt about it. But it is a direction in which his father would be most pleased.

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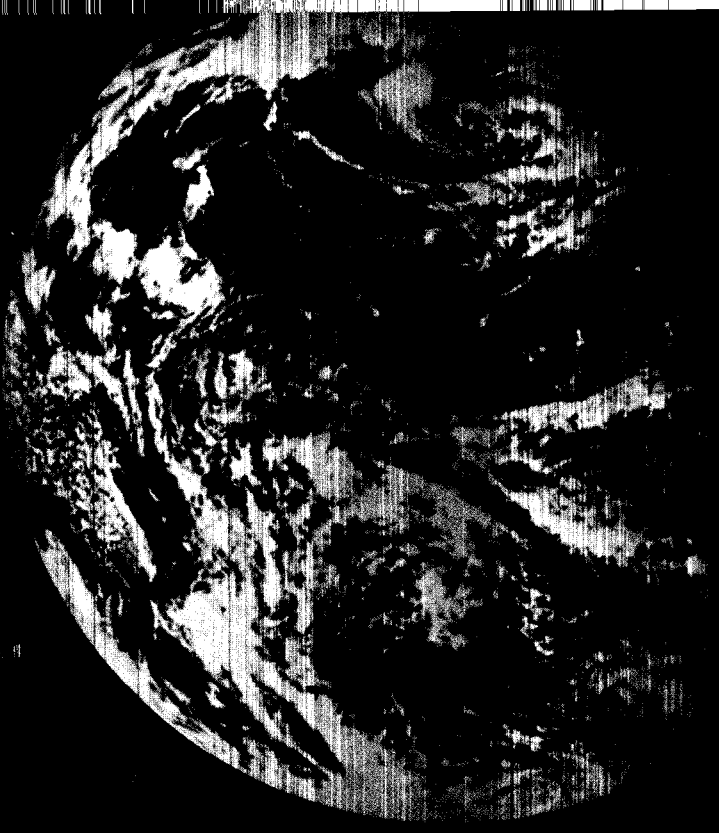
Today there's a missionary radio network that circles the globe with the gospel...



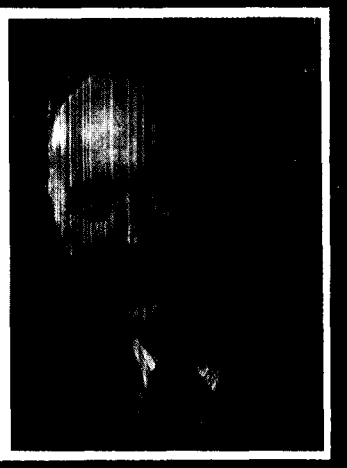
EVEN INTO THE HEART OF

Poland

WE ARE THERE ...
for more than 25 years, using powerful shortwave and AM transmitters, Trans World Radio has been faithfully proclaiming the liberating message of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to Poland . . .

NOW, MORE THAN EVER BEFORE ...
we need to increase our broadcast time into Poland.

YOU CAN HELP MAKE THE DIFFERENCE ...
your concern, your prayer, your financial help will enable us to broadcast more hours, bringing new life and hope to the people of Poland and the rest of the world.



PAUL E. FREED, Ph.D.
Founder and President

Clip and mail today

YES, I WANT TO HELP MAKE THE DIFFERENCE IN POLAND . . .

Please send me more information about Trans World Radio and the opportunity at hand for more broadcasts.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

TRANS WORLD RADIO, Box 98, Chatham, New Jersey 07928

SEP

TRANS WORLD RADIO

Box 98, Chatham, New Jersey 07928 (201) 635-5775

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The new Dodge 400

A newly created driving machine introduces performance and high mileage to the world of personal luxury.

Dodge 400 as shown **$8253.**** Price includes two tone paint with tape stripe, reclining vinyl bucket seats, sports steering wheel.

Advanced technology and remarkable performance separate it from ordinary personal luxury cars.

Surprising as it may seem most personal luxury cars are still driving in the past. They're still content with yesterday's technology...still content to be "pushed around" by rear-wheel-drive.

Well, not the new Dodge 400.

Dodge 400 is engineered with advanced front-wheel-drive technology... teamed with rack-and-pinion steering and McPherson strut front suspension.

The result: Precise handling. Quick response. Tight cornering. And remarkable stability.

Slip into the luxurious cockpit of this aerodynamic machine and you'll discover driving rewards not possible in ordinary personal luxury cars. Strong crosswinds won't bully you. And vicious hairpin turns become swift, tight embraces.

That's why we say, Dodge 400 is no ordinary personal luxury car, but a personal driving machine.

And something else separates Dodge 400 from ordinary personal luxury cars—mileage...extraordinary mileage.

40 EST. HWY **26** EPA EST. MPG*

Dodge 400 is a driving machine that's a quality machine. It's built and assembled in one of the most technologically advanced automobile plants in the world.

Base sticker price, **$8043.**** And that includes these impressive standard features: A 2-spoke wheel, an electronic digital clock, power steering, power front disc brakes, padded Landau vinyl roof. Buy or lease this magnificent machine at your Dodge dealer.

America's Personal Driving Machine

*Use 26 EPA EST MPG for comparison. Actual mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. CA est. lower. **Sticker price excludes taxes and destination charges.

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